The ARCHIVE

SEPTEMBER, 1943



TO ALL NAVAL TRAINEES

YOU ARE IN COLLEGE-

FAR BEHIND THE FRONT LINES

For a Peacetime Activity

You Are Receiving Military Pay

YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF, AND TO YOUR COUNTRY, TO INVEST AT LEAST PART OF YOUR PAY IN

United States War Bonds

REMEMBER THE BOYS AT THE FRONT LINES—YOU MAY SOON BE THERE YOURSELF.

—The Archive Staff.

Σ\$

Σ\$

Σ\$

25

27

수 수

Publications Row

proudly presents



its newest arrival

The New Archive



For that "just right" look

Catherine Dillion, Kappa Kappa Gamma, wears a red shetland all wool suit with box pleats in the skirt. It is set off with a white silk jersey blouse.

VERNON FOUNTAIN, Alpha Delta Pi, prefers a yellow gabardine skirt and a contrasting cherry-red Ruffie sweater.

Betsy Rankin, Kappa Delta, chooses a brown-and-white checkered wool detachable jumper which is trimmed with brown braid. With it she wears a white flannel shirt.

BELK-LEGGETT COMPANY

The ARCHIVE

VOLUME LVII

September, 1943

Number One

A Monthly Literary Magazine Published by the Students of Duke University, Durham, North Carolina

The publication of articles on controversial topics does not necessarily mean that the Editor or the University endorses them.

Notice of Entry: "Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917. Authorized December 4, 1924." Entered as second-class mail matter at the Postoffice at Durham, N. C.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A COPY: TWO DOLLARS A YEAR

Copyright, 1943, by Hartsell Cash

Editorial Staff

Editor JOSEPH DIMONA

Assistant Editors
Herrick Peterson
Steve Schwartz
Herb Horwitz

Associate Editor

Dave Fick

Coed Editor Snowie Ethridge Art Editors Austin Knight Bo Sims Dot Hyland

Business Staff

BUSINESS MANAGER HARTSELL CASH

Associate Business Manager
James Stow

Advertising Manager
Peggy Heim

Coed Business Manager
_Audrey Hance

So This Is the Navy



Circulation Manager
Bor Cowns

Business Assistants
Mary Nelson Freels
Peggy Bacon
Newton Dook Angier
Dottie Groome
Howard Terry

In This Issue

by Filboid Glooverpage	4
THE DARKER THE SIN by Walter Scott	6
"Miss Available" Complainspage	8
"Mr. Available" Explainspage	9
College Humor page	10
The Roll of Bills by Herrick Petersonpage	12
Duke Traditions by Charles Markhampage	14
Femmes Petitionpage	16
Male Response	17

Editorial

This, we are proud to announce, is the *new* Archive.

Several months ago, when the old Duke 'n' Duchess and the former Archive were both being roundly eriticized for dullness on the part of one, and literary stuffiness on the part of the other, there arose a elamor for a new, combined magazine; such a magazine to combine the humor of the Duke 'n' Duchess with the best part of the Archive. Finally after months of agitation, the combination was realized.

This issue is the first fruit of that combination.

ReInctantly we must admit it is not the "dream" magazine that students have been calling for. Not yet, anyhow. You can't, we soon found out, accomplish a "dream" magazine on your first try.

We did, however, keep the basic idea in mind. We have painstakingly gone to great trouble to bring forth good student literature of the sort that used to appear in the Archive. We found that to be quite a hard job right off for students just aren't writing short stories in these days of six o'clock drill, and ten o'elock taps. But we did manage to find at least two worth-while short stories, and—surprisingly enough—you'll find them par excellence in the field of fietion.

For humor we've added features of campuswide interest, kept the gags and cartoons of the old *D* 'n' *D*, threw in as many pictures as business manager Hartsell Cash would allow us.

All in all, then, we present you with an Archive that should be readable and interesting to the campus as a whole. We welcome any constructive suggestions or criticism which student readers may have to offer. We hope our next Archive will be that real, clusive "dream" magazine.

-J. M. D.



B DUNNO - 1 SAW A LINE

It transition. They call these pajamas I'm wearing transition. They call this pajamas I'm wearing transition. They call this physical torture transition. They call this horrible habit of getting out of bed at six o'clock in the morning, even before the self-respecting roosters begin to crow, they call it transition! Yes, the good old Duke Chronicle calls it transition, and I don't want to have a fight with John Carr. III.

Transition, huh? Well, no matter how they spell it, it still looks like murder to me. Now last year I wore just what I wanted to (Oh, those ridiculously beautiful socks!) and I came in just when I pleased (Oh, those lovely nights behind Bassett!!) and I never thought of getting up before three and a half minutes after nine (Nobody but dumb-bodies had eight o'clock classes in those days!). Ahhh yes, I wore my plaid socks and I stayed out late and I slept. Yes, by the glorious name of Duke, I slept!

Yes. I think it's pure old unadulterated M-U-R-D-E-R, and if I thought Captain Clay wouldn't hear me. I'd yell bloody murder at the top of my voice (my dignified senior voice, if you please) until it echoed and rechoed through the arches of dear old Duke forever and ever. My chilling

SO THIS IS

"They call it transition," says Filboid
"I call it M-U-R-D-E-R"

screams would stir the bones of Washington Duke, and he'd come rising up out of his grave with a cigar in his hand and a cane in his mouth, he'd be so MAD!

Ah, but no! This is the Navy, they say, but would you ever know it?

Didn't Ann Sheridan chase a sailor half-way around the world in "Navy Blues?" Didn't Tyrone Power share a lower berth with that delightful little morsel Anne Baxter in his gallant subterranean escapades in *Crash Dive*? Didn't even Abbott and Cos-



THE NAVY

By FILBOID GLOOVER

tello find time to juggle a few hot numbers on their knees in their classic In The Navy? Now did any of those gnys study boxing and wrestling and judo and swimming and running and games (what a joke!) and tumbling and apparatus? Did they have to lower themselves to study physics (Thank God, the Marines are here, or I'd be flunking that miserable stuff). Did they have to bother with mechanical drawing and that embarrassing Freshman English course (Please, Dr. Jordan, please don't make me write that theme again, just because I got six F's already).

Didn't that horrible sailor in *Star Spangled Rhythm* have Betty Hutton (pass the ice water, Room-0, I'm sizzling) chasing him all over Hollywood? And what do you think they've got me chasing? Blondes? Brunettes? Redheads? Women? Bags? No, damn it all, *Rot-O-Seas*! And all the way around the circle three times a week at six o'clock in the morning!

"You're in the Navy now," they say, and under my Unionized breath I mutter, "#\$%&"(\$)(!!!!"

Ah, but then! Just wait until this horrible semester is over and I go to Columbia for my midshipman training. The books will be forgotten and the instructors will call me sir, and the fair maidens will crowd around and cast lots to see who buys my drinks when I go to the Havana-

Madrid and the Latin Quarter and the Astor Roof and the Rainbow Room and the Stork Club (where anything can happen, including the Stork) and even the Village Barn! I won't have to come in until ten o'clock the next day, and I'll sleep (isn't that the loveliest word!) until supper and then start out again, when Gloria or Brenda or Paula calls for me in that limousine with a handful of TT tickets.

Then they'll give me some epaulettes and congratulate me and call me Ensign Gloover, and I'll go to sea on one of those handsome P.T. boats (somebody told me the other day that Gene Tunney trained all his specialists on P.T. boats) and after sinking a few dozen Jap ships and several Nazi subs I'll come home with seventeen medals and four shining stripes on my sleeve. Of course, I'll have one arm in a sling and John Powers will meet me at the dock with his whole force of beanties, who will hold my cocktails while I drink them.

Ah, but gentlemen, won't it be just too lovely when we get away from this transition and into the Navy?



"And at night "

E WAS ABOUT five feet four in height, and the hundred and eighty pounds of flesh which he wore didn't fit him very well. His shoulders were stooped and rounded, and his stomach protrnded in a tight fold over his belt. The droop of his shoulders gave his arms a rather too long appearance. Short, meaty legs ended in large flat feet, which bulged his worn-over, unpolished shoes completely ont of shape. Stringy black hair was receding slowly from his low forehead and crowding into a thick mat that twisted behind his ears and thrust a rim of foliage over a frayed collar. In the records of the Detroit Sixteenth Ward Democratic Club he was listed as Al Domacetti, age thirty-one, residence 7552 Indiana Avenue—a one hundred per cent American and, incidentally, a sure democratic vote.

It was just after four-thirty and he was leaving the factory for the day. He worked in a machine shop where he made a dollar and sixty-seven cents an hour, and next week he was scheduled to strike for a dollar eighty-three. He had been through eight years of school, was a skilled worker, and entitled to a great deal more. That's what the man from the union had said, and he was absolutely right.

Mr. Domacetti was not without fame among his fellow citizens. One day a man from Fun magazine had come to his home and informed his wife Mildred that the Domacettis had been chosen as the typical American family. There had been pictures of the house, of little Al, and of him and Mildred. There had also been a check for five hundred dollars. The first thing he had done was to go right out and buy some war bonds. He had bought a bond for himself, one for Mildred, and one for young Al. Oh, yes, and he had made a down-payment on a 1941 Buick. He liked the idea so well that each month he set aside a substantial sum for war bondsalmost as much as the payments on the Buick.

He reached the parking lot where he kept his car, got the keys from the attendant, and strolled up to a long, red convertible sedan with fox

The Darker the Sin

By WALTER SCOTT

Here is a grim little tale of freedom—and when it didn't ring



tails hanging from both sides. Mr. Domacetti liked class.

It was fifteen minutes later when he pulled up in front of his favorite tavern. He was in the habit of stopping for a few beers before going home to dinner. The Warren Street Tavern was in a block with four similiar establishments. In its narrow show windows were brightly colored posters advertising various brands of whiskey. Beyond its screen door was a long, smoke-filled room containing numerous round tables and chairs packed tightly together. Along one side of the room was the bar with its shelves of bottles rising up behind it. At the far end of the bar a knot of shirt-sleeved men was gathered, some sitting at tables, some leaning backwards against the bar. Beer mugs of varying degrees of emptiness predominated. Al walked in, ordered a beer, and joined the group at the tables.

It was early summer, and the tavern inside was hot and smelly. Numberless flies swarmed over the tables, and the men were constantly passing their hands across the tops of their glasses. A waitress moved among the tables, taking orders and clearing away empty glasses. A thick strand of hair was dangling from under her cap, and dark half-moons of perspiration had formed under the armpits of her stained green uniform. The seams of her stockings were crooked, and, when she bent over, tight rolls could be seen just above her knees.

"Say, Al, I hear you boys are (Continued on Page 18)

Duchess of the Month

From Philadelphia, Pa.—the very heart of Yankeeland—hails Peggy Otto, our first Duchess of the Month. Peggy is in her second year at Duke University, and for two years now has done a valuable job of cementing North-South relations. Even the most Southern gentleman will admit that here—despite her Northern background—is a real girl. And small wonder. Most noted for her fascinating smile, Peggy can call on many other assets in an emergency. Laughing blue eyes, long yellow tresses, and a body beautiful all add up to what we consider the typical coed—Miss Peggy Otto, our first Duchess of the Month. Peggy now resides in Pegram House.

Duchess of the Month



PEGGY OTTO

Son West campus? So what? There are eight hundred odd gals on East. too, and though 'tis said that the ratio is terrific for purposes of dating, there are always at least half of those coeds left in the dormitory on the traditional date nights. Perhaps we are mattractive, but if these "sexstarved" men are "sex-starved" enough, some of us ought to do, at least for the purpose of preventing absolute solitude. Of the eight hundred girls at school this year, only 279 of that number are freshman . . . so, it stands to reason that everybody can't date the uninitiated. There are approximately 250 sophomores in the well-known "slump," and there are at least 200 juniors who have hit "rock bottom." As for the rest of the girls, they are seniors, and everyone, especially the seniors, know what that means.

This is an appeal to the boys to stop talking about how much they would like to date, and do something about it. Even the most arrogant and conceited of the West campus inhabitants must admit that they don't look their usual "beautiful" selves in the clothes the government has chosen to

"Miss Available" Complains

put them in, and added to that awful fact, our G.I. darlings have to keep even worse hours than those which have been such a chronic gripe on East for so many years. When a gal gets a chance to go some place with a Duke boy these days, she can dress to perfection and even wear a pair of nylons, but nothing helps the appearance of her escort. Not only that, but she need not plan to do anything exceptional or even interesting if it is going to last later than 9:45, cause the little soldiers and sailors must get their beauty sleep, according to the best Army and Navy traditions. So, boys, when you find a girl who will consent to go out with all those foreseen handicaps, you should ignore the fact that she has one wooden leg and

and wooden arms, and just thank your lucky stars that someone will condescend to be seen with you.

For three long summer months, the gals have been at home curling their locks, rolling off excess pounds, reading Vogue and Mademoiselle and Dale Carnegie, and having general selfimprovement so that they might return to school looking their best and being their most glamorous attractive selves. All this has been done in great anticipation of the wonderful new men who were supposed to have migrated to the Methodist flats for their military educations. We returned to find, instead, a bunch of men running around with their names on their backs like a bunch of convicts, and who are as disinterested in women as a group of mountain friars. The "natural talent" of the East campus queens is being totally ignored.

This is an old gripe of the women students that the old boys have heard again and again, but one of these days, we women are going to rise up in arms against you and you won't even be able to get a date with a tired, worn-out, old senior. We would have already have done just that if it weren't for the fact that the soldiers out at Butner don't speak much English. Rumor has it, though, that the current crop will soon be leaving these parts, and when the new group of men arrive, and then . . . "come the revolution.

THE ARCHIVE is initiating a public service to the men on West whereby the men who would like dates on East may simply call at the office and make application. The staff will furnish names and addresses of any size, stylc, and disposition desired . . . with birth certificates and citizenship papers and past records attached.



Eight "Miss Availables"

"Mr. Available" *Explains*

YES, THREE thousand men are living on West campus, and there are eight hundred odd girls on East, too. So what? Our answer to the East campus self-styled "debs" is just this. If those girls, please excuse that compliment "debs," could have been on West campus, Wednesday, September 22, they would have seen those arrogant, "sex-starved" men fighting amongst themselves to get to the Y.M.C.A. office to purchase the very limited number of tickets that were to go on sale for the S.G.A.sponsored dance for the Saturday night dance.

Your tear-jerking appeal does not seem to have any firm foundation, gals. If those East campus "Queens" think that their West campus "G.1. darlings" are going to think it a privilege to take them out on a date, they are sadly mistaken. We want dates, yes, but we want dates with girls who will treat us as human beings. We did not ask for this war, and we did not ask to be put into "G.I." clothes either, but this is war, girls, or haven't you heard, and sacrifices must be made. We will admit that these uniforms aren't the most becoming attirement but have you ever looked around the campus at a few of socalled "sweater girls" or at one of those "ration-cut dress" girls. No. girls, we do not consider it a privilege



"Mr. Available"

to escort you, but we would like to date you on an "even-Steven" basis. If 10:00 P.M. does not appeal to you as the proper time to get back on campus, maybe we can make the most of it by calling for you in our cars. You see, girls, certain sacrifices must be made, and if you will bear with us, we can get along swell.

If "boycott" is the last means for girls to win over men, Roosevelt might pick up the hint and try isolationism with the Axis. No, it just does not

seem reasonable to think that "tired, worn-out, old seniors" can't lure the "sex-starved" men of West campus unless one stops to consider that the fault might well lie totally on East campus.

If what you say about the Archive and its new dating program is true, the girls will find that they will have more than enough dates. Such a program can succeed only when you girls forget your false airs and come down to earth.

BEER LOVER

A professor was giving his class an oral quiz and picked upon a particular unfortunate specimen for his most difficult queries.

"Who signed the Magna Charta?" No answer.

"Who was Bonny Prince Charley?"

No answer.

"Where were you on Friday?"

"Drinking beer with a friend of mine."

"How do you expect to pass this course if you drink beer when you should be in class?"

"I don't sir.—I only came in to fix the radiator." —Yale Record

She paints.

She powders.

She reads "La Vie Parisienne."

She drinks my liquor.

She curses, too.

She eats lobsters at midnight.

And does lots of other things she oughtn't to.

But dammit, she's my grandmother, and I love her!

--Roughrider

"May I take you home? I like to take experienced girls home."

"But I'm not experienced."

"No. and you're not home, yet, either."

A young lady went into a drug store.

"Have you any Lifebuoy?" she asked.

"Set the pace, lady," said the clerk, "set the pace." —Temple Owl

Mister: "Well, Babe, you lost your bet, and now I want the forfeit."

Sister: "I don't know what you mean, and besides, somebody might see us."

Lady: "I'll take a pound of kiddleys."

Butcher: "Kiddleys?"

Lady: "Yes, kiddleys."

Butcher: "You mean kidneys, don't

Lady: "That's what I said, diddle I?"



Jokes culled from coast to coast

The night was yielding to the light bluish sky of the early dawn when the lady, alone, was entering the door of her apartment house. She suddenly stopped and turned to the milkman who at that time was pulling up to the curb. "Pardon me," she said, "But have you got the time?" "Yeah," he answered, "but who's going to watch my wagon?"—Exchange

Lady (to little boy)—My dear, does your mother know you smoke?

Small Boy—Madam, does your husband know you speak to strange men?
—Exchange

We know of one co-ed who was cured of that cute little habit of coyly injecting an "r" sound into each word.

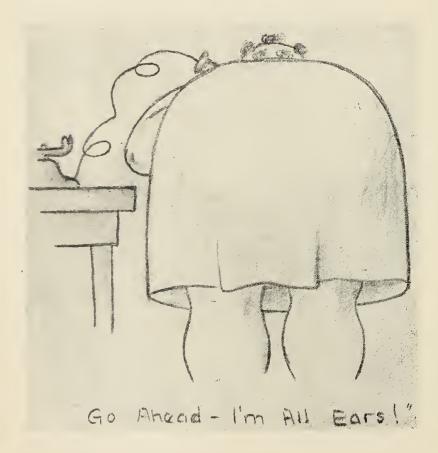
Malc (over phone): "Hello, cutie."
Co-ed: "Why, Pihhurp, when did
you get back?"

Male: "Just a while ago. Say, how about a date tonight, kid? What are you doing?"

Co-ed (coyly): "Nurthin'."
Male: "Oh, I didn't know."

She was peeved and called him

Not because he went and kr. But because just before, As she opened the door, This same Mr. kr. sr.



HUMOR

Professor: Is that your cigarette stub? Freshman: Go ahead, you saw it first.

-Humbug



Wooden leg?

Lady: "I'd like so see some kid gloves for my eightyear-old daughter, please."

('lerk: "Yes, ma'am, white kid?"

Lady: "Sir."

No wonder bees buzz—you'd buzz too if somebody took

Sorority Girl: "I think it's positively disgusting the way those fellows in the fraternity house across the street give a show every night before they go to bed."

Roommate: "But looking down from the window l didn't see anything."

Girl: "I know, not from there. But put this chair on the desk, get on it and lean way out to the left and tell me what you see."

your honey and nectar. —Tar An' Feathers

> "Who was that woman I saw you out-wit last night? -Yale Record



After the collection had been taken up, the minister announced that it amounted to \$100.03, and he added sarcastically that there must be a Scotchman in the church.

Voice from the rear: "Hoot, Mon! There's three of

First Sow: What do you hear from your boar friend? Second Sow: Just had a litter from him last week.

Jen Henderson unlocked the door and swung it inward, kicking the wedge under it to hold it open. He stopped in the doorway for a moment, inhaling the mixture of odors that came from his store. His store, he thought, his store for nearly forty years, and the smell hadn't changed a bit—the same smell of coffee, flour, and sugar, peppermint candy and kerosene, all mixed together forming one comfortable, sweetish odor. It met his senses and he almost felt alive again.

Jeb hadn't been in the store yesterday; it was the first day he had missed since he had gone down to Chapel Hill to see Paul graduate three springs ago. Only three springs ago he had seen Paul in that funny black cap with the tassel on it, and the long gown. He had seen Paul's shoulders wide and strong under his tanned face, and felt his handelasp firm and friendly. Paul was a man, he had thought, three years ago. Yesterday he had gone to the Presbyterian Church to hear services said for Paul. There had been a telegram from the War Department and services said in the Presbyterian Church.

He walked into the store and rolled the shades up from the front windows. His hand trembled on the shade pull, and he realized that he was getting old. "Fifty-eight is not old," he muttered to himself, but he looked at his face in the mirror on the scales and saw how deep the wrinkles were, how the skin lay in little puffs under his eyes, and how his hair was white now, all over. He hadn't thought of himself for a long timehe'd been too busy thinking of Paul out there somewhere in the Pacific flying a fighter plane. He'd been too busy thinking of Paul to bring himself into the picture, and now Paul was dead. Paul was dead somewhere in the Pacific, and he was getting old.

He went over to the pot-bellied stove in the middle of the store and emptied the ash pan in the coal bucket. "Not cool enough for a fire today," he said. He sat down in one of the cane-bottomed chairs and noticed that it was scratched and carved with knife-marks. On the bottom

The Roll of Bills

By HERRICK PETERSON

Talented "Bud" Peterson spins here an "earthy" story of Carolina home-folk

rung of the chair were two letters, P. II. Paul must have done that, he thought, a long time ago. P. II.—Paul Henderson.

His mind ran back over the services yesterday. Davis, that young preacher who had encouraged Paul to go to the University, had conducted the services. There had been a great many people there—people from all over the county who knew Paul—who had known Paul. They had come up and shook his hand. They had spoken kind words to him, almost too kind, he thought. Words didn't help much now.

The screen door creaked, and he looked up. It was Loge Thomas. He was wearing a new suit, Jeb noticed, and it pulled tight across his wide frame. He was wearing a big gold ring and a cigar jutted out of his damp-looking face. "Sorry, Jeb," he said, "that I didn't get out to the church yesterday. I had some important business over in Avery County, and couldn't make it." His eyes looked hard, Jeb thought.

"That's all right," Jeb said.

"I know how it is," Loge relit his cigar and went on. "When I got word that my boy was dead last winter I couldn't do a thing for a week. I had to drink it off—stayed drunk for a week." Loge twisted the ring on his finger, and Jeb noticed that his hands were soft and fat.

"I've got some good stuff 1 picked up over in Avery County out in the car," Loge said. "Maybe you'd like a little shot."

"No," Jeb turned toward the door and looked out. "No, thank you."

"What I came by for," Loge said, "is to settle up my account. Just got the first payment on my boy's insurance."

Jeb walked over to the old desk beside the dry goods counter, and fumbled in the desk for his ledger. There was a picture sticking out from the papers. It was Paul, at Minter Field in California last year. He was standing beside a plane, and had scrawled across the picture, "This is me and Lulu." Jeb felt his throat go dry, and he pushed the picture back under the papers. He found the ledger and leafed through the pages slowly, stopping at the page marked Loge Thomas. He ran his finger down the column of figures. "Forty-six dollars," he said, "even."

Loge took out a new leather wallet and pulled out a roll of bills. He handed Jeb two twenties and a ten. "Most money I've had in a long stretch," Loge said. "The government sure takes care of us common folks, all right."

Jeb didn't say anything as he counted four one dollar bills into Loge's soft hand.

"Well, I'd better be going," Loge said. He turned and walked out. The screen door creaked and then slammed shut.



Jeb stood in the middle of the floor, his hands in a knot behind his back, watching a fly crawl across the floor. My eyes are still good, he thought. I can still see that fly's legs as good as anything. My knees are weak, though, and my hands are not as steady as they used to be.

He thought of Loge Thomas, and the money, and the idea struck him that there would be insurance money for Paul. Paul, who was dead out there in the Pacific, had sent a tenthousand-dollar insurance policy just after he went into the Air Corps. He thought again of Loge Thomas, and the tight suit and the roll of bills. He felt sick and a little ashamed.

The screen door creaked again, and Mark Lewis was standing just inside the door. Mark was fourteen years of brown flesh and tousled hair, and he could plow a furrow as straight as any man in the community. Jeb had watched him plowing on the hill across the creek from the store only a few days ago, and had heard his voice strong in the wind when he yelled at the mules.

"Morning, Mark."

"Howdy, Mr. Henderson." Mark was pushing his hand deep in the pockets of his faded overalls. "Got any horseshoe nails? Old Pearl lost a shoe t'other day."

"Yes," Jeb said, "Tve got some."

"Gimme a dime's worth."

Jeb weighed up the nails, looking across the scales at Mark. He stood near the door, his heavy shoes red with wet clay. He held his head high. Like a spring colt, Jeb thought—the way Paul used to hold his head back, standing straight with his legs wide apart.

He handed Mark the nails. Mark took ont a little black pocketbook and unsnapped it, fumbled inside for a dime. "Got to be goin'." he said. "It'll be dry 'nuff to plow after dinner, and I want to get Old Pearl shoed." He turned to go, stopped in the doorway and turned again to Jeb. His eyes were clear and dry, but in them Jeb saw an empty sort of sadness, and he knew what he was trying to say. Mark opened his mouth to

(Continued on Page 19)

A Quality Variety

of

Corsages and Flowers

Can Be Found

at

CLAUDE HULL

Florist

215 Morgan Street

You're Always Welcome

at

WALGREEN'S

"Transition," according to Whittier, "wears a snowy white beard." Unfortunately, tradition at Duke is just beginning to grow a slight fuzz. Duke, comparatively speaking, is a young university. It has been only 19 years since James B. Duke gave \$40,000,000 and his name to a small denominational college then known as Trinity. Thus, Duke has only a few deep-rooted traditions.

The oldest of Duke traditions is the friendly, but usually heated rivalry with the neighboring University of North Carolina, which dates back some fifty years and is one of the oldest rivalries in the South. It really flares out around the middle of November, in the week preceding the annual Duke-Carolina football massacre. (Naturally, the massacred team is usually Carolina. Carolina has won the Duke game only three times in the past twelve years.)

Pitched battles nightly from Durham to Chapel Hill characterize activities during Duke-Carolina week. Duke arsonists invade Chapel Hill to set fire prematurely to Carolina's massive bonfires, and Carolina counters with buckets of paint on the stadium or on Wash Duke's statue. Freshmen guard Duke's bonfire and all roads from Chapel Hill and act as shock

Duke Traditions

By CHARLES MARKHAM

For the benefit of all newcomers, the Archive herein presents a compilation of Duke traditions, new and old

troops in invasions of Carolina. Any Duke or Carolina man caught in a rival camp gets his head shaved.

Despite yearly love feasts between Duke and Carolina campus big shots in the hopes of better relations between the two schools, the rivalry goes on as usual—and it always will. Although Duke and Carolina men vociferously profess to hate each other, deep down in their hearts there lies a healthy mutual respect.

Another tradition, not as old but just as prominent, is that the Chapel steps have been used as a resting and meeting place between classes by all students.

You won't be a real Duke student until you've bummed a ride between campuses. Riding the bus with Skipper is an old Duke tradition, as the Public Service Company ads say, but bunning rides and saving those extra nickels is an even older one. The ground around the bumming post on the West Campus Circle is well worn by thousands of feet belonging to economical Duke students, and the cement sidewalk at the East Campus bus stop-bumming post is also wearing away slowly. One thing to remember when catching rides in rush hours: first come, first served, and ladies first is out.

The Sunday night Sings in the East Campus Auditorium attract a capacity crowd of Duke students. Inaugurated in 1936, this popular entertainment feature is one of Duke's newest traditions. The Sings are especially popular with Duke date-hungry coeds, who are only allowed a certain number of dates a week (attendance at the Sing is not counted as a date). A different program is presented each Sunday night, with football heroes and Phi Betes alike taking part. Go the first opportunity you get, if you can squeeze in.

If you are a freshman engineer you will doubtless be interested in "Marse Jack," because shortly you will be swinging his ropes as he peals out another Duke football victory. "Marse



One lost tradition

Jack" is the bell over in front of Asbury which is rung after every Duke football victory. In the old days, "Marse Jack" was the only means of amouncing the outcome of the games, and anxious Duke students all over the campus waited with bated breath to hear how the Blue Devils came out. Radio has made "Marse Jack's" pealings unglamorons now, but every Saturday in the fall at sunset, Duke men still listen attentively to the old boy.

Of interest to romantically-inclined freshmen is the Sower, which adorns the lawn of East Duke Building on the Woman's Campus. Tradition hath it that a Duke man placing a penny in the Sower's outstretched hand before a date may receive a good night kiss if he finds the penny there when he returns after the date. Devilish students, in search of permies for sales taxes, et cetera, often min many a fellow student's evening by swiping all the pennies in the Sower's hand. Or do they ruin his evening? On your dates, freshmen, don't take your girl in front of Wash Duke's statue. He stands up whenever an innocent girl walks in front of him.

Romantic seniors resent freshman interference on the Senior Walk behind the Chapel. The Walk is traditionally reserved for Duke seniors, and freshmen are not allowed.

The Tombs initiation between halves of a Duke home game is an annual tradition at Duke, Tombsmen, athletes of outstanding ability, are put through their paces before a Dad's Day crowd, and are always attired in odd miforms. A "tackle the man with the ball" mock football game is the feature of the occasion.

"Goon Day" on the East Campus has now been toned down slightly, but formerly was the most dreaded day on a freshman co-ed's calendar. Freshmen co-eds were required to appear as ugly as possible (not a hard task in the opinion of Duke men who sneer at East Campus pulchritude) and were subjected to munerous discomforts by their upperclassmen. At the end of the day, the frosh turned the tables on their superiors.

The Dope Shop is the traditional hangout and meeting place for Duke



fellows since time immemorial. Located in the Union basement, the Dope Shop is the most popular spot on the campus. Freshmen fraternity pledges on dope shop duty supply frat brothers with cokes and saudwiches every night.

Traditional, too, at Duke are the "campus characters": "Cap" Card, who has been with the Physical Ed Department for forty years; "Nurmi" Shears, the terrific tutor, who claims he can run the 100 in 8.6; and Arch "Air Mail" McCullers, dynamic campus messenger service man. As at all other normal colleges, there are bull sessions, lasting far into the night; Saturday evenings at the town hot spots, which in Durham are the Tavern, Goody Shop, or Rinaldi's; campus polities, and complaints about the way the University is being run. These are hereditary with Duke students, too, it seems. But all these things make college life what it is. It wouldn't be college without them.

But of all Duke traditions, the most

cherished is its firm adherence to the principles included on its motto— "Eruditio et Religio".—Education and Religion, which are the standards by which Duke has been and always will be operated.



Just a name on a box, but it means so much when the name

is

HIBBERD Florist

Corner Parrish and Corcoran Sts.

Send the Archive Home

FEMMES PETITION

want the light to brightly shine;
 want the men; I want the wine.
 want the fun without the price.
 want to be naughty and still be nice.

I want the thrill of the first long kiss; I want the things the good girls miss; I want the arms and heart of man, And still stay single if I can.

So, as a sailor, give me advice on How to be naughty and still be nice. I want to do what other girls do, Tease 'em, cuddle up, and bill and coo. Blacken my brows and powder my nose,

Rouge my cheeks to rival the rose, Pencil my eyelashes, redden my lips. Carry a flask upon my hip.

Tango a bit, and Rhumba a lot.

Park my corsets when the weather is hot,

Ride and swim, golf and skate, Take the fence instead of the gate.

Break all the rules, yet all but one, And be good and true when the game is done.

I don't like pepper, but I do like spice.

I want to be naughty and still be nice.



MALE RESPONSE

The advice I give is sure and true;
You can't eat your pie and have it too.
If you want the men and want the
wine,

You must pay the price while you love and dine.

If at first one yields a moment's bliss, Why, the next must be a longer kiss. If you want the things that most girls miss,

You have to be wiser than most girls, sis:

So watch your step, is my advice,

If you want to be naughty and still be

nice.

Go to it, kid, with your grease and paint,

To make you look like what you ain't.
Shimmy and drink to your heart's content,

And be hugged and squeezed until your ribs are bent.

Park your clothes on a hickory limb, But never, my dear, go in to swim. Stay, if you will on the dewy grass, But you can't use mud and come out clean.

The game you play is man's long suit, suit,

Since first he nibbled forbidden fruit. Whatever you get, you pay the price. You can't be naughty and still be nice.

FANCY 1CES

SHERBETS

PHONE L-963

 $^{\label{A}}$

"Ice Cream Specialists"

DURHAM ICE CREAM CO.

(Incorporated)

FAST FROZEN
"BLUE RIBBON" ICE CREAM

"Today It's Thrifty to Buy Quality"

st.

Durham, North Carolina

PUNCII

BLOCKS

Compliments

of

Duke University Stores

Owned and Operated for Your Convenience by Duke University

X

We Appreciate
Your Patronage!

*

Duke University Store

Duke Hospital Store

Woman's College Store

The Haberdashery

公

J. M. MOORE, '32 Manager



Get

CORSAGES,
MUMS

and

CHRYSANTHEMUMS

of the finest quality

a1

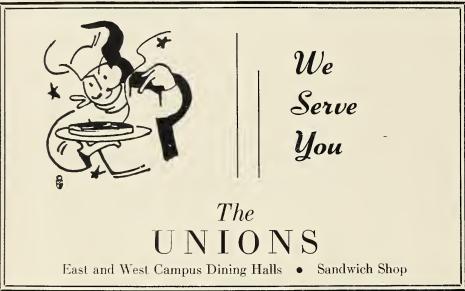
Montgomery's Florist

Flowers for All Occasions

Phone R-161

Opposite Washington Duke Tavern







The Darker the Sin

(Continued from Page 6)

walkin' out next week.' It was a short, homely little man who spoke from behind thick eyeglasses.

"That's right," said Al; "if them bastards don't come across, out we go. They'll find out they can't push us around."

"And it's about time these whitecollar guys paid some attention to us, too. Listen, brother, this country's gotta learn we got rights. Why, I was talkin' to some fellows just the other day..."

"Yeah, it's like I said to my wife the other night, we're Americans an'..."

"I don't like to gripe about pay, but now days with prices goin' up the way they are, a man's gotta . . ."

"Why, listen, if them big-shots in Washington was made to get out an' work . . . "

And so it went. The conversation grew louder, the smoke grew thicker, the beer flowed freely—and democracy was functioning.

It was five-thirty when the big man in the blue slack-suit came into the cafe. His bare arms were covered with heavy black hair, and, when he opened his mouth to order a beer, three yellowing teeth were all that appeared in front. He took a long draught of beer, and, wiping away the foam with the back of his hand, he turned to the men at the table.

"You fellows hear about the trouble on the East Side?" They had not. "Well, they tell me a bunch of niggers jumped a couple of white men and damn near killed 'em. Dirty jigs are gettin' dangerous. Why, it ain't safe for a man to walk down Brush Street at night no more."

"Is that so? Well, I ain't surprised. Never did trust niggers. Apt to pull a razor on ya as not."

Talk became more heated as each man expressed his opinion. It was obvious that there would be trouble.

It was a quarter to six, and the sun was orange as it dropped behind the buildings across the street. Al Domacetti emptied his glass and started fishing in his pocket for his change.

The man in the slack-suit had left, and most of the drinkers were settling up to go. Al threw some coins on the bar and, nodding to those remaining, passed through the squeaking screen door. Heading for his car he didn't notice the crowd of people surrounding the front of a streetcar, which had stopped for a traffic light, until he heard a shout from that direction. Turning he saw that three white men were dragging a lone negro down out of the trolley. The latter was struggling but was quite overpowered. Before he knew exactly why, AI was running toward the corner, toward the growing crowd. As he got closer, he saw that the negro was a boy of about sixteen, well proportioned and strongly built. He was thoroughly terrified, and Al noticed particularly the whiteness of his eyes. In his struggle to get away he slipped and fell. In an instant he was up again, but they encircled him in a tight knot. From somewhere in the group a fist shot out and the boy's mouth started bleeding. Frantic, he kept turning around in circles looking for some way to get out. His termenters moved around him, cursing him and daring him to fight back. A man in a grey business suit tried to hold back two men carrying bottles from a nearby bar. He was knocked down, and somebody kicked at his head as he tried to get up. This diverted the majority of the erowd, and the boy, lunging between two more or less indifferent onlookers, succeeded in getting free. He ran down the street right toward Al, looking from side to side in complete panie. His shirt contained drops of blood, and one knee was scuffed out of his pants.

"Get him! stop that nigger!" Al stepped out into the path of the running negro. Instinctively the boy threw out his hand to protect himself. As he did, he struck Al full in the face. Dazed for a second Al grabbed at the boy's shirt, stopped him, and flung him to the ground. In an instant the mob was on him again. Blows rained on his face and arms. Dusty shoes kicked at his body. Al found himself kicking too. Something inside tightened up, and it was good

to hear his shoes strike the crumpled form on the pavement. Again and again he kicked—and it felt good. He clamped his teeth together and kept on kicking. The last streaks of orange disappeared behind the buildings across the street.

Mr. Domacetti was late for supper. A thin woman in a dirty apron met him at the door. He made his excuses and went upstairs to wash. When he came down, his supper was spread out in the kitchen. He ate alone, Mildred and the boy having finished. When he was through, he got up and went into the living room. He picked up the paper from the table and headed for his favorite chair. From the kitchen the rattle of dishes could be heard. "Oh, by the way, Mildred," he called, "you an' Al better not go out of the house for awhile. The niggers have been makin' trouble." He turned to his paper, scanned the headlines: "W.L.B. Orders 'Back to Work." He banged his fist against the arm of the chair. Who the hell did they think they were! This was a free country. They were American citizens. Why they couldn't . . . Nobody was in the room to hear him, so he turned back to the comic section and became silent.

The Roll of Bills

(Continued from Page 13)

speak, then turned around and walked away.

"I'm glad he couldn't say it," Jeb said to himself. "I knew what he wanted to say, but I'm glad he couldn't say it."

He sat down again, and his mind went back to Paul. Then the insurance money, and Loge Thomas. He wouldn't spend that insurance money, not a penny of it. He got up and walked outside, on the wet clay where the gravel had worn off the road. He looked across the creek at the fresh plowed ground on the hill, and he knew what he would do with the money.

Some spring Jeb would take another day off from the store, and he'd go down to Chapel Hill to see Mark graduate.

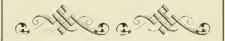


Compliments

of

A

FRIEND





Printing styles and the trend in type faces are constantly changing, but Service and High Quality are unvarying in the production of all printing in our large plant.

We have been growing for 57 years . . . serving the manufacturing, trades, education, and professional leaders in North Carolina and the South.

PRINTING
PUBLISHING
BOOK BINDING

THE SEEMAN PRINTERY
INCORPORATED
DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

For More Than a Decade

We Have
Served You
at
Duke University

*

WE ARE CONVENIENTLY LOCATED IN 03 UNION

DUKE UNIVERSITY BRANCH

THE

CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

Patronize

Our

Advertisers



- Left: MARY NEEL, Delta Delta Delta wears a two-piece DORSA original of velveteen. Trimmed with white brocade.
- Center: HELEN BROOKS, Pi Beta Phi, chooses a two-piece wool Ellen Kay classic in a light yellow and mocha brown.
- Right: ELIZABETH LEWIS, Kappa Alpha Theta, is serenely confident that her two-piece black faille DORSA original is perfect for any occasion.

You will find all these and many others at

Robbins' Fashion Center





The ABCIIVE



—and for all this we give our thanks

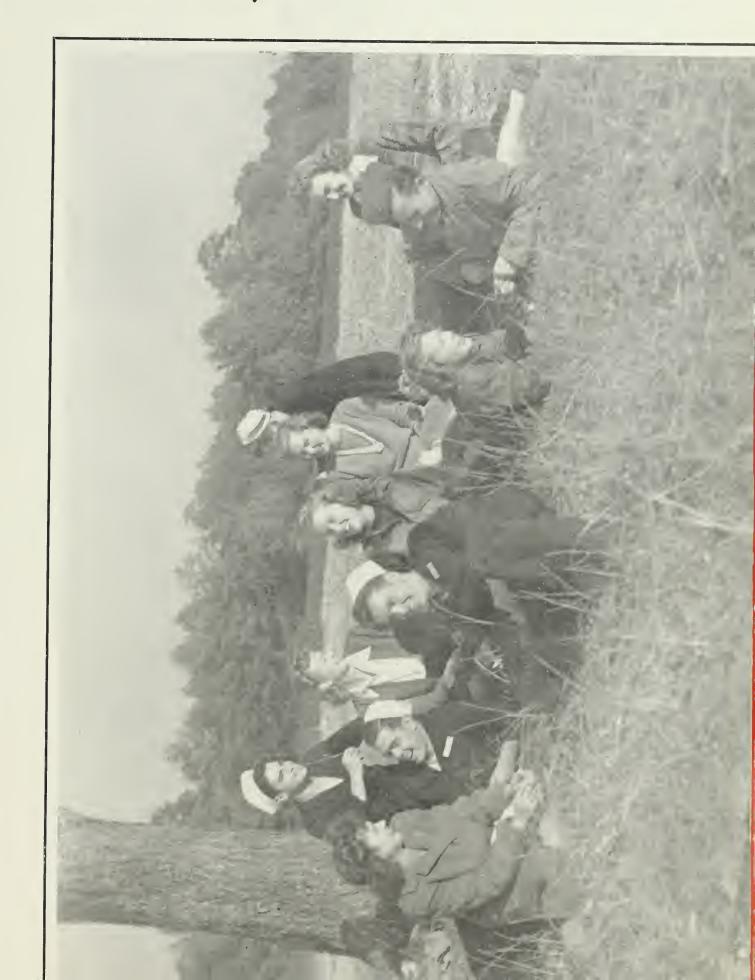
November, 1943

Eure Umr



— For Hope

— For Laughter



Letters to the Editor

Dear Staff.

The reviewer must have been in a bad mood when she wrote the review of the Archive. I could have been and am more complimentary than she was. Of course there is lots of room for improvement, but so there is with every magazine on the market. Duke has a fine Archive, and if the students would read other college issues, they would realize how fortunate they are. Thanks for the issue and keep rolling them off the presses.

J. H. V. October '43

November 13, 1943

Dear Editor,

The Archive's pages all were read And left me un-inspired.

I plann'd to take my pen in hand And write to Dave, "You're fired!"

Poetic license is a thing Which often is abused. By "smiling" beeches, Friend, We just are not amused.

When "hopeless" shadows start to rise,

They won't be shades of Siler. The ghost of Sappho will fly up Because the shadows riled 'er.

And having set those stanzas down, My mind began to ponder My ability to write While other poets' wander.

When I the urge to create do feel, My pen, in wasted time, An epic sad will write— With vain attempts to rhyme.

And as I go from bad to worse In writing dear "Dukensis" lays, I know that I'll endure much more Than "blooming" college days!

—Е. R. '45

Dear E. R. '45
The Archive still will thrive
Despite your deprecating jive
Sincerely,

The Editor



STAFF

EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS:

Ann Fountain Missy Johnson Betty Ann Taylor Ned Martin Loring Fountain Jackie Lewis Steve Schwartz Bill Mathis -Walter Scott Dot Hyland Bo Sims Austin Knight Sandy Tecklin Frank Bliss Ray Lopez Jim Perry Nan McCrary Sue Boumall

Business Assistants:

Bob Cowin
Mary Nelson Freels
Peggy Heim
Peggy Bacon
Newton Angier
Ann Harrell
Bill Becker
Al Buckley

"Impressions"

First impression of Duke-majestic. rather impressive (looks like a C. B. De Mille set) . . . very lonely at midnight—only a very few lights on the campus and two of them were illuminating the chapel into a picture that inspired deep-felt reverence . . . the other lights were drawing the new arrivals to the Union. Had to spend the first night there—the couch was fairly comfortable so couldn't hold that against the place. Can't get used to the pretty gals sprinkled here and there among the somewhat dull male faces . . . rather used to the sprinkling being even duller faces. Perhaps the Navy will see to it that by the time I get back to sea there will be hostesses or the like around to relieve the eyes.

Don't care much for the gripes some of the V-12 boys make—should realize they are enjoying Navy life at its best. No ship, station, or base affords better or more commodious living quarters unless there is a splattering of scrambled eggs around the dome. Most of us probably won't stay around long enough to climb the ladder that high anyhow. Navy cooks use recipes that sound like the idea was to mix cement—a bucket of this, a shovel of that, and two to twenty gallons of who knows what. The name for the concoction is decided on only after several hours of burning under the careful supervision of a bellyrobber. (I must admit that the stew Thursday at noon was as mysterious as some of the Navy's own.) That's general mess. Suppose the wardroom boys eat a little better-hope so. Moral of the above being: Those who have had a little time in the Navy before coming to Duke like it here and who should know better than they?

Heard they hang Yankees every Thursday morning in this part of the country so am developing a southern accent and vocabulary. You-all drawn out to sound like "yawl" isn't enough to fend off the noose I am told, and am desperately substituting "poke" for bag, "tote" for carry, and vowing that "I-all" was fifteen before the bitter truth revealed that damn yankee wasn't just one word, damyankee.

Wonder why that line or two was devoted to the indulgence of liquor in the demcrit list? Really don't believe there is any in Durham or the environs thereof. Could be that the reason that Washington Duke won't stand up for the femmes is that the last bottle of Four Roses in the vicinity is hidden under his seat.

THE ARCHIVE

VOLUME LVII NOVEMBER, 1943 NUMBER 3

In This Issue

Letters to the Editorpage	2
Impressions of a Fleet Manpage	2
Part of a Memory By Cliff Crawfordpage	4
Down the Row By Joe DiMonapage	7
Not to be Worthless By Snowy Ethridgepage	8
Duchess of the Monthpage	9
A Night in New York By Filboid Glooverpage	10
The Sweetheart of the 21st Classpage	11
It's a Natural "Stand-By" in Rehearsalpage	12
Our Mountain By Olive Sherertzpage	14
A Page of Poetry By Miller C. Basnightpage	15
Jokes! Jokes! Jokes!page	22
Assorted Tid-Bitsthird cov	er

STAFF

DAVE FICK, Editor
Bud Peterson, Associate Editor
Snow Ethridge, Coed Editor
Did Dunphey, Art Editor

HARTSELL CASH, Business Mgr.
JIM STOW, Associate Bus. Mgr.
AUDREY HANCE, Coed. Bus. Mgr.
DOTTIE GROOME, Advertising Mgr.

A Monthly Literary Magazine Published by the Students of Duke University, Durham, North Carolina

The publication of articles on controversial topics does not necessarily mean that the Editor or the University endorses them.

Notice of Entry: "Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, Authorized December 4, 1924."

Entered as second-class mail matter at the Postoffice at Durham, N. C.

PART OF A MEMORY

By CLIFF CRAWFORD

PRIZE WINNING SHORT STORY

The editorial staff of the Archive judged this story by Crawford to be the most outstanding contribution entered in the recent writing contest. It was chosen for its qualities of refreshing humor; its intelligent and simple beauty, and because it is of such an unusual style so well done.—Editor.

The writing in this manuscript represent an attack from within the mind of one central figure, there being just as much coherence without punctuation in the lines as there is in the mental process itself, a process with never actually considered pauses but only shifting areas of action.

The physical style might be related to some extent with the James Joyce—John Dos Passos school, although far less pretentious and with less realism.

There is no point being stressed nor any climax reached. There is an attempt to record psychologically the very thinking that could take place during the first hours of a leave, as though drawn from a clearly-etched memory.

-The Author.

THERE WERE a lot of things I like I to remember about that week. You see . . . it wasn't really a week. A couple of days, one or two nights. There were a couple of babes in the woods. Two in a big city, at first. First there was a sense of promise ahead, a promise of something that lurked just outside the grounds and beckoned you on. That promise, as indefinite and untrustworthy as it was, sufficed for nearly a thousand miles . . . hundred upon hundred of throbbing, clicking void. The aching, boring, sweating, cramping train. The filth, the squalor, the creeping slowness through the unreconstructable South in its archaic railroad coaches. The over-crowded, painful, sooty night. The morn that came after fitful, restless night. The moment of air in the capitol. Delay, a missed connection. Miles of the Eastern coast and then more scrambling in the dim-lit bustle of a great station. A hurried scrawl on a yellow pad—the promise holds out a stronger hope. Miles more clacketing over the rails of the Northeast. Due north now, just an apathetic greeting. No apparent mental response. But now it's closer! Back Bay! Ye Gods, my coat (am I tired!) . . . let's go lady. Come on mister. What's holding up the works? Wow, is it cold in wonder will she recognize me funny no dark blues last time cold oh man the

coat ahead light blue too. Nothing doing sailor that's not yours. Flash of red ahead. Could it well it just has to be. That's her she's moving now some lummox crosses between your path of sight oh you cruel bastard you spoiled a perfect second but that's not all there's more sailor stick around you're coming straight into port. Oh hello my dearest. That red coat is warm and rough to you never get breaks like this rememthe touch. The cheek is cool and smooth. No this can't be yours sailor ber? Oh but I do this once this is it my grasp will never let you go.

It seemed a year didn't it. It probably was worth a year of your mental experience, too. The time is an indication of how much it meant to you. Sailor and his girl. Sailor and a girl. Sailor and any girl. Cheap dammit cheap why should it sound so park-bench rustling in the dark no shore patrols Charleston Norfolk San Diego Singapore skin white thigh dark rustle again gravel path footsteps nope do the right thing thirteen blue buttons prettiest anchor design. Cheap sound.

You were pressed together in a cab, remember? The city air was cold and refreshing. You got the soot out of your lungs, the kinks out of your back. The *Reader's Digest* tumbled in a gutter somewhere. The cabby say thanks and grins what sailor and

his girl Saturday night and oh goddamit anyway who ever heard of the hotel. And yes she even bought a wedding ring. You joke but something instead of being gay inside starts to bleed. Drop by drop the five-and-dime dear oh drop by drop and then a little spurt and all the joke is over washed away colored crimson seal it up inside and change the subject. Twin beds and they nudged me and I tried not to laugh and I was nervous and I have a formal dress oh beautiful do you want to see it. The elevator, the room, the sarge down the hall. Oh the lovely

Venetian blinds and then those twin beds. Shower, closet, Gideon bible let me read you the song of Solomon great literature the Shulamite caresseth me. Now that you've counted everything where are we going to eat and how about the dance and don't you think this is a nice room and not so fast come over here and

oh dearest one

but I'm dirty I feel dirty I'm going to take a shower before we go any place and always thinking of your stomach and

oh dearest

and yes it's very nice get yourself something to read and after all don't you think you'd really better go into the hot water cold water hot and cold running chambermaids Buck used to say happy whistle joke sing forget you're tired to Hell with the people next room. Maybe they haven't got anything to yodel about. Well not yodel but feel like yodel that counts.

God the water is fine and pure and endless and too hot no too cold oh hell all showers have two streams too hot too cold. Only a minute or two or five or ten. At least you can open the door when you're shaving don't cut like that if there's anything red on your face tonight it's going to be oh well only ferrous oxide in an oily base that's all lipstick is. Do I well yes put it on while I am confined to these barracks and I promise I won't come out and what's the matter anyway don't you wear underwear any more and oh the horrid things you say. She is in some blue. Women have a name, probably ten names for it but it's blue and lovely. Oh that neckline, and the waistline. You've got the kind of figure for that kind of dress. There at the waist where it seems so waspish you've just washed don't step on the hem of the skirt and under your hands the waist is smooth and unbelievably firm white neck and shoulders. Oh you blue dress and white skin and ruby lips and all a man desires and all he suffers and all he loves. Well I'll to quarters now while you slip that off and where will we go. Oh some place and oh some place here we come.

Here help me put on my coat and here help me hold down this accursed collar and that oh one stripe lowest rank in the navy yes I will I'm the husband remember bleed damn you bleed within me lighted lobby darkened street sailor and his girl small hotel peacoats with upturned collars on the corners whatcha got mate. Red coat. Scollay Square Hanover Howard Street Columbia Gayety Buddies Club Penny Arcade Shooting Gallery hey mate lookinforalittle lovin'? Oh so she's with you nice goin' sister, red coat, hnh? Taxi. FoxandHoundsClub. Maybe officers and civilians joint. Crowded, jostle a little gold braid bud this may be your closest look. Upstairs, army lieutenant-colonel wants to slide

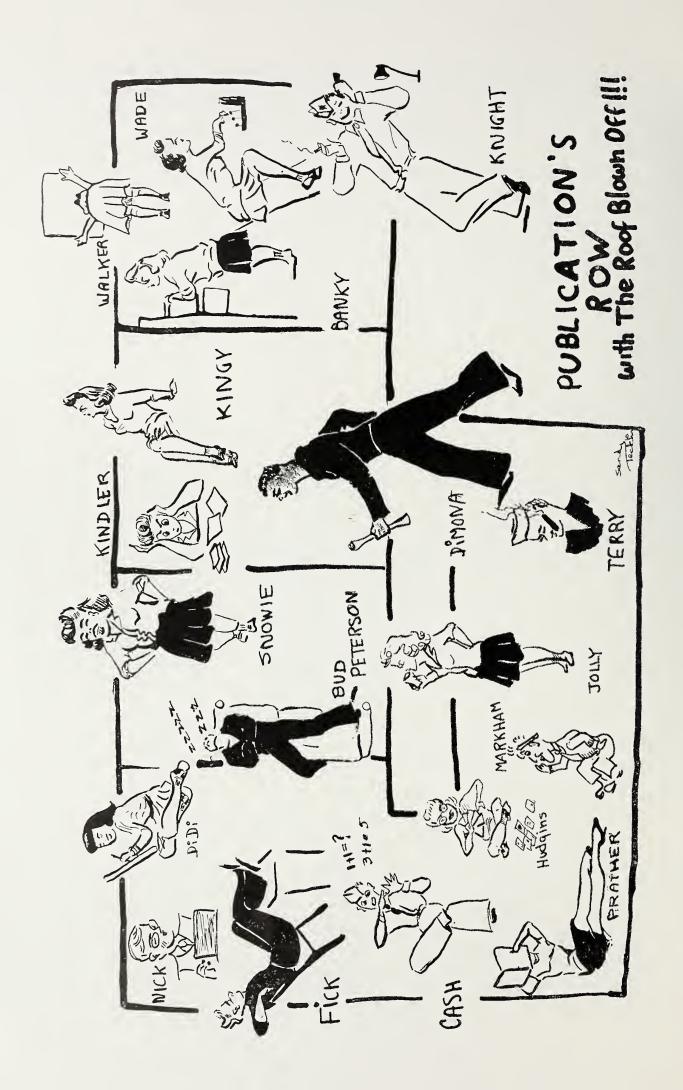
down bannister no James she says a little feeble a little more scared he'll land on his sure if he ever slides down there. Only difference officers enlisted men brands they get potted on. Women they sleep with. Think the enlisted men outdo the brasshats sometimes. In both. Ohforgodsakes won't somebody come in lower than a commander. There's two senior grades. Why there are two only ten grades and a commission higher than me. Oh waiter listen waiter this has to be good we want a comple of and just as nice as you can get. Delicious I mean the view of her and the little breeze from the window the sober



dignity of the high paneled walls and ceiling the glitter of the room the white cloths the colored dresses the blue gold khaki green silver the curved sweep of a champagne goblet the pail in pewter holding ice the stately rich brown upthrust shape of an ale bottle. Warmtli and yellow light and scented hair. Linen, silverware, flowers, serving tables, china, buzzing talk and laughter. So this is Venice no Beacon Hill. Snaky blond, bewhiskered Britisher, hustling waiter captain, obsequious, suave, friendly, affable, yessir, quite right sir, this way sir. have you a reservation sir, your table over here sir, kissminesir, apprentice seaman sir, braid of gold, heart of brass, eyes of tin foil glitter, leaden heart, silver stomach eight years old aged in wood bottled in boud at the officers' mess sir. And it will rot your esophagus, dissolve your tonsils, loosen your tongue and mellow your conversation. And it will pummel your kidney, rot your bladder, addle your brain. And uleers of the stomach. And cirrhosis of the liver. And it will make life rosy. And we drink beer, but life is rosy anyway. There aren't any pleats in this and the only extra near the shoulders is a floppy collar. There aren't any saddlebag pockets but there's a little one with a zipper on it in case you want your fare home and you get rolled the night after pay day and it's designed with either Limehouse or the Goody Shop in mind. You eat and drink and you don't call it chow anymore and the food is the manna and honey of the desert and the drink is the nectar awaiting him on whom the gods have smiled.

But she's not Beacon Hill but she's rarer. And the bold braid is here but at the wrong tables and oh somebody is getting hilarions in the back room. People turn and strain and the lobsters lie alone and the oysters half-shell are forgotten and the bubbles in the sparkling burgundy escape the ruddy imprisoning liquid while backs are turned. In the back room the laughter dies away and someone's blush leaves the cheek and the erring

(Continued on Page 20)



DOWN THE ROW

By JOE DIMONA

"Black Mike" tells what it's like to those who'll go to work on The Row

I was early this fall.

Dave Fick leaned ont of his door and called to me.

"Hey Joe, look what's coming down the Row, My Gawd."

I looked.

"My Gawd," I said.

Bubbling and chattering they swept down Publications Row, ten or twenty leggy coeds headed by platoon leader Mary, "Spanky-Spank" Bankhardt. In a swirl of teeth, sweaters, and skirts they disappeared into the Chanticleer office. A few minutes later we could hear them hard at work, typewriters stuttering, coeds puttering, Bankhardt muttering.

I looked at Fick. He looked at me. Somewhere in that glance was born the bitter realization.

Publications Row, once the manly hub of the West campus, was destined —sooner or later—to become a coed hangout that would resemble backstage of "Little Women."

* * *

Somewhere on the other page you'll find a cartoon which attempts to caricature the present inhabitants of The Row.

Publications Row has always been a Hall of varied, harried characters. Sooner or later the unusual persons of the college community, morous, fly baits, thinkers, stinkers, drinkers, all found their way down to the Row in quest of knowledge, fame, activity points.

Duke history has been made and recorded by this anomalous collection, and oldtimers still talk about Fatso Lou Cassels, Lou "the Hat" Fracher, Don "Spec" Perry, "Handsome" Harry Treleavan, Randolph

"God" Few, and latest of all, John "I Wrote Duke's Mixture Once" Carr.

Now, with the coeds taking over, the last lap of that colorful era seems at hand.

In the handful of men left, however, there is still color, still to be found the characters who have made The Row famous.

Take for instance "Stogie" Terry, who takes time off from his downtown love interest to handle the business end of the Chronicle. Terry believes in the old adage "Where there's smoke there's a Buyer," and this probably accounts for those fat, foul cigars which he continually chews, and also for his unusual success on the business staff. A newcomer to the Chronicle. Terry transferred from the haughty Archive joined the newspaper when SAE brother Johnny Hartman graduated to the Navy.

Supervising the Archive, once the unhappy repository of intranslatable poetry, unreadable "stream of consciousness" short stories, and articles on such pregnant subjects as "Victor Imgo—His Mother," is Dave Fick, an artist of parts, who has brought radical changes to the arch Archive. Fick, who is most known for his sexy rabbits (cartoons we mean, not pets), has zoomed the Archive to peak popularity (latest reports show circulation of 10—Fick's Faithful Family),

Down the Row, up toward Chantieleer way, is Henry "the lover" Nicholson. Genial Nick, is not as simple as he seems. Those girlish screams from behind his closed office doors seem to mean more to my innocent ears. Once the busy office of a yearbook publication, the Chanticleer office has turned well nigh into a dating bureau. And Henry "the Hammer" Nicholson has taken full advantage of it all. At this writing he's giving staff-worker Liz the biz.

Handling the Archive business is Hotzell Cash. His last name is what the Archive has least of, and despite frantic efforts on the part of Winston-Salem's problem child, the mag is still losing money. Hotzell, since he found out that a sunny southern smile is no help in selling ads, has resorted finally to what all business managers resort to finally, sex appeal. Luscious lovelies, Dottie Groome, Peggy Bacon, Audrey Hance are now selling most of the ads and sales have sinee zoomed, as has "Hard-up Hartsell's" temperature.

Heading the Chronicle is—we blush to admit it—ourself, known to a long-suffering campus as "Black Mike," "Jumping Joe," and other censorable names which we are too tender to mention. Of the whole crew, we have been here the longest; our Irish name has plagned the Chronicle, the mag, the yearbook, DukEngineer, and Dean Herring's black list. Known mostly for our big mouth, big nose, and big head, we at least will be remembered. How could anyone forget?

These are the leaders of Publications Row. Always-maligned and bedeviled they find themselves with a shortage of manpower which would have proved fatal to less hearty, less determined, and less foolish men.

Around them, though, are still a host of lesser lights. "Cheerful" Charlie Markham, who is reading this over our shoulder, is *Chronicle*

(Continued on Page 21)

TANE HEARD Luke flip in his bed; J it had always amused her because it sounded like a flipping porpoise. and he certainly made twice as much noise. She wasn't in the least amused now for his flipping had awakened her, and she had only dropped off to sleep when she could see the faint grayness of the coming dawn between the blinds. She opened her eyes and looked out of the window at the bright sunny day. She turned over and buried her face in her pillow, 1 can't bear it, she thought-not another bright snnny day; if only the world would grieve with me. She could count the days, it would be two months tomorrow. And there was Luke sleeping peacefully. She felt that she was alone in her grief, she, David's mother. It had been two months ago that they had heard that David was dead. David, who had only started his life; he was only eighteen and had been so terribly dear. He had been so hopelessly confused. Oh God! it is all Luke's fault. She knew that she must not think like that; she had kept the thought hidden in the back recesses of her mind.

David had come home from college in February. He had finished his freshman year, and it had been a struggle to keep him there that long. He was smart and she really hadn't minded too much the thought, when it was thrust upon her, that he would go into the army and perhaps go to a camp and be trained as an engineer. He was young, and he wouldn't be sent across for a year or two, and anyway by that time, the war might be over. She could take that, and she did know how anxious Luke was for someone in the family really to be something. He was too old, and she loved him enough to understand. But then they found out that David couldn't get into the army. He had scars on his lungs, very bad ones, so the specialist had said. He had shot up too quickly: he had grown about s'x inches one year. Luke had gone to Washington to try to get a waiver for David. Jane felt that it would be nice; David could do some light office work. Luke couldn't get the

Not to be Worthless

By SNOWY ETHRIDGE

Jane knew all about the world—life, worth, happiness—but it was not until David's sweetheart proved it that she understood

waiver and Jane dismissed the entire matter from her mind. David would not go back to school; he went to work for Luke. Jane was relieved. After all, he had tried to get into something. She couldn't understand why he absolutely refused to go back to school, but he'd look at her when she brought up the subject and say, "Mum, give me a month or two; next semester maybe." He was awfully quiet and he worked too hard and ate too little. Jane could not understand what had gotten into him. When she tried to talk to Luke about him, Luke would merely say, "Don't worry, Jane. He'll be all right," and then he'd change the subject. What she didn't understand was exactly what he'd be all right from.

Every night after dinner Luke and David would go into the study for an hour and talk. Jane felt terribly left out and alone. She was lonely; she had thought that it would be so wonderful to have David home. He was growing away from her, and the seriousness that he and Luke showed rather annoyed her.

One night Luke and David walked out of the study and into her bedroom where she was trying to appear busy doing her needlework. She knew it was something, had known, but had not been able to face it or admit it to herself. David stood looking at her and Luke said quietly, "Go ahead, son, tell her."

Jane looked up at David and smiled as gaily as she could. "What is it, darling? Are you thinking about marrying that nice Peters child at your age?"

"Not quite, Mums. I don't know where to begin, but you see, I've been accepted. I'm going." "Accepted into what, David? Dear, what in the world are you talking about?"

"Mum, the Field Service which is attached to the British Army has accepted me for medical work. I'm sailing next week for India, I suppose. Mum, you don't have any idea what this means to me—"

Jane rose to her feet and stood staring at Luke. She didn't even hear what David had said. "Luke, what does this mean? Luke, what have you done? Of course, he can't go; David, do you hear me, you can't go!"

"Jane, David is going. I haven't told you before because we weren't sure that he would be accepted. But now that he has been, he is going." Luke walked to Jane and tried to put his arms around her. "Oh darling, I'm sorry it has to be like this. He knows what he wants, and he is going to have it."

"Luke, David is eighteen. He couldn't possibly know what he wants or what he is doing. You are the one who is doing it; you can't Luke."

"Jane it isn't up to me, you know. It is David's life, and he is going to live it."

Jane pleaded. David was her son, too. She refused to talk about it at all, and watched his preparations for leaving with unbelieving eyes. The Peters child came every night to dinner, and she was bright and gay and

(Continued on Page 16)

Duchess of the Month
Merthel Greenwell

Class of '45



A Night In New York

It's a long story, a helluva long story, I might add, and if you ain't got much time you might as well skip it. It's all about that blonde I picked up in New York last month—remember that leave?—and no doubt you've all picked up blondes and this will be old stuff to you. But since I've been down here at Dook after that leave, and since I find my mind wandering in lab (Physics 1—I told you that damn examination was a killer!), I just about have time to tell it before Bass (God rest his soul) catches me off the calorimeter. It goes like this—

It was the last night of my leave and I had just four more hours in New York—didn't I tell you that things were dead in Newark and I had to go to town to have some fun?—and I didn't have a date, exactly. I had a date, but she didn't show up, and I dropped in at Stanley's for a few drinks. I had plenty on my mind, and the best way I could think of to get it off was a few Tom Collins—I was thinking of how dry everything would be in Durham the next night.

And so, I was well over half way into my fourth Collins, and things didn't look so black anymore; in fact, I was beginning to feel good—when she came in!

She stood just inside the door looking little and sweet and lonely, and I forgot all about that date that didn't show up. Hell, this was class! The blonde hair piled high over the innocent-looking oval face, and the lips not-too-red, and the nails just a nice shade of pink. That was something fit for a last-night-before-going-overseas (being in Durham is almost as bad as being overseas, sure!). That was something worth my last twenty bucks (I already had my ticket.) That was something!

She stood there and looked about the room, her eyes soft and a little questioning. I looked at my half-finished drink and said, "To hell with the cherry," and damn near fell off my stool. I walked toward the door, and just before I got to her I dropped my hat. "These hats," I said, "they're always falling." She smiled.

"Looking for somebody?" I tried to seem casual, you know me.

"Yes," she said, her voice soft and not too distant, "I'm meeting a party here, but I'm afraid I'm a little late."

"Have a drink with me while you're waiting?"

"I shouldn't," she said.

"I shouldn't be wondering why I didn't meet you ten years ago," I said, "but I am."

"Ten years ago we could have grown up together." There was a trace of laughter in her voice.

"Now's a good time to start," I said, "I don't think either of us is eligible for social security."

"You win, sailor." She smiled again, and walked ahead of me to a table. I wondered if John Powers taught her to walk.

"Smooth," I thought, looking at her across the table. I could feel champagne bubbles bursting all over me. A waiter came over. "Champagne cocktail," she said.

She sipped her champagne, and I learned that her name was Jean Forrest and that she modeled clothes in a shop just off Fifth Avenue. Her home was in Clinton, Iowa, and she had been in New York a year and a half. She thought New York was simply marvelous.

"This is my last night in the city," I said, "Let's go out and kiss New York good-bye for me." She picked up her gloves and bag and we left.

Her hand was small and soft, and the lights along the streets were dim. The cab driver knew the score; he drove slowly. When he stopped in front of the Latin Quarter my handkerchief had lipstick stains on it.

The music was sweet and low and she danced the way I like a girl to dance, close and smooth. She rested her cheek on my shoulder, and her hair was soft and cool against my neck. The orchestra played "Yesterday's Gardenias" and I recognized the scent of gardenia in her hair. My "Damn," I knees were weak. thought, "this is lovely." My head was light and my knees were weak, but this was my last night in New York and I was dancing with the prettiest girl in town. Wonderful? Hadn't I been dreaming about this in physics lab all last semester?

We danced and drank, and drank and danced, and a pink mist drifted around through the dancers. It was Heaven and there was a pink halo over my angel's head. It was spring and pink clouds floated in three-quarter time across the sky, and pink rabbits hopped about in the pink grass. Then the musicians put their instruments in little pink cases and left.

We walked down Broadway at three o'clock in the morning, and the city was quiet and pink and beautiful. We caught a cab and drove through Central Park, and her lips were soft and sweet against mine. We went through wide streets and narrow streets, and then stopped in front of a pink stone house.

"I live here," she said.

She stood on the steps and said, "No, you can't come up. I live with my sister."

MISS LOIS WOOD, '45, whose picture appears on the opposite page, has been chosen THE SWEETHEART OF THE 21ST CLASS, Finance School, Duke University. Soon after it was announced that the Duchess of the Month would be chosen by popular vote, we received from the Finance School a letter signed by every member of the 21st class requesting that Miss Wood be the Duchess. So great was their enthusiasm that it warrants special recognition; hence this second Duchess of the Month.—Editor.

Glenn D. Fremon Harry P. Burker Potention more

Seitcher Smith Henry W. Kauman

Gudy a Shuran

Jahr Wahlgum.

Huland (Terri) D. Werner L. Dickinson Chriton a. Mulbing

William Schla

9.W. Kelman

John a Banning Hermanger

gwooding

Harl J. Garady Rolland L. Hydinger Elmer H. Kulhk

Robert M. Nelson Harry W. Fort



LOIS WOOD—SWEETHEART OF THE 21st Class





OUR MOUNTAIN

By OLIVE SHERERTZ

The little American colony on the mountain was beautiful—and then the Sons of Heaven eame to China. Real experiences of East Campus' most promising young writer.

The Mountain seemed lonely after all the Americans had gone down except Margaret's family and mine. The Chinese were still there, but the tennis courts were very empty, and the water in the swimming pool lay still as blue-green glass. All the American houses were boarded up, and the roads were very quiet. Margaret and I felt a little lost, somehow, and wished our families had decided to go down to Shanghai as the others had.

Gradually, however, we came to have a feeling of possessiveness for the valley and everything in it. It was ours; we owned it, and there was no one to dispute our ownership. We could play in the yards and on the porches of all the vacant houses. We had only to discover good clay banks for digging caves, or exciting secret "hide outs" in the bamboo brush, to possess them. Even the crystal mine that had been so carefully guarded by the boys now belonged solely to us. The valley with its protecting ridges was our whole world, and we were its thirteen-yearold lords.

One day that fall, word arrived that the Japanese were coming up the mountain. Father and the most important men among the Chinese refugees went down to meet them, carrying American flags, and explained that Mokansan was an international refugee zone. But they wanted to see the mountain, anyway, because they had heard it was a beautiful summer resort, and perhaps because it reminded them of their own mountains in Japan. So Father led them up through the valley and around the highest peak of the ridge,

hoping to tire them out so that they would have no energy left for getting into mischief. When they passed through the valley, they must have wondered where the refugees were, for every house looked boarded up and not a child was crying. Even the dogs were silent, as if they, too, were afraid. Afterwards we served tea to the officers at our house, and our Chinese cook cheerfully passed around cigarettes. Then they went down to the plains, and our mountain came to life again. After that, whenever it was rumored that the Japanese were coming, the Chinese flocked to our house, because they believed that we could protect them. Coming out of my room at night, I would sometimes stumble over someone sleeping on the floor and see other sleeping figures there in the hallway and on the stairs.

We never saw the Chinese guerrillas, but we knew that the mountains behind us were full of them. We knew also that the spies came often to our valley, and through them we made an agreement with the guerrillas that they should come to the valley only at night, for it was during the day that the Japanese came up, and we wanted no fighting on our mountain. Every day more refugees came up from their burning, ravaged villages, and when they reached our valley a look of almost unbelieving relicf would spread over their tired, worn faces. We understood that look, for we, too, had come up the mountain and found security and peace once more; we knew that they had just come up to heaven out of hell.

Often in the long, cold evenings we would sit around the fire eating

roasted peanuts and listening to Grandmother read. I was never satisfied simply to sit still and listen, so I would make doll clothes or work on the stick I was carving. Sometimes we would play monopoly with Margaret and her brother, or some of the Chinese professors' ehildren, frequently getting involved in long, funny, half-English, half-Chinese arguments and explanations. Not all of the evenings were pleasant, however, for sometimes the church bell that was our air raid siren would ring mournfully across the valley, and we would sit in the dark and listen to the radio. Sometimes planes passed overhead, and though the sound of their motors always faded quickly, we could not help remembering other nights when we had sat in darkness and listened to the whining scream of bombs.

Every morning and evening one or two of us had to go across the valley to get water from the spring. When the water cans were filled, we would cup our hands for a drink, and the taste of it was liquid crystal and liquid ice. Then we would walk home through the damp mist that smelled of wet dark earth and molding leaves, the swinging water cans spilling tiny puddles on the road as we walked.

Snow came early to our mountain and covered everything with a heavy whiteness. Mist froze on the bamboos, and ice formed thick and solid on the large swimming pool and on our little private one. Winter had transformed the valley into a frozen fairyland. At first we slid down the terraces of our garden and skidded across the ice on the pool. Then Paul made a long light bamboo sled, screwing it together because nails split bamboo, and we spent every afternoon skimming down the snow-packed roads and slopes. When it began growing dark we would trudge home, awkward in our heavy snow suits, cold and tired, and thirsty from eating snow and sucking icicles.

When Christmas came, we went down into the next valley to find a tree. I chose a little pine, and Paul and Margaret's brother carried it home. We had no Christmas tree

(Continued on Page 18)

A Page of Poetry by Miller C. Basnight

To Private Miller C. Basnight, USMCR, goes the Archive's award for the best poem submitted last month. The staff could not decide which of Basnight's poems was best, so decided to run all of them.

Reverie

Some days

When I count you

On the fingers of my thoughts,

Vague regrets,

Like shadows

On a shining pool of joy,

Flit

Across the vanity

Of my foolish pride.

I remember

All the little things I could have

said,

Or left unsaid,

That would have made

The mirror of my love

More bright.

But so it is

In all of life

I think:

We have the cold.

If but to make the heat

Seem warm.

We have the night,

To make each vow of day

More bright,

And sorrow and regret

To make our joy

Complete.

To Sixteeners

A kiss—is a kiss—

And a thing apart.

A joy and bliss

That comes to the heart

That boots all doubt

In the seat of the pants,

And momentarily

Takes a chance.

To Lovers

Squander pride

And think it best

And soon you'll hide

 Λ loneliness.

Spend it wisely—

Love it less,

And it may buy

A happiness.

Talk

Talk,

I'm full of it.

Felt some pain

Wept at sorrow

Had today

And wished tomorrow

Words?

I'm lousy with them

Fringed curtains

To my thinking,

Quickly pulled-

Don't give an inkling.

Broken stuff?

I've a mind full of it.

Some things lost-

Some things gained.

Dust won't often

Follow rain

Me?

I'm looking at two letters

From the other side of the curtain.

Eccentric Stardust

There are stars in my eyes

And they're shining so bright

I can hardly bear

To see for the light.

There's spring in my toes

And a lilt in my walk.

A big spot of laughter Is mixed with my talk.

There's red on my nose And air in my lung.

Λ fabulous song's

On the tip of my tongue.

I tripped on the moon

While out walking tonight And ten tons of stardust

Scattered in flight.

The tail of a comet

I tucked in my shirt

For it could not follow

My ambitious spurt.

There are stars in my eyes

And they twinkle so bright

I don't give a damn

Where I seatter the light.

One a Minute

All of us,

Or break the rule.

Are often apt

To act a fool;

But one may hope,

Without discretion.

That he be fool—

In right direction.

« 15 »



Compliments

of

Duke University Stores

Owned and Operated for Your Convenience by Duke University

¥

We Appreciate
Your Patronage!

 $\stackrel{\wedge}{\sim}$

Duke University Store

Duke Hospital Store

Woman's College Store

The Haberdashery

t

J. M. MOORE, '32 ${\it Manager}$



Not to be Worthless

(Continued from Page 8)

entirely too cheerful. She made Luke and David laugh, but she seemed to Jane to be intruding. David would sit with Jane alone and often tried to talk to her, but she gave him no encouragement. He always looked as if he had to tell her something, but finally he gave up and didn't try any more.

The day he left, she and Luke and Susan Peters went to the station, Jane felt numb and really didn't believe it was happening. It was like a bad dream, or perhaps a movie that she wasn't a part of at all. She heard the whistle of the train and watched David's fair head bend to kiss Susan goodbye. Susan shut her eyes tight and tears rolled down her young face. She looked up at David and said, "I'll see you, David." That was all; it didn't sound like a goodbye at all to Jane. David embraced Luke quickly and then walked over to Janc and in one swift, awkward motion buried her against him. She felt all of the blood in her body drain from her, and she felt the crushing weight of grief upon her. Then he was gone, and Luke's arm was around her and Susan stood on the platform waving her small white hand at the train, but David couldn't see her anyway.

The months had passed slowly; the weary waiting until David's boat had landed. The first letters that they had gotten—Susan had rushed over to the house with her first letter. Jane was touched by the child's devotion to David. She wrote him every day, and refused to go out with her young crowd. Luke spoke to Susan about it rather playfully, and told her she ought to date more often. Susan had tossed her lovely head and laughed at Luke and said, "I'm so terrifically gruesome, no one would want to date me. Anyway, he's not dating, I hope!" She laughed, and Luke laughed with her and ruffled her curly brown hair.

So the summer had passed and in September, the week before Susan was to leave for school, the wire had come—"We regret to inform you... letter follows." The letter said David had died of pneumonia—the rains—something about his having been out on a detail and had been chilled. His lungs were weak, and he couldn't be saved. It also added that he had been a fine soldier, and that he and other boys like him were the unsung heroes of the war.

Jane refused to see anyone, not even Susan Peters. She could not talk to Luke, who was grayer and more exhausted looking than ever. She made no attempt to comfort him; in fact, she never though of it. It was his fault that it had happened. She stayed for hours in David's room. She would make David live, despite Luke and Susan Peters who knew he was dead.

Luke now turned over in his bed and opened his blue eyes. He smiled at Jane and got out of bed and went into the bathroom to run his water for his bath. Jane wearily got up and dressed and went downstairs to breakfast. When Luke walked into the breakfast room, he sat down and looked at Jane.

"Jane, Susan is coming home for this week-end, and I thought you might like to have her here for Thanksgiving dinner with us. You haven't seen her, and I do think it would mean a lot to her."

"Luke, I frankly don't see how you could ever suggest such a thing. I couldn't face it." Jane looked at Luke with the glassy stare he had become so accustomed to.

"Jane, you've got to snap out of this. You are trying to live with a ghost. Oh, I know this is hurting, but I can't stand to see you killing yourself. You've got to live for me. Please Jane. Ask Susan to dinner."

"All right, Luke, I'll ask the child. It does no good to express my wishes about anything."

She did invite Susan, who seemed most grateful. The Peters were having their Thanksgiving dinner in the middle of the day and Susan would come to them at night.

Jane was haunted all day by the idea of Luke's wanting to observe

Thanksgiving. She had nothing to be thankful for; could she give thanks for Luke's having shamed David into going? Jane was so constantly overcome by the thought of David's be-wilderment when he was sick and afraid in a strange place. No, she had nothing to be thankful for.

Susan arrived earlier than Jane had expected her. She had a large bunch of yellow Chrysanthemums in her arms, and her face was lovely and radiant. The sight of her sent a stab into Jane's heart. The child had no right to look like this. She did seem much older, though. Her eyes were calm and there was a sereneness about her that Jane had never seen before. She kissed Luke on the cheek, and Jane felt her strong arms around her and her warm, young lips on her cheek. Jane had a desire to cling desperately to her. After a moment, Susan drew away and laughed at Jane for crushing the flowers, and she started talking of all her friends. Luke brought out a bottle of his finest oldest sherry with the remark that he felt that Jane and Susan were both old enough. He was trying so hard to be gay, and he watched Jane's face constantly for a sign of a smile. They chatted about Susan's school and finally went in to dinner. They sat down at the small candle-lit table, and Susan smiled at Jane and spread out a sheet of paper she had been fingering nervously.

"Mrs. Terry, I have a letter that I got yesterday. It was written before David died."

Jane winced at the calmness of Susan's tone. How could she even mention it. She closed her eyes, for she felt as if she were falling. After a moment she opened them and looked at Susan.

"Yes, Susan."

"I want to read it to you. It was written for you, really."

She spread the letter out and bent her head over it to read all of the words.

"Dear Susan,

Today, believe it or not, I went walking in above all things an avocado orehard. This is a fine place, and this was bliss; you know how I

love them. I walked and thought of the nights we used to sit in front of your fire and 1'd drink beer and eat avocados. It was one of those nights that I told you I was going. You took it like a man, you know, and I was darned proud of you. You seemed to understand so perfectly when I told you I'd never be able to marry you and raise a lot of children if I did nothing to give me the right to. You have always understood, and I want to tell you something now. I could never have lived with myself if I hadn't done something about all of this. I could never have looked a man in the eye. I had to prove my life wasn't useless. It is good to know that even I am not worthless at a time like this. I want you to go to Mother and tell her this. She wouldn't let me; but she will understand when you tell her. Tell her I know that there is little chance that my lungs will hold out. Tell her Susan, that if I never come back, not to grieve for me, for I am happy. Don't forget, my darling, please tell her."

Susan folded the piece of paper and held it gently in her hands. Jane looked at Luke and smiled.

"Luke, my dear, will you give thanks?"

\$ - CASH - \$

We Pay

Highest Prices

For

- Old Shoes
- Suits
- Overcoats

Also Shoe Repairing

KAPLAN'S

Next to Durham Bowling Alleys

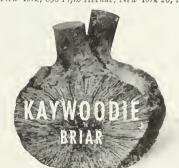


"I Smoke a Kaywoodie"

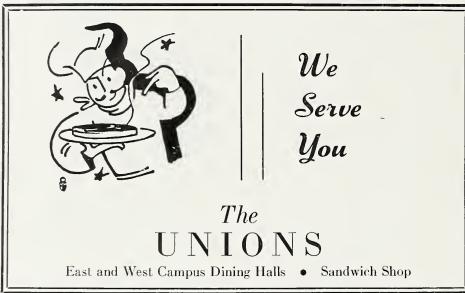
As I sit and watch the smoke curl up from my Kaywoodie, I bless the smell of it—a fragrance rare and fine, neither sweet nor strong. I never had the same taste from other pipes.

If you have a pipe of apple wood, dogwood or maple, you know these substitutes do not taste the same as this wellcured briar brought from the Mediterranean before the war. Very few pipes are made of it any more.

Look for "Kaywoodie," cut unobtrusively on the stem of each Kaywoodie Pipe. Kaywoodie Co., New York and London In New York, 630 Fifth Atenue, New York 20, N. Y.









Our Mountain

(Continued from Page 14)

icicles, but for weeks we had collected silver paper from empty cigarette packs, and now we smoothed it and cut it into strips and spliced them into long, shining icicles. The boys put together a makeshift string of colored lights, and our tree seemed quite as beautiful as any we had ever had.

After a long and delightful holiday, we started back to home school again, with Father teaching most of the courses. We had an odd but interesting system, for my little brother studied physics with Paul, and Father read Paradise Lost to us all. Several Chinese high school and college students studied with us, and among them were two of the most beautiful Chinese girls I had ever seen. One had been courted for some time by the youngest son of Chiang-Kai-Shek, and this romantic fact greatly fascinated Margaret and me, who could not take our eyes off her. Another regular attendant at most of our classes was Hong-Lee, a large, friendly brown dog who followed us everywhere, even to church, where the loud thumping of his tail often caused considerable disturbance.

One dark night the stillness of the valley was broken by strange, wild sounds, and bandits came pouring over the ridge, yelling like Indians. They proceeded to rob every house that sheltered a rich Chinese refugee and killed one man for resisting them. They did not come to our house, although they robbed houses all around it, and this fact strengthened our belief that they had received detailed information from the caretakers, who were no doubt their relatives. Having obtained a good deal of money and jewelry, they vanished back into the mountains, leaving a thoroughly shaken community behind them. Walking on the tennis courts the next morning, we picked up empty cartridges that had dropped from their guns, and I wondered how I could have slept through all the noise and confusion.

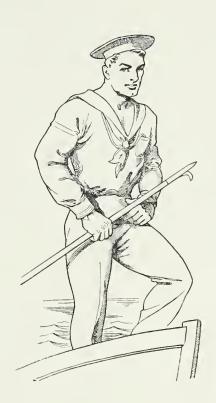
Spring came slowly to the mountain, swelling and reddening the

azalea buds that had been coated with ice for so long. The bamboo trees feathered into new pale-greeness, and the melting snow turned every gutter and ditch into a tumbling little stream. One day Margaret and I climbed slowly to the top of the ridge. Usually we laughed and talked a lot and scrambled up fast, trying to beat each other to the top, but this time it was different. We didn't say much because we were thinking that tomorrow we'd be going down the mountain, and that this was the last time we would walk up the stony little path. We made the top and climbed onto our favorite boulder. The early spring sunshine had warmed the grey rock, and it felt good to our hands as we sat down.

We could see a black line of troops crawling along the dust-colored thread of the road that curved over the plains, and now and then we heard the faint rumble of guns in the distance. Miles away a single plane was flying low, the sound of its motor only a vague humming that we hardly noticed. On our left, the mountain sloped steeply down from the ridge, and far below where it leveled into the plain a column of greyish-white smoke rose in a straight, thin line. "They're burning that village down there again," Margaret said. "Wonder how many more times they're going to.''

Behind us other ridges, like great rumpled heaps of grey-blue velvet, lay silent and peaceful in the sunlight, and at our feet was the little valley that for six months had been our whole world. Fear was in the valley now, because we, the foreigners, the neutral Americans, were leaving. We were sorry, and we didn't want to, but we had to. We would miss it very much, this mountain that had been all ours, and sitting there on the big boulder in the sunshine we told ourselves that some day we'd come back.

Patronize
Archive Advertisers



Printing styles and the trend in type faces are constantly changing, but *Service* and *High Quality* are unvarying in the production of all printing in our large plant.

We have been growing for 57 years . . . serving the manufacturing, trades, education, and professional leaders in North Carolina and the South.

PRINTING
PUBLISHING
BOOK BINDING

THE SEEMAN PRINTERY
INCORPORATED
DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

FANCY ICES

SHERBETS

PHONE L-963

20

·· Ice Cream Specialists"

DURHAM ICE CREAM CO.

(Incorporated)

FAST FROZEN
"BLUE RIBBON" ICE CREAM

"Today It's Thrifty to Buy Quality"

公

Durham, North Carolina

BLOCKS

PUNCH

The
Best
Ice
Cream
Bar
In
Town

UNIVERSITY FOUNTAIN

1007 West Main Street

Southern Dairies Ice Cream

Part of a Memory

(Continued from Page 5)

mate answers entreaties and stops telling naughty stories or standing up or pounding on the table or pulling the tablecloth or tipping the chair or embarrassing the waiter. But soon its check waiter and yessir and what the hell when the eheck gets this high what's another buck from Uncle Sam's treasury. Everything satisfaetory sir and thank you sir and good night sir. Waiter, it certainly is.

We were outside and I didn't have much to drink but it's raining with a vengeance and not a cab in sight and a waiting line for the one that isn't here yet. The town's streets look different and colonial and anonymous and what are we near the University or Copley or Park or Kenmore or the Fenway or the Charles or the Mystic and where is it to the Common and Tremont and Boylston around the Touraine and where is the after-theater crowd and the night life and the subdued lights of a wartime port.

Running up a block or two in the half-wet and still no cabs and then there's Huntington isn't it or is it. There's the Lenox remember the Baltimorean sleeping in the huge bath and that enormous filthy room over the tracks. Just the place for a party we said and then moved after one night. The Public Library bulking monstrous in the dark, the open square, the Copley-Plaza on the side. Here's a liquor store over here and it's still raining and ah here's a taxicab hey cabby that's it don't ask me ask the lady. Yeah, in the red coat. You can get more drunk on a meal, I realize, and never with that mental indigestion. Maybe it's just being with well I'm prejudiced in your behalf oh strongly my sweet.

Yes I'll wipe it off before we get to the "Ritz," my dear.—The End.

> BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Jacob's Ladder

By Charles Sharpe

Now Jacob built
In a stony place
A ladder of dreams
Up to God's face.

Then all the Angels
Began to plot
How they might visit
Jacob's cot.

Up and down
The Angels trod
Linking the soul
Of Jacob with God

When Jaeob arose
From his stony bed
He drew back in awe,
And fear, and dread

For burned in the shadow There on the stone An Angel's footprint Bare and alone.

So all who dream
With a longing for God
Find Angels footprints
On common sod

And they very often
In their common lot
Find God has been there
Though they knew it not.

You're Always

Welcome

at

WALGREEN'S

Down the Row

(Continued from Page 7)

managing editor. Famed for his deep-bass imitations, Markho is rapidly making his marko in *Chronicle* history. Under him caper Steve Schwartz, whose mother must have been frightened by an encyclopedia, machine-gun Rickert who talks and writes in spurts, Lewis Branscomb, who rides to school on a motor-bike.

On the Archive there is Iceland's pride Bud Peterson. Peterson is jack-of-all trades, writes a column for the *Chronicle*, writes and draws for the Archive, capably handles the coed stuff—we mean staff.

Not to forget versatile Bill Gillen who writes sports for the *Chronicle*, takes pictures for the yearbook, sells ads for the *Chanticleer*, sweeps the floor in between.

And there they are, last of an era. Come next Feburary, most will be gone, and the girls—bless their hearts—will take over for good. Or for worse.

Buy
WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS

MILITARY TAILORING

FOGEL'S
MILITARY
STORE

110 E. Main Street

Since 1925

Johnson - Prevost * * * Bry Cleaning Company

1002 West Main St.

Telephones

Office - - F-6451 Plant - - X-1206

THE GOODY SHOP

offers

Good Dinners
at reasonable prices
amid
Pleasant
Surroundings

1000 West Main Street

Be Ready For Inspection!

Have

Your

Clothes

Cleaned

at

Duke University Laundry

The Best in

Laundry

and

Dry-Cleaning

Service

JOKES?

JOKES?

He (looking at decolletté evening gown): You could show a little more discretion.

She: You men are never satisfied.

Statistics show that West Campus grads have 1.3 children, while East Campus Co-eds have 1.7. Which merely goes to show that women have more children than men.

Young Girl: Doetor, I need an operation.

Doctor: "Major?"

Young Girl: "No, Second Lieutenant."

House mother at Duke: "I know the girls don't drink when they go out, because they're so thirsty in the morning." Lady in furniture store: "I can't make up my mind whether to buy that divan or that armehair."

Salesman: "You can't make a mistake on a nice comfortable armelair."

Lady: "O. K., I'll take the divan."

Duke Coed '44: Are you sure it's me you're in love with and not my elothes?

West: Test me, darling.

Wife (to drunken husband)
"Dear, let's go to bed."

Husband: "Might as well, I'll catch hell when I get home anyway."

[&]quot;Oh, an orphan."



Hickory, diekory, dock!
The mice ran up her sock;

One stopped at her garter The other was smarter;

The other was smarter Hiekory, dickory, doek!

Blue eyes gaze at mine—Vexation. Soft hands elasped in mine—Palpiation.

Fair hair brushing mine—Expectation.

Red lips close to mine—Temptation.

Footsteps—Damnation.

Reporter (to visiting Frenchman): And why do you visit this country, duke?

Duke: I weesh to veesit the famous Mrs. Beech, who had so many sons in France during the war.

[&]quot;I'm nobody's fool."

[&]quot;Mother, may I go out to play?"

[&]quot;Yes, daughter, but not with little boys, they're too rough."

[&]quot;But, Mother, if I find a nice smooth little boy, may I play with him?"

[&]quot;Yes, madam, what ean I do for you today?"

[&]quot;I'm going to be married next Tuesday and I would like to get some silk pajamas. What eolors are appropriate for a bride?"

[&]quot;White is the preferred color if it is your first marriage, and lavendar if you have been married before."

[&]quot;Well, you'd better give me some white ones with just a wee tou'h of lavendar in them."

JOKES?

JOKES?

It Says Here

A lady with manners superior Asked divorce from a husband inferior,

On the grounds that when once, She had screamed at once "Dunce!"

He'd said, "Shut up, you horses' posterior."

He: "What are my chances with you?"

She: "Two to one. There's you and I against my conscience."

Little Miss Muffet,
Decided to rough it,
In a cabin quite old and medieval,
A rounder espied her
And plied her with cider,
And now she's the forest's prime evil.
—The Mercury.

Old Salt—"Rat, you are about the greenest thing I have ever seen. Why, look at the hayseeds on your coat."

Meek Boot—"Them ain't hayseeds, guy, them's wild oats."

"Isn't is surprising how much the little Jones boy looks like Mr. Jones?"

"Yes, but not half so surprising as how much the little Smith boy looks like Mr. Jones."

And then there was the mechanical engineer who took his nose apart to see what made it run.

"Unfrock a lady and you may find raspberry-colored lingerie— or misty green or dull blue."

-Vogue.

Or a slap in the face.

.Varistics

Or maybe she isn't a lady!

-The Banter.

What if she isn't?

-Archive.

He—I dreamed about you last night.

She—How did you make out?
—Lafayette Lyre.

The rarest thing in the world: The first original joke in 50 years.

They say that food will win this war, but how in the hell are we going to get the Germans over here to eat in the Union?

-Bobbie Axton, '45.

HAT CHARACTERISTICS

When worn by a gob
On the back of his nob,
It means that he thinks he is
dapper.

While down on one eye
Means the tar is a guy
Who likes to believe he's a
scrapper.

On the back of his dome
It means "nobody home,"
And the wearer's a boot or a
rookie.

But when worn square and straight It means brains in the pate—

Be the wearer a vet or a rookie.

-Cheer-Up.

- "I think she is priceless."
- "I know she is. I tried."



"Gire dis guy anudder one-Da las" one didn't woik!"

"STAND-BY" IN REHEARSAL

- 1. Merthel Greenwell goes over romantic lyrics with song writer Don Buckley.
- 2 and 3. Al Robertson, producer-director-actor, works on his rontine with Pretty Peggy Fisher.
- 4. Snowy "Suzy" Ethridge gives out with the show's hottest number.
- 5. "The biggest and the littlest" get in the swing.
- 6. The chorus (!) lines up for instructions.
- 7. This show has everything—even temperamental directors—Al gives Peggy some good advice.



FOR THOSE HOLIDAY DANCES...

Mary Nelson Freels, Kappa Kappa Gamma, makes a charming picture in her light blue evening dress. It is made of net and has a full skirt. Ned Goddard, A. T. O., should indeed be proud of her loveliness which is emphasized by this gown from—

STEWART'S

Your Heads Are Needed In Our Business

We Have a Modern Shop With Six First-Class Barbers

DROP IN

UNIVERSITY BARBER SHOP

"Where Friends Meet For Better Service"

Send *The*ARCHIVE
Home

Stationery
Calling Cards
Invitations

Get them done at

Durham Printery, Inc.

210 May Street

ASSORTED TID-BITS

Cool Off the Wires

There was a time not long ago
When you could take the yellow pad
And write, "My dear, I love you so,"
Or "Honey, gosh! I miss ya bad."
And Western Union didn't mind
If you would start with "Sugar
lamb."

Alas! them days are left behind When love could go by telegram.

Quick! Rub out those terms of affection!

Man, what could you be thinking of?

Your amorous prose needs correction.

The government's rationing love.

Oh the government; the government Has given woo the brush.

They've put the freeze on lovers' pleas
And clamped the hush on mush.

So stow the gaff when you telegraph, Though this may sorely vex,

The government, the government Has put the hex on sex.

—J. M. L. —From "Voodoo"

—From "Voodoo"

Alfluence of Incohol

Don't you know, how you always think After you've finished the second drink How great it is to be alive? Then the bar-keep pours out number five, And you watch him do it with dinuming eye, And you turn up your glass til the bottom's dry. And then have a couple of more besides. And in your head that feeling resides That there's not a man you can call your pal, And you curse and you swear at your very best gal. And you think all the world's to its neck in war. And you drown your grief with one or two more. And on every word there's that gntteral ish, And you just don't care if you drop a dish, And the pieces that lie at your feet on the floor Are just an excuse for your having one more. And you get philosophical and spout to your friends Why you don't give a damn if the war never ends, And you sway and then grab for the nearest support, And the guy you fall over gets mad in retort, And you swear and you cuss him and feel like a fight. And your pals want you home for the rest of the night. And you bicker and banter and never submit,

'Cause you're drunk, but too proud to admit it.

—Dave Fick

Fortunates

Amoebas sure are lucky things.
They never know of cares,
And never have to tolerate
A husband when he swears,
Or crying kids who scream at night,
Or poetry or prose,
Or women and their wacky ways,
Or any foreign foes. . . .
But that which gets me most of all,
The thing that makes me laugh
Is when it wants to propagate
It simply splits in half!

—Ahbe J. Treu —From ''Carolina Magazine''

OF

Yes, But Nice Too

Women are seeking
The great open spaces,
Blouses with eyelets
And sheerest of laces,
Stockings of mesh,
A sandal that shows
Through punctured partitions
Sections of toes
It goes very hard
On sensitive souls
To see them attired
In nothing but holes,

—Medley.

Virile Cyril

"Quickly, quickly." cried the Duchess,
As she sped into the sea.
"Warm the moon upon the water,
"Won't you come and swim with me?"
Entranced, the Duke came panting after.
"Hey, I'm stuck up on this rafter!"
Cyril cried in desperation.

"Go and rescue Cyril, Dukey darling," Cried the Duchess, gaily splashing. "Hell with Cyril, he deserves it," Said the Duke in accents dashing: And ignoring his lumbago, Which he'd eaught in Pago Pago. (Cyril's still in desperation)

Plunged the Duke into the water, Gasped and gurgled, coughed and spluttered: "Dearest, wait for Dukey-Wukey." "God help Cyril," Duchess muttered. "Damn it, sir, no noble Briton Leaves a guest so oddly sittin"!" Cyril cried in desperation.

"Noblesse oblige, you know, old chappie, Carry on, and all that rot.
Really don't apply while swimming—
You'll have to stay right on that spot,"
Quoth the Duke through quarts of water
He had swallowed. "Oh, you rotter!"
Cyril cried in desperation.

So we leave the duke and duchess. Playing tag in fashion courtly, Though for such an occupation Both of them are much too portly. Who is Cyril? Why the rafter? That, we cry with girlish laughter, Leaves us, too, in desperation.

—Exchange



The ARCHIVE



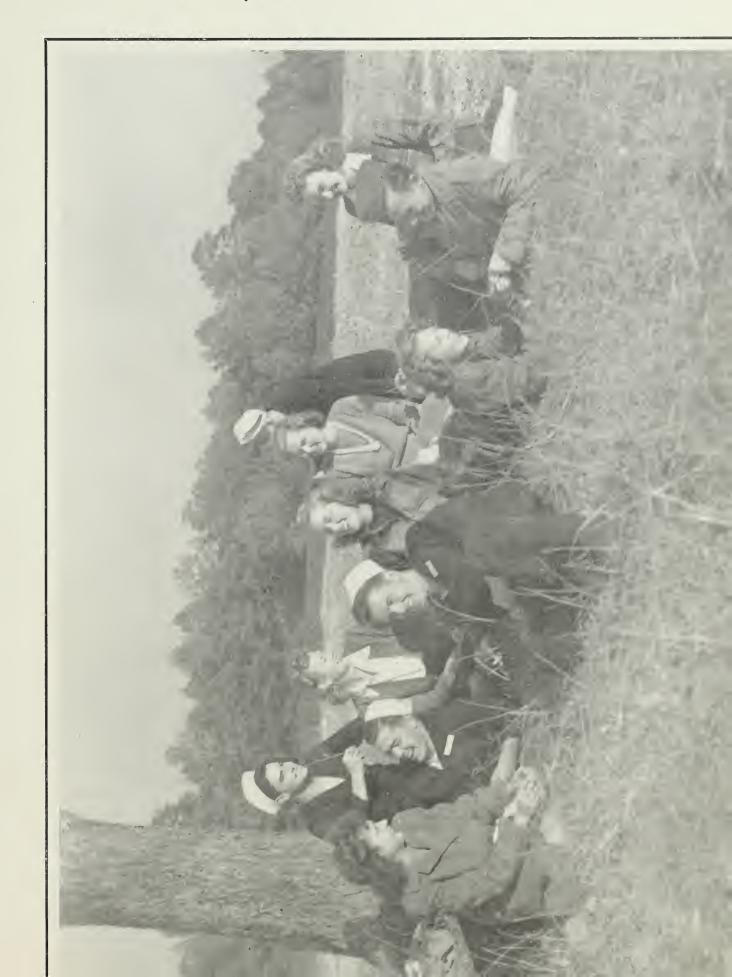
—and for all this we give our thanks

November, 1943



— For Hope

— For Laughter



Letters to the Editor

Dear Staff.

The reviewer must have been in a bad mood when she wrote the review of the Archive. I could have been and am more complimentary than she was. Of course there is lots of room for improvement, but so there is with every magazine on the market. Duke has a fine Archive, and if the students would read other college issues, they would realize how fortunate they are. Thanks for the issue and keep rolling them off the presses.

J. H. V. October '43

November 13, 1943

Dear Editor,

The Archive's pages all were read And left me un-inspired.

I plann'd to take my pen in hand And write to Dave, "You're fired!"

Poetic license is a thing Which often is abused. By "smiling" beeches, Friend, We just are not amused.

When "hopeless" shadows start to rise,

They won't be shades of Siler. The ghost of Sappho will fly up Because the shadows riled 'er.

And having set those stanzas down, My mind began to ponder My ability to write While other poets' wander.

When I the urge to create do feel, My pen, in wasted time, An epic sad will write— With vain attempts to rhyme.

And as I go from bad to worse In writing dear "Dukensis" lays, I know that I'll endure much more Than "blooming" college days!

—Е. R. '45

Dear E. R. '45
The Archive still will thrive
Despite your deprecating jive
Sincerely,

The Editor



STAFF

EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS:

Ann Fountain Missy Johnson Betty Ann Taylor Ned Martin Loring Fountain Jackie Lewis Steve Schwartz Bill Mathis Walter Scott Dot Hyland Bo Sims Austin Knight Sandy Tecklin Frank Bliss Ray Lopez Jim Perry Nan McCrary Sue Boumall

Business Assistants:

Bob Cowin
Mary Nelson Freels
Peggy Heim
Peggy Bacon
Newton Angier
Ann Harrell
Bill Becker
Al Buckley

"Impressions"

First impression of Duke—majestic, rather impressive (looks like a C. B. De Mille set) . . . very lonely at midnight—only a very few lights on the campus and two of them were illuminating the chapel into a picture that inspired deep-felt reverence . . . the other lights were drawing the new arrivals to the Union. Had to spend the first night there—the couch was fairly comfortable so couldn't hold that against the place. Can't get used to the pretty gals sprinkled here and there among the somewhat dull male faces . . . rather used to the sprinkling being even duller faces. Perhaps the Navy will see to it that by the time I get back to sca there will be hostesses or the like around to relieve the eyes.

Don't care much for the gripes some of the V-12 boys make—should realize they are enjoying Navy life at its best. No ship, station, or base affords better or more commodious living quarters unless there is a splattering of scrambled eggs around the dome. Most of us probably won't stay around long enough to climb the ladder that high anyhow. Navy cooks use recipes that sound like the idea was to mix cement—a bucket of this, a shovel of that, and two to twenty gallons of who knows what. The name for the concoction is decided on only after several hours of burning under the careful supervision of a bellyrobber. (I must admit that the stew Thursday at noon was as mysterious as some of the Navy's own.) That's general mess. Suppose the wardroom boys eat a little better-hope so. Moral of the above being: Those who have had a little time in the Navy before eoming to Duke like it here and who should know better than they?

Heard they hang Yankees every Thursday morning in this part of the country so am developing a southern accent and vocabulary. You-all drawn out to sound like "yawl" isn't enough to fend off the noose I am told, and am desperately substituting "poke" for bag, "tote" for carry, and vowing that "I-all" was fifteen before the bitter truth revealed that damn yankee wasn't just one word, damyankee.

Wonder why that line or two was devoted to the indulgence of liquor in the demerit list? Really don't believe there is any in Durham or the environs thereof. Could be that the reason that Washington Duke won't stand up for the femmes is that the last bottle of Four Roses in the vicinity is hidden under his seat.

THE ARCHIVE

VOLUME LVII NOVEMBER, 1943 NUMBER 3

In This Issue

Letters to the Editorpage	2
Impressions of a Fleet Manpage	2
Part of a Memory By Cliff Crawfordpage	4
Down the Row By Joe DiMonapage	7
Not to be Worthless By Snowy Ethridgepage	8
Duchess of the Monthpage	9
A Night in New York By Filboid Glooverpage	10
The Sweetheart of the 21st Classpage	11
It's a Natural "Stand-By" in Rehearsalpage	12
Our Mountain By Olive Sherertzpage	14
A Page of Poetry By Miller C. Basnightpage	15
Jokes! Jokes! Jokes!page:	22
Assorted Tid-Bitsthird cov	er

STAFF

DAVE FICK, Editor
BUD PETERSON, Associate Editor
SNOW ETHRIDGE, Coed Editor
DIDI DUNPHEY, Art Editor

HARTSELL CASH, Business Mgr.
JIM STOW, Associate Bus Mgr.
AUDREY HANCE, Coed. Bus. Mgr.
DOTTIE GROOME, Advertising Mgr.

A Monthly Literary Magazine Published by the Students of Duke University, Durham, North Carolina

The publication of articles on controversial topics does not necessarily mean that the Editor or the University endorses them.

Notice of Entry: "Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917. Authorized December 4, 1924."

Entered as second-class mail matter at the Postoffice at Durham, N. C.

PART OF A MEMORY

By CLIFF CRAWFORD

PRIZE WINNING SHORT STORY

The editorial staff of the Archive judged this story by Crawford to be the most outstanding contribution entered in the recent writing contest. It was chosen for its qualities of refreshing humor; its intelligent and simple beauty, and because it is of such an unusual style so well done.—Editor.

The writing in this manuscript represent an attack from within the mind of one central figure, there being just as much coherence without punctuation in the lines as there is in the mental process itself, a process with never actually considered pauses but only shifting areas of action.

The physical style might be related to some extent with the James Joyce—John Dos Passos school, although far less pretentious and with less realism.

There is no point being stressed nor any climax reached. There is an attempt to record psychologically the very thinking that could take place during the first hours of a leave, as though drawn from a clearly-etched memory.

-The Author.

THERE WERE a lot of things I like I to remember about that week. You see . . . it wasn't really a week. A couple of days, one or two nights. There were a couple of babes in the woods. Two in a big city, at first. First there was a sense of promise ahead, a promise of something that lurked just outside the grounds and beckoned you on. That promise, as indefinite and untrustworthy as it was, sufficed for nearly a thousand miles . . . hundred upon hundred of throbbing, clicking void. The aching, boring, sweating, cramping train. The filth, the squalor, the creeping slowness through the unreconstructable South in its archaic railroad coaches. The over-crowded, painful, sooty night. The morn that came after fitful, restless night. The moment of air in the capitol. Delay, a missed connection. Miles of the Eastern coast and then more scrambling in the dim-lit bustle of a great station. A hurried scrawl on a yellow pad—the promise holds out a stronger hope. Miles more clacketing over the rails of the Northeast. Due north now, just an apathetic greeting. No apparent mental response. But now it's closer! Back Bay! Ye Gods, my coat (am I tired!) . . . let's go lady. Come on mister. What's holding up the works? Wow, is it cold in wonder will she recognize me funny no dark blues last time cold oh man the

coat ahead light blue too. Nothing doing sailor that's not yours. Flash of red ahead. Could it well it just has to be. That's her she's moving now some lummox erosses between your path of sight oh you eruel bastard you spoiled a perfect second but that's not all there's more sailor stick around you're eoming straight into port. Oh hello my dearest. That red coat is warm and rough to you never get breaks like this rememthe touch. The cheek is eool and smooth. No this can't be yours sailor ber? Oh but I do this onee this is it my grasp will never let you go.

It seemed a year didn't it. It probably was worth a year of your mental experience, too. The time is an indication of how much it meant to you. Sailor and his girl. Sailor and a girl. Sailor and any girl. Cheap dammit cheap why should it sound so park-bench rustling in the dark no shore patrols Charleston Norfolk San Diego Singapore skin white thigh dark rustle again gravel path footsteps nope do the right thing thirteen blue buttons prettiest anchor design. Cheap sound.

You were pressed together in a cab, remember? The city air was cold and refreshing. You got the soot out of your lungs, the kinks out of your back. The *Reader's Digest* tumbled in a gutter somewhere. The cabby say thanks and grins what sailor and

his girl Saturday night and oh goddamit anyway who ever heard of the hotel. And yes she even bought a wedding ring. You joke but something instead of being gay inside starts to bleed. Drop by drop the five-and-dime dear oh drop by drop and then a little spurt and all the joke is over washed away eolored crimson seal it up inside and change the subject. Twin beds and they nudged me and I tried not to laugh and I was nervous and I have a formal dress oh beautiful do you want to see it. The elevator, the room, the sarge down the hall. Oh the lovely

Venetian blinds and then those twin beds. Shower, eloset, Gideon bible let me read you the song of Solomon great literature the Shulamite caresseth me. Now that you've eounted everything where are we going to eat and how about the dance and don't you think this is a niee room and not so fast eome over here and

oh dearest one

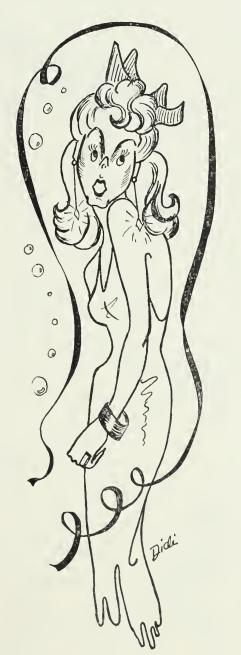
but I'm dirty I feel dirty I'm going to take a shower before we go any place and always thinking of your stomach and

oh dearest

and yes it's very nice get yourself something to read and after all don't you think you'd really better go into the hot water cold water hot and cold running chambermaids Buck used to say happy whistle joke sing forget you're tired to Hell with the people next room. Maybe they haven't got anything to yodel about. Well not yodel but feel like yodel that counts.

God the water is fine and pure and endless and too hot no too cold oh hell all showers have two streams too hot too cold. Only a minute or two or five or ten. At least you can open the door when you're shaving don't cut like that if there's anything red on your face tonight it's going to be oh well only ferrous oxide in an oily base that's all lipstick is. Do I well yes put it on while I am confined to these barracks and I promise I won't come out and what's the matter anyway don't you wear underwear any more and oh the horrid things you say. She is in some blue. Women have a name, probably ten names for it but it's blue and lovely. Oh that neckline, and the waistline. You've got the kind of figure for that kind of dress. There at the waist where it seems so waspish you've just washed don't step on the hem of the skirt and under your hands the waist is smooth and unbelievably firm white neck and shoulders. Oh you blue dress and white skin and ruby lips and all a man desires and all he suffers and all he loves. Well I'll to quarters now while you slip that off and where will we go. Oh some place and oh some place here we come.

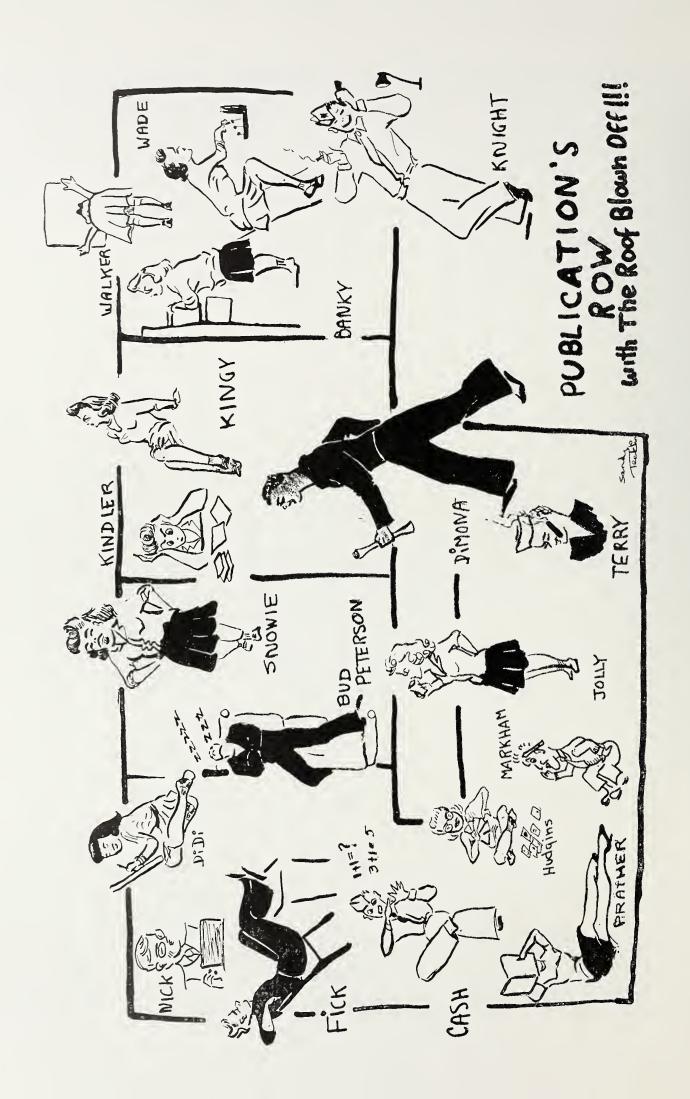
Here help me put on my coat and here help me hold down this accursed collar and that oh one stripe lowest rank in the navy yes I will I'm the lnısband remember bleed danın you bleed within me lighted lobby darkened street sailor and his girl small hotel peacoats with upturned collars on the corners whateha got mate. Red coat. Scollay Square Hanover Howard Street Columbia Gayety Buddies Club Penny Arcade Shooting Gallery hey mate lookinforalittle lovin'? Oh so she's with you nice goin' sister, red coat, huh? Taxi. FoxandHonndsClub. Maybe officers and civilians joint. Crowded, jostle a little gold braid bnd this may be your closest look. Upstairs, army lientenant-colonel wants to slide down bannister no James she says a little feeble a little more scared he'll land on his sure if he ever slides down there. Only difference officers enlisted men brands they get potted on. Women they sleep with. Think the enlisted men outdo the brasshats sometimes. In both. Ohforgodsakes won't somebody come in lower than a commander. There's two senior grades. Why there are two only ten grades and a commission higher than me. Oh waiter listen waiter this has to be good we want a couple of and just as nice as you can get. Delicious I mean the view of her and the little breeze from the window the sober



dignity of the high paneled walls and ceiling the glitter of the room the white cloths the colored dresses the blue gold khaki green silver the curved sweep of a champagne goblet the pail in pewter holding ice the stately rich brown upthrust shape of an ale bottle. Warmth and yellow light and scented hair. Linen, silverware, flowers, serving tables, china, buzzing talk and laughter. So this is Venice no Beacon Hill. Snaky blond, bewhiskered Britisher, hustling waiter captain, obsequious, suave, friendly, affable, yessir, quite right sir, this way sir, have you a reservation sir, your table over here sir, kissminesir, apprentice seaman sir, braid of gold, heart of brass, eyes of tin foil glitter, leaden heart, silver stomach eight years old aged in wood bottled in bond at the officers' mess sir. And it will rot your esophagus, dissolve your tonsils, loosen your tongue and mellow your conversation. And it will pummel your kidney, rot your bladder, addle your brain. And ulcers of the stomach. And cirrhosis of the liver. And it will make life rosy. And we drink beer, but life is rosy anyway. There aren't any pleats in this and the only extra near the shoulders is a floppy collar. There aren't any saddlebag pockets but there's a little one with a zipper on it in ease you want your fare home and you get rolled the night after pay day and it's designed with either Limehouse or the Goody Shop in mind. You eat and drink and you don't call it chow anymore and the food is the manna and honey of the desert and the drink is the nectar awaiting him on whom the gods have smiled.

But she's not Beacon Hill but she's rarer. And the bold braid is here but at the wrong tables and oh somebody is getting hilarious in the back room. People turn and strain and the lobsters lie alone and the oysters half-shell are forgotten and the bubbles in the sparkling burgundy escape the ruddy imprisoning liquid while backs are turned. In the back room the laughter dies away and someone's blush leaves the cheek and the erring

(Continued on Page 20)



DOWN THE ROW

By JOE DIMONA

"Black Mike" tells what it's like to those who'll go to work on The Row

I was early this fall.

Dave Fick leaned ont of his door and called to me.

"Hey Joe, look what's coming down the Row. My Gawd."

1 looked.

"My Gawd," I said.

Bubbling and chattering they swept down Publications Row, ten or twenty leggy coeds headed by platoon leader Mary, "Spanky-Spank" Bankhardt. In a swirl of teeth, sweaters, and skirts they disappeared into the Chanticleer office. A few minutes later we could hear them hard at work, typewriters stuttering, coeds puttering, Bankhardt muttering.

I looked at Fick. He looked at me. Somewhere in that glance was born the bitter realization.

Publications Row, once the manly hub of the West campus, was destined —sooner or later—to become a coed hangout that would resemble backstage of "Little Women,"

* * *

Somewhere on the other page you'll find a cartoon which attempts to caricature the present inhabitants of The Row.

Publications Row has always been a Hall of varied, harried characters. Sooner or later the unusual persons of the college community, morons, fly baits, thinkers, stinkers, drinkers, all found their way down to the Row in quest of knowledge, fame, activity points.

Duke history has been made and recorded by this anomalous collection, and oldtimers still talk about Fatso Lou Cassels, Lou "the Hat" Fracher, Don "Spec" Perry, "Handsome" Harry Treleavan, Randolph

"God" Few, and latest of all, John "I Wrote Duke's Mixture Once" Carr.

Now, with the coeds taking over, the last lap of that colorful era seems at hand.

In the handful of men left, however, there is still color, still to be found the characters who have made The Row famous,

Take for instance "Stogie" Terry, who takes time off from his downtown love interest to handle the business end of the Chronicle. Terry believes in the old adage "Where there's smoke there's a Buyer," and this probably accounts for those fat, foul cigars which he continually chews, and also for his unusual success on the business staff. A newcomer to the Chronicle, Terry transferred from the haughty Archive joined the newspaper when SAE brother Johnny Hartman graduated to the Navy.

Supervising the Archive, once the unhappy repository of untranslatable poetry, unreadable "stream of consciousness" short stories, and articles on such pregnant subjects as "Victor Hugo—His Mother," is Dave Fick, an artist of parts, who has brought radical changes to the arch Archive. Fick, who is most known for his sexy rabbits (cartoons we mean, not pets), has zoomed the Archive to peak popularity (latest reports show circulation of 10—Fick's Faithful Family).

Down the Row, up toward Chantieleer way, is Henry "the lover". Nicholson, Genial Nick, is not as simple as he seems. Those girlish screams from behind his closed office doors seem to mean more to my innocent ears. Once the busy office of a yearbook publication, the Chantieleer office has turned well nigh into a dating bureau. And Henry "the Hammer" Nicholson has taken full advantage of it all. At this writing he's giving staff-worker Liz the biz.

Handling the Archive business is Hotzell Cash. His last name is what the Archive has least of, and despite frantic efforts on the part of Winston-Salem's problem child, the mag is still losing money. Hotzell, since he found out that a sunny southern smile is no help in selling ads, has resorted finally to what all business managers resort to finally, sex appeal. Luscious lovelies, Dottie Groome, Peggy Bacon, Audrey Hance are now selling most of the ads and sales have since zoomed, as has "Hard-up Hartsell's" temperature.

Heading the Chronicle is—we blish to admit it—ourself, known to a long-suffering campns as "Black Mike," "Jumping Joe," and other censorable names which we are too tender to mention. Of the whole crew, we have been here the longest; our Irish name has plagued the Chronicle, the mag, the yearbook, DukEngineer, and Dean Herring's black list. Known mostly for our big mouth, big nose, and big head, we at least will be remembered. How could anyone forget?

These are the leaders of Publications Row. Always-maligned and bedeviled they find themselves with a shortage of manpower which would have proved fatal to less hearty, less determined, and less foolish men.

Around them, though, are still a host of lesser lights, "Cheerful" Charlie Markham, who is reading this over our shoulder, is *Chronicle*

(Continued on Page 21)

TANE HEARD Luke flip in his bed; it had always amused her because it sounded like a flipping porpoise. and he certainly made twice as much noise. She wasn't in the least amused now for his flipping had awakened her, and she had only dropped off to sleep when she could see the faint grayness of the coming dawn between the blinds. She opened her eyes and looked out of the window at the bright sunny day. She turned over and buried her face in her pillow, I can't bear it, she thought-not another bright snnny day; if only the world would grieve with me. She could count the days, it would be two months tomorrow. And there was Luke sleeping peacefully. She felt that she was alone in her grief, she, David's mother. It had been two months ago that they had heard that David was dead. David, who had only started his life; he was only eighteen and had been so terribly dear. He had been so hopelessly confused. Oh God! it is all Luke's fault, She knew that she must not think like that; she had kept the thought hidden in the back recesses of her mind.

David had come home from college in February. He had finished his freshman year, and it had been a struggle to keep him there that long. He was smart and she really hadn't minded too much the thought, when it was thrust upon her, that he would go into the army and perhaps go to a camp and be trained as an engineer. He was young, and he wouldn't be sent across for a year or two, and anyway by that time, the war might be over. She could take that, and she did know how anxious Luke was for someone in the family really to be something. He was too old, and she loved him enough to understand. But then they found out that David couldn't get into the army. He had scars on his lungs, very bad ones, so the specialist had said. He had shot up too quickly: he had grown about s'x inches one year. Luke had gone to Washington to try to get a waiver for David. Jane felt that it would be nice; David could do some light office work. Luke couldn't get the

Not to be Worthless

By SNOWY ETHRIDGE

Jane knew all about the world—life, worth, happiness—but it was not until David's sweetheart proved it that she understood

waiver and Jane dismissed the entire matter from her mind. David would not go back to school; he went to work for Luke. Jane was relieved. After all, he had tried to get into something. She couldn't understand why he absolutely refused to go back to school, but he'd look at her when she brought up the subject and say, "Mum, give me a month or two; next semester maybe." He was awfully quiet and he worked too hard and ate too little. Jane could not understand what had gotten into him. When she tried to talk to Luke about him, Luke would merely say, "Don't worry, Jane. He'll be all right," and then he'd change the subject. What she didn't understand was exactly what he'd be all right from.

Every night after dinner Luke and David would go into the study for an hour and talk. Jane felt terribly left out and alone. She was lonely; she had thought that it would be so wonderful to have David home. He was growing away from her, and the seriousness that he and Luke showed rather annoyed her.

One night Luke and David walked out of the study and into her bedroom where she was trying to appear busy doing her needlework. She knew it was something, had known, but had not been able to face it or admit it to herself. David stood looking at her and Luke said quietly, "Go ahead, son, tell her."

Jane looked up at David and smiled as gaily as she could. "What is it, darling? Are you thinking about marrying that nice Peters child at your age?"

"Not quite, Mums. I don't know where to begin, but you see, I've been accepted. I'm going."

"Accepted into what, David? Dear, what in the world are you talking about?"

"Mum, the Field Service which is attached to the British Army has accepted me for medical work. I'm sailing next week for India, I suppose. Mum, you don't have any idea what this means to me—"

Jane rose to her feet and stood staring at Luke. She didn't even hear what David had said. "Luke, what does this mean? Luke, what have you done? Of course, he can't go; David, do you hear me, you can't go!"

"Jane, David is going. I haven't told you before because we weren't sure that he would be accepted. But now that he has been, he is going." Luke walked to Jane and tried to put his arms around her. "Oh darling, I'm sorry it has to be like this. He knows what he wants, and he is going to have it."

"Luke, David is eighteen. He couldn't possibly know what he wants or what he is doing. You are the one who is doing it; you can't Luke."

"Jane it isn't up to me, you know. It is David's life, and he is going to live it."

Jane pleaded. David was her son, too. She refused to talk about it at all, and watched his preparations for leaving with unbelieving eyes. The Peters child came every night to dinuer, and she was bright and gay and

(Continued on Page 16)

Duchess of the Month Merthel Greenwell Class of '45



TANE HEARD Luke flip in his bed; J it had always amused her because it sounded like a flipping porpoise, and he certainly made twice as much noise. She wasn't in the least amused now for his flipping had awakened her, and she had only dropped off to sleep when she could see the faint grayness of the coming dawn between the blinds. She opened her eyes and looked out of the window at the bright sunny day. She turned over and buried her face in her pillow. I can't bear it, she thought-not another bright sunny day; if only the world would grieve with me. She could count the days, it would be two months tomorrow. And there was Luke sleeping peacefully. She felt that she was alone in her grief, she, David's mother. It had been two months ago that they had heard that David was dead. David, who had only started his life; he was only eighteen and had been so terribly dear. He had been so hopelessly confused. Oh God! it is all Luke's fault. She knew that she must not think like that; she had kept the thought hidden in the back recesses of her mind.

David had come home from college in February. He had finished his freshman year, and it had been a struggle to keep him there that long. He was smart and she really hadn't minded too much the thought, when it was thrust upon her, that he would go into the army and perhaps go to a camp and be trained as an engineer. He was young, and he wouldn't be sent across for a year or two, and anyway by that time, the war might be over. She could take that, and she did know how anxious Luke was for someone in the family really to be something. He was too old, and she loved him enough to understand. But then they found out that David couldn't get into the army. He had sears on his lungs, very bad ones, so the specialist had said. He had shot up too quickly; he had grown about s'x inches one year. Luke had gone to Washington to try to get a waiver for David. Jane felt that it would be nice: David could do some light office work. Luke couldn't get the

Not to be Worthless

By SNOWY ETHRIDGE

Jane knew all about the world—life, worth, happiness—but it was not until David's sweetheart proved it that she understood

waiver and Jane dismissed the entire matter from her mind. David would not go back to school; he went to work for Luke. Jane was relieved. After all, he had tried to get into something. She couldn't understand why he absolutely refused to go back to school, but he'd look at her when she brought up the subject and say, "Mum, give me a month or two; next semester maybe." He was awfully quiet and he worked too hard and ate too little. Jane could not understand what had gotten into him. When she tried to talk to Luke about him, Luke would merely say, "Don't worry, Jane. He'll be all right," and then he'd change the subject. What she didn't understand was exactly what he'd be all right from.

Every night after dinner Luke and David would go into the study for an hour and talk. Jane felt terribly left out and alone. She was lonely; she had thought that it would be so wonderful to have David home. He was growing away from her, and the seriousness that he and Luke showed rather annoyed her.

One night Luke and David walked out of the study and into her bedroom where she was trying to appear busy doing her needlework. She knew it was something, had known, but had not been able to face it or admit it to herself. David stood looking at her and Luke said quietly, "Go ahead, son, tell her."

Jane looked up at David and smiled as gaily as she could. "What is it, darling? Are you thinking about marrying that nice Peters child at your age?"

"Not quite, Mnms. I don't know where to begin, but you see, I've been accepted. I'm going."

"Accepted into what, David? Dear, what in the world are you talking about?"

"Mum, the Field Service which is attached to the British Army has accepted me for medical work. I'm sailing next week for India, I suppose. Mum, you don't have any idea what this means to me—"

Jane rose to her feet and stood staring at Luke. She didn't even hear what David had said. "Luke, what does this mean? Luke, what have you done? Of course, he can't go; David, do you hear me, you can't go!"

"Jane, David is going. I haven't told you before because we weren't sure that he would be accepted. But now that he has been, he is going." Luke walked to Jane and tried to put his arms around her. "Oh darling, I'm sorry it has to be like this. He knows what he wants, and he is going to have it."

"Luke, David is eighteen. He couldn't possibly know what he wants or what he is doing. You are the one who is doing it; you can't Luke."

"Jane it isn't up to me, you know. It is David's life, and he is going to live it."

Jane pleaded. David was her son, too. She refused to talk about it at all, and watched his preparations for leaving with unbelieving eyes. The Peters child came every night to dinner, and she was bright and gay and

(Continued on Page 16)

Duchess of the Month

Merthel Greenwell Class of '45

Glenn D. Frenon Harry J. Burker

Slitcher Smith Henry W. Kauman

Judy Cu Shuran

Jahr Mahlgun.

Huland (Tenne) D. Wener L. Dickinson (linton a. Deceting)

William Stehler L. C. Den on

9.W. Kelman

M. M. Devin. John a Banning

Herranger and odi

Harl J. G Frady Rolland L Hydinger Elmer A freeht

Robert M. Melson Harry W. Fork



LOIS WOOD—SWEETHEART OF THE 21st Class





OUR MOUNTAIN

By OLIVE SHERERTZ

The little American colony on the mountain was beautiful—and then the Sons of Heaven came to China. Real experiences of East Campus' most promising young writer.

THE MOUNTAIN seemed lonely after all the Americans had gone down except Margaret's family and mine. The Chinese were still there, but the tennis courts were very empty, and the water in the swimming pool lay still as blue-green glass. All the American houses were boarded up, and the roads were very quiet. Margaret and I felt a little lost, somehow, and wished our families had decided to go down to Shanghai as the others had.

Gradually, however, we came to have a feeling of possessiveness for the valley and everything in it. It was ours; we owned it, and there was no one to dispute our ownership. We could play in the yards and on the porches of all the vacant houses. We had only to discover good clay banks for digging caves, or exciting secret "hide outs" in the bamboo brush, to possess them. Even the crystal mine that had been so carefully guarded by the boys now belonged solely to us. The valley with its protecting ridges was our whole world, and we were its thirteen-yearold lords.

One day that fall, word arrived that the Japanese were coming up the mountain. Father and the most important men among the Chinese refugees went down to meet them, carrying American flags, and explained that Mokansan was an international refugee zone. But they wanted to see the mountain, anyway, because they had heard it was a beautiful summer resort, and perhaps because it reminded them of their own mountains in Japan. So Father led them up through the valley and around the highest peak of the ridge,

hoping to tire them out so that they would have no energy left for getting into mischief. When they passed through the valley, they must have wondered where the refugees were, for every house looked boarded up and not a child was crying. Even the dogs were silent, as if they, too, were afraid. Afterwards we served tea to the officers at our house, and our Chinese cook cheerfully passed around cigarettes. Then they went down to the plains, and our mountain came to life again. After that, whenever it was rumored that the Japanese were coming, the Chinese flocked to our house, because they believed that we could protect them. Coming out of my room at night, I would sometimes stumble over someone sleeping on the floor and see other sleeping figures there in the hallway and on the stairs.

We never saw the Chinese guerrillas, but we knew that the mountains behind us were full of them. We knew also that the spies came often to our valley, and through them we made an agreement with the guerrillas that they should come to the valley only at night, for it was during the day that the Japanese came up, and we wanted no fighting on our mountain. Every day more refugees came up from their burning, ravaged villages, and when they reached our valley a look of almost unbelieving relief would spread over their tired, worn faces. We understood that look, for we, too, had come up the mountain and found security and peace once more; we knew that they had just come up to heaven out of hell.

Often in the long, cold evenings we would sit around the fire eating

roasted peanuts and listening to Grandmother read. I was never satisfied simply to sit still and listen, so I would make doll clothes or work on the stick I was carving. Sometimes we would play monopoly with Margaret and her brother, or some of the Chinese professors' ehildren, frequently getting involved in long. funny, half-English, half-Chinese arguments and explanations. Not all of the evenings were pleasant, however, for sometimes the church bell that was our air raid siren would ring monrnfully across the valley, and we would sit in the dark and listen to the radio. Sometimes planes passed overhead, and though the sound of their motors always faded quickly, we could not help remembering other nights when we had sat in darkness and listened to the whining scream of bombs.

Every morning and evening one or two of us had to go across the valley to get water from the spring. When the water cans were filled, we would cup our hands for a drink, and the taste of it was liquid erystal and liquid ice. Then we would walk home through the damp mist that smelled of wet dark earth and molding leaves, the swinging water cans spilling tiny puddles on the road as we walked.

Snow eame early to our mountain and covered everything with a heavy whiteness. Mist froze on the bamboos, and ice formed thick and solid on the large swimming pool and on our little private one. Winter had transformed the valley into a frozen fairyland. At first we slid down the terraces of our garden and skidded aeross the iee on the pool. Then Paul made a long light bamboo sled, screwing it together because nails split bamboo, and we spent every afternoon skimming down the snow-packed roads and slopes. When it began growing dark we would trudge home, awkward in our heavy snow suits, cold and tired, and thirsty from eating snow and sucking

When Christmas came, we went down into the next valley to find a tree. I chose a little pine, and Paul and Margaret's brother earried it home. We had no Christmas tree

(Continued on Page 18)

A Page of Poetry by Miller C. Basnight

To Private Miller C. Basnight, USMCR, goes the Archive's award for the best poem submitted last month. The staff could not decide which of Basnight's poems was best, so decided to run all of them.

Reverie

Some days

When I count you

On the fingers of my thoughts,

Vagne regrets,

Like shadows

On a shining pool of joy,

Flit

Across the vanity

Of my foolish pride.

I remember

All the little things I could have

said,

Or left unsaid,

That would have made

The mirror of my love

More bright.

But so it is

ln all of life

I think:

We have the cold,

If but to make the heat

Seem warm.

We have the night,

To make each vow of day

More bright,

And sorrow and regret

To make our joy

Complete.

To Sixteeners

A kiss—is a kisš—

And a thing apart.

A joy and bliss

That comes to the heart

That boots all doubt

In the seat of the pants,

And momentarily

Takes a chance.

To Lovers

Squander pride

And think it best

And soon you'll hide

A loneliness.

Spend it wisely—

Love it less,

And it may buy

A happiness.

Talk

Talk,

I'm full of it.

Felt some pain

Wept at sorrow

Had today

And wished tomorrow

Words?

I'm lousy with them

Fringed curtains

To my thinking,

Quickly pulled—

Don't give an inkling.

Broken stuff?

I've a mind full of it.
Some things lost—

Some things gained.

Dust won't often

.

Follow rain

Me?

I'm looking at two letters

From the other side of the curtain.

Eccentric Stardust

There are stars in my eyes

And they're shining so bright

1 can hardly bear

To see for the light.

There's spring in my toes

And a lilt in my walk. A big spot of laughter

Is mixed with my talk.

There's red on my nose And air in my lung.

A fabulous song's

On the tip of my tongue.

I tripped on the moon

While out walking tonight

And ten tons of stardust Scattered in flight.

The tail of a comet

I tucked in my shirt

For it could not follow

My ambitious spirit.

There are stars in my eyes

And they twinkle so bright

I don't give a damu

Where I scatter the light.

One a Minute

All of us,

Or break the rule,

Are often apt

To act a fool;

But one may hope,

Without discretion,

That he be fool—

In right direction.

« 15 »



Compliments

of

Duke University Stores

Owned and Operated for Your Convenience by Duke University

☆

We Appreciate
Your Patronage!

☆

Duke University Store

Duke Hospital Store

Woman's College Store

The Haberdashery

☆

J. M. MOORE, '32 Manager



Not to be Worthless

(Continued from Page 8)

entirely too cheerful. She made Luke and David laugh, but she seemed to Jane to be intruding. David would sit with Jane alone and often tried to talk to her, but she gave him no encouragement. He always looked as if he had to tell her something, but finally he gave up and didn't try any more.

The day he left, she and Luke and Susan Peters went to the station. Jane felt numb and really didn't believe it was happening. It was like a bad dream, or perhaps a movie that she wasn't a part of at all. She heard the whistle of the train and watched David's fair head bend to kiss Susan goodbye. Susan shut her eyes tight and tears rolled down her young face. She looked up at David and said, "I'll see you, David." That was all; it didn't sound like a goodbye at all to Jane. David embraced Luke quickly and then walked over to Jane and in one swift, awkward motion buried her against him. She felt all of the blood in her body drain from her, and she felt the erushing weight of grief upon her. Then he was gone, and Luke's arm was around her and Susan stood on the platform waving her small white hand at the train, but David couldn't see her anyway.

The months had passed slowly; the weary waiting until David's boat had landed. The first letters that they had gotten—Susan had rushed over to the house with her first letter. Jane was touched by the ehild's devotion to David. She wrote him every day, and refused to go out with her young crowd. Luke spoke to Susan about it rather playfully, and told her she ought to date more often. Susan had tossed her lovely head and laughed at Luke and said, "I'm so terrifically gruesome, no one would want to date me. Anyway, he's not dating, I hope!" She laughed, and Luke laughed with her and ruffled her curly brown hair.

So the summer had passed and in September, the week before Susan was to leave for school, the wire had eome—"We regret to inform you... letter follows." The letter said David had died of pneumonia—the rains—something about his having been out on a detail and had been chilled. His lungs were weak, and he eouldn't be saved. It also added that he had been a fine soldier, and that he and other boys like him were the unsung heroes of the war.

Jane refused to see anyone, not even Susan Peters. She could not talk to Luke, who was grayer and more exhausted looking than ever. She made no attempt to comfort him; in faet, she never though of it. It was his fault that it had happened. She stayed for hours in David's room. She would make David live, despite Luke and Susan Peters who knew he was dead.

Luke now turned over in his bed and opened his blue eyes. He smiled at Jane and got out of bed and went into the bathroom to run his water for his bath. Jane wearily got up and dressed and went downstairs to breakfast. When Luke walked into the breakfast room, he sat down and looked at Jane.

"Jane, Susan is coming home for this week-end, and I thought you might like to have her here for Thanksgiving dinner with us. You haven't seen her, and I do think it would mean a lot to her."

"Luke, I frankly don't see how you could ever suggest such a thing. I couldn't face it." Jane looked at Luke with the glassy stare he had become so accustomed to.

"Jane, you've got to snap out of this. You are trying to live with a ghost. Oh, I know this is hurting, but I can't stand to see you killing yourself. You've got to live for me. Please Jane. Ask Susan to dinner."

"All right, Luke, I'll ask the child. It does no good to express my wishes about anything."

She did invite Susan, who seemed most grateful. The Peters were having their Thanksgiving dinner in the middle of the day and Susan would come to them at night.

Jane was haunted all day by the idea of Luke's wanting to observe

Thanksgiving. She had nothing to be thankful for; could she give thanks for Luke's having shamed David into going? Jane was so constantly overcome by the thought of David's bewilderment when he was sick and afraid in a strange place. No, she had nothing to be thankful for.

Susan arrived earlier than Jane had expected her. She had a large bunch of yellow Chrysanthemums in her arms, and her face was lovely and radiant. The sight of her sent a stab into Jane's heart. The child had no right to look like this. She did seem much older, though. Her eyes were calm and there was a sereneness about her that Jane had never seen before. She kissed Luke on the cheek, and Jane felt her strong arms around her and her warm, young lips on her cheek. Jane had a desire to cling desperately to her. After a moment, Susan drew away and laughed at Jane for crushing the flowers, and she started talking of all her friends. Luke brought out a bottle of his finest oldest sherry with the remark that he felt that Jane and Susan were both old enough. He was trying so hard to be gay, and he watched Jane's face constantly for a sign of a smile. They chatted about Susan's school and finally went in to dinner. They sat down at the small candle-lit table, and Susan smiled at Jane and spread out a sheet of paper she had been fingering nervously.

"Mrs. Terry, I have a letter that I got yesterday. It was written before David died."

Jane winced at the calmness of Susan's tone. How could she even mention it. She closed her eyes, for she felt as if she were falling. After a moment she opened them and looked at Susan.

"Yes, Susan."

"I want to read it to you. It was written for you, really."

She spread the letter out and bent her head over it to read all of the words.

"Dear Susan,

Today, believe it or not, I went walking in above all things an avocado orehard. This is a fine place, and this was bliss; you know how I

love them. I walked and thought of the nights we used to sit in front of your fire and I'd drink beer and eat avocados. It was one of those nights that I told you I was going. You took it like a man, you know, and I was darned proud of you. You seemed to understand so perfectly when I told you I'd never be able to marry you and raise a lot of children if I did nothing to give me the right to. You have always understood, and I want to tell you something now. I could never have lived with myself if I hadn't done something about all of this. I could never have looked a man in the eye. I had to prove my life wasn't useless. It is good to know that even I am not worthless at a time like this. I want you to go to Mother and tell her this. She wouldn't let me; but she will understand when you tell her. Tell her I know that there is little chance that my lungs will hold out. Tell her Susan, that if I never come back, not to grieve for me, for I am happy. Don't forget, my darling, please tell

Susan folded the piece of paper and held it gently in her hands. Jane looked at Luke and smiled.

"Luke, my dear, will you give thanks?"



Next to Durham Bowling Alleys

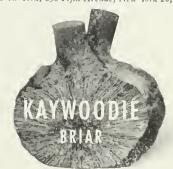


"I Smoke a Kaywoodie"

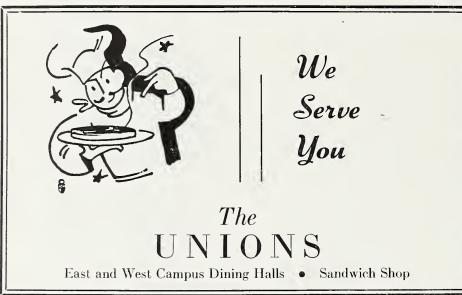
As I sit and watch the smoke curl up from my Kaywoodie, I bless the smell of it—a fragrance rare and fine, neither sweet nor strong, I never had the same taste from other pipes.

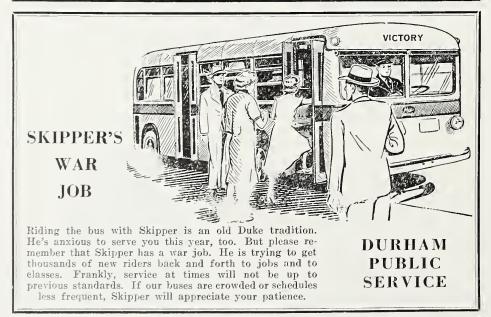
If you have a pipe of apple wood, dogwood or maple, you know these substitutes do not taste the same as this wellcured briar brought from the Mediterranean before the war. Very few pipes are made of it any more.

Look for "Kaywoodie," cut unobtrusively on the stem of each Kaywoodie Pipe. Kaywoodie Co., New York and London In New York, 630 Fifth Arenue, New York 20, N. Y.









Our Mountain

(Continued from Page 14)

ieicles, but for weeks we had eolleeted silver paper from empty eigarette packs, and now we smoothed it and cut it into strips and spliced them into long, shining icicles. The boys put together a makeshift string of eolored lights, and our tree seemed quite as beautiful as any we had ever had.

After a long and delightful holiday, we started back to home school again. with Father teaching most of the courses. We had an odd but interesting system, for my little brother studied physics with Paul, and Father read Paradise Lost to us all. Several Chinese high school and eollege students studied with us, and among them were two of the most beautiful Chinese girls I had ever seen. One had been courted for some time by the youngest son of Chiang-Kai-Shek, and this romantie fact greatly faseinated Margaret and me, who could not take our eyes off her. Another regular attendant at most of our classes was Hong-Lee, a large, friendly brown dog who followed us everywhere, even to church, where the loud thumping of his tail often eaused considerable disturbance.

One dark night the stillness of the valley was broken by strange, wild sounds, and bandits came pouring over the ridge, yelling like Indians. They proceeded to rob every house that sheltered a rich Chinese refugee and killed one man for resisting them. They did not come to our house, although they robbed houses all around it, and this fact strengthened our belief that they had received detailed information from the caretakers, who were no doubt their relatives. Having obtained a good deal of money and jewelry, they vanished back into the mountains, leaving a thoroughly shaken community behind them. Walking on the tennis courts the next morning, we pieked up empty cartridges that had dropped from their guns, and I wondered how I could have slept through all the noise and confusion.

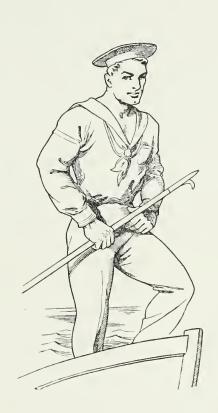
Spring came slowly to the mountain, swelling and reddening the

azalea buds that had been coated with iee for so long. The bamboo trees feathered into new pale-greeness, and the melting snow turned every gutter and ditch into a tumbling little stream. One day Margaret and I climbed slowly to the top of the ridge. Usually we laughed and talked a lot and scrambled up fast, trying to beat each other to the top, but this time it was different. We didn't say much because we were thinking that tomorrow we'd be going down the mountain, and that this was the last time we would walk up the stony little path. We made the top and elimbed onto our favorite boulder. The early spring sunshine had warmed the grey rock, and it felt good to our hands as we sat down.

We could see a black line of troops crawling along the dust-colored thread of the road that curved over the plains, and now and then we heard the faint rumble of guns in the distanee. Miles away a single plane was flying low, the sound of its motor only a vague humming that we hardly noticed. On our left, the mountain sloped steeply down from the ridge, and far below where it leveled into the plain a column of greyish-white smoke rose in a straight, thin line. "They're burning that village down there again," Margaret said. "Wonder how many more times they're going to.''

Behind us other ridges, like great rumpled heaps of grey-blue velvet, lay silent and peaceful in the sunlight, and at our feet was the little valley that for six months had been our whole world. Fear was in the valley now, because we, the foreigners, the neutral Americans, were leaving. We were sorry, and we didn't want to, but we had to. We would miss it very much, this mountain that had been all ours, and sitting there on the big boulder in the sunshine we told ourselves that some day we'd come back.

Patronize
Archive Advertisers



Printing styles and the trend in type faces are constantly changing, but Service and High Quality are unvarying in the production of all printing in our large plant.

We have been growing for 57 years . . . serving the manufacturing, trades, education, and professional leaders in North Carolina and the South.

PRINTING
PUBLISHING
BOOK BINDING

THE SEEMAN PRINTERY
INCORPORATED
DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

FANCY ICES

SHERBETS

PHONE L-963

57

·· lee Cream Specialists'

DURHAM ICE CREAM CO.

(Incorporated)

FAST FROZEN
"BLUE RIBBON" ICE CREAM

"Today It's Thrifty to Buy Quality"

*

Durham, North Carolina

BLOCKS

PUNCH

The
Best
Ice
Cream
Bar
In
Town

UNIVERSITY FOUNTAIN

1007 West Main Street

Southern Dairies Ice Cream

Part of a Memory

(Continued from Page 5)

mate answers entreaties and stops telling naughty stories or standing up or pounding on the table or pulling the tablecloth or tipping the chair or embarrassing the waiter. But soon its check waiter and yessir and what the hell when the check gets this high what's another buck from Uncle Sam's treasury. Everything satisfactory sir and thank you sir and good night sir. Waiter, it certainly is.

We were outside and I didn't have much to drink but it's raining with a vengeance and not a cab in sight and a waiting line for the one that isn't here yet. The town's streets look different and colonial and anonymous and what are we near the University or Copley or Park or Kenmore or the Fenway or the Charles or the Mystic and where is it to the Common and Tremont and Boylston around the Touraine and where is the after-theater crowd and the night life and the subdued lights of a wartime port.

Running up a block or two in the half-wet and still no cabs and then there's Huntington isn't it or is it. There's the Lenox remember the Baltimorean sleeping in the huge bath and that enormous filthy room over the tracks. Just the place for a party we said and then moved after one night. The Public Library bulking monstrous in the dark, the open square, the Copley-Plaza on the side. Here's a liquor store over here and it's still raining and ah here's a taxicab hey cabby that's it don't ask me ask the lady. Yeah, in the red coat. You can get more drunk on a meal, I realize, and never with that mental indigestion. Maybe it's just being with well I'm prejudiced in your behalf oh strongly my sweet.

Yes I'll wipe it off before we get to the "Ritz," my dear.—The End.

> BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Jacob's Ladder

By Charles Sharpe

Now Jacob built
In a stony place
A ladder of dreams
Up to God's face.

Then all the Angels
Began to plot
How they might visit
Jacob's cot.

Up and down
The Angels trod
Linking the soul
Of Jacob with God

When Jacob arose
From his stony bed
He drew back in awe,
And fear, and dread

For burned in the shadow There on the stone An Angel's footprint Bare and alone.

So all who dream
With a longing for God
Find Angels footprints
On common sod

And they very often
In their common lot
Find God has been there
Though they knew it not.

You're
Always
Welcome

WALGREEN'S

Down the Row

(Continued from Page 7)

managing editor. Famed for his deep-bass imitations, Markho is rapidly making his marko in *Chronicle* history. Under him eaper Steve Schwartz, whose mother must have been frightened by an encyclopedia, machine-gun Rickert who talks and writes in spurts, Lewis Branscomb, who rides to school on a motor-bike.

On the Archive there is Iceland's pride Bud Peterson. Peterson is jack-of-all trades, writes a column for the *Chronicle*, writes and draws for the Archive, capably handles the coed stuff—we mean staff.

Not to forget versatile Bill Gillen who writes sports for the *Chronicle*, takes pictures for the yearbook, sells ads for the *Chanticleer*, sweeps the floor in between.

And there they are, last of an era. Come next February, most will be gone, and the girls—bless their hearts—will take over for good. Or for worse,

Buy

WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

MILITARY TAILORING

FOGEL'S MILITARY STORE

110 E. Main Street

Since 1925

Johnson - Prevost * * * Bry Cleaning Company

1002 West Main St.

Telephones

Office - - F-6451 Plant - - X-1206

THE GOODY SHOP

offers

Good Dinners
at reasonable prices
amid
Pleasant
Surroundings

1000 West Main Street

Be Ready For Inspection!

Have

Your

Clothes

Cleaned

at

Duke University Laundry

The Best in

Laundry

and

Dry-Cleaning

Service

JOKES?

JOKES?

He (looking at decolletté evening gown): You could show a little more discretion.

She: You men are never satisfied.

Statistics show that West Campus grads have 1.3 children, while East Campus Co-eds have 1.7. Which merely goes to show that women have more children than men.

Young Girl: Doctor, I need an operation."

Doctor: "Major?"

Young Girl: "No, Second Lieutenant."

House mother at Duke: "I know the girls don't drink when they go out, because they're so thirsty in the morning." Lady in furniture store: "I can't make up my mind whether to buy that divan or that armchair."

Salesman: "You can't make a mistake on a nice comfortable armchair."

Lady: "O. K., I'll take the divan."

Duke Coed '44: Are you sure it's me you're in love with and not my clothes?

West: Test me, darling.

Wife (to drunken husband) "Dear, let's go to bed."

Husband: "Might as well, I'll catch hell when I get home anyway."

[&]quot;Oh, an orphan."



Hickory, dickory, dock!

The mice ran up her sock;

One stopped at her garter.

The other was smarter:

The other was smarter; Hickory, dickory, dock!

Blue eyes gaze at mine—Vexation. Soft hands clasped in mine—Palpitation.

Fair hair brushing mine—Expectation.

Red lips close to mine—Tempta-

Footsteps—Damnation.

Reporter (to visiting Frenchman): And why do you visit this country, duke?

Duke: I weesh to veesit the famous Mrs. Beech, who had so many sons in France during the war.

"Mother, may I go out to play?"

"Yes, daughter, but not with little boys, they're too rough."

"But, Mother, if I find a nice smooth little boy, may I play with him?"

"Yes, madam, what can I do for you today?"

"I'm going to be married next Tuesday and I would like to get some silk pajamas. What colors are appropriate for a bride?"

"White is the preferred color if it is your first marriage, and lavendar if you have been married before."

"Well, you'd better give me some white ones with just a wee touch of layendar in them."

[&]quot;I'm nobody's fool."

JOKES?

JOKES?

It Says Here

A lady with manners superior Asked divorce from a husband inferior,

On the grounds that when once, She had screamed at once "Dunce!"

He'd said, "Shut up, you horses' posterior,"

He: "What are my chances with you?"

She: "Two to one, There's you and I against my conscience."

Little Miss Muffet,
Decided to rough it,
In a cabin quite old and medieval,
A rounder espied her
And plied her with cider,
And now she's the forest's prime evil.

—The Mercury.

Old Salt—"Rat, you are about the greenest thing I have ever seen. Why, look at the hayseeds on your coat."

Meek Boot—"Them ain't hayseeds, guy, them's wild oats."

"Isn't is surprising how much the little Jones boy looks like Mr. Jones?"

"Yes, but not half so surprising as how much the little Smith boy looks like Mr. Jones."

And then there was the mechanical engineer who took his nose apart to see what made it run.

"Unfrock a lady and you may find raspberry-colored lingerie— or misty green or dull blue."

— Γogue.

Or a slap in the face.

--- Γaristics

Or maybe she isn't a lady!

Ay ; -The Banter,

What if she isn't?

-Archive.

He—I dreamed about you last night,

She—How did you make out?
—Lafayette Lyre.

The rarest thing in the world: The first original joke in 50 years.

They say that food will win this war, but how in the hell are we going to get the Germans over here to eat in the Union?

Bobbie Axton, '45,

HAT CHARACTERISTICS

When worn by a gob
On the back of his nob,
It means that he thinks he is
dapper.

While down on one eye
Means the tar is a guy
Who likes to believe he's a
scrapper.

On the back of his dome
It means ''nobody home,''
And the wearer's a boot or a rookie.

But when worn square and straight It means brains in the pate—

Be the wearer a vet or a rookie.

-Cheer-Up.

- "I think she is priceless."
- "I know she is. I tried."



"Give dis guy anudder one—Da las" one didn't woik!"

"STAND-BY" IN REHEARSAL

- 1. Merthel Greenwell goes over romantic lyrics with song writer Don Buckley.
- 2 and 3. Al Robertson, producer-director-actor, works on his routine with Pretty Peggy Fisher.
- 4. Snowy "Suzy" Ethridge gives out with the show's hottest number.
- 5. "The biggest and the littlest" get in the swing.
- 6. The chorus (!) lines up for instructions.
- 7. This show has everything—even temperamental directors—Al gives Peggy some good advice.



FOR THOSE HOLIDAY DANCES...

Mary Nelson Freels, Kappa Kappa Gamma, makes a charming picture in her light blue evening dress. It is made of net and has a full skirt. Ned Goddard, A. T. O., should indeed be proud of her loveliness which is emphasized by this gown from—

STEWART'S

Your Heads Are Needed In Our Business

We Have a Modern Shop With Six First-Class Barbers

DROP IN

UNIVERSITY BARBER SHOP

"Where Friends Meet For Better Service"

Send *The*ARCHIVE
Home

Stationery
Calling Cards
Invitations

Get them done at

Durham Printery, Inc.

210 May Street

ASSORTED TID-BITS

Cool Off the Wires

There was a time not long ago
When you could take the yellow pad
And write, "My dear, I love you so,"
Or "Honey, gosh! I miss ya bad."
And Western Union didn't mind
If you would start with "Sugar
lamb."

Alas! them days are left behind When love could go by telegram.

Quick! Rub ont those terms of affection!

Man, what could you be thinking of?

Your amorous prose needs correction.

The government's rationing love.

Oh the government; the government Has given woo the brush.

They've put the freeze on lovers' pleas And clamped the hush on mush. So stow the gaff when you telegraph, Though this may sorely vex,

The government, the government
Has put the hex on sex.

—J. M. L. —From "Voodoo"

Fortunates

Amoebas sure are lucky things.
They never know of cares,
And never have to tolerate
A husband when he swears,
Or crying kids who scream at night,
Or poetry or prose,
Or women and their wacky ways,
Or any foreign foes. . . .
But that which gets me most of all,
The thing that makes me laugh
Is when it wants to propagate
It simply splits in half!

—Ahbe J. Treu —From "Carolina Magazine"

Yes, But Nice Too

Women are seeking
The great open spaces,
Blouses with cyclets
And sheerest of laces,
Stockings of mesh,
A sandal that shows
Through punctured partitions
Sections of toes
It goes very hard
On sensitive souls
To see them attired
In nothing but holes.

—Medley.

11.

Alfluence of Incohol

Don't you know, how you always think After you've finished the second drink How great it is to be alive? Then the bar-keep pours out number five, And you watch him do it with dimming eye, And you turn up your glass til the bottom's dry, And then have a couple of more besides. And in your head that feeling resides That there's not a man you can call your pal, And you curse and you swear at your very best gal. And you think all the world's to its neck in war. And you drown your grief with one or two more. And on every word there's that gutteral ish, And you just don't care if you drop a dish, And the pieces that lie at your feet on the floor Are just an excuse for your having one more. And you get philosophical and spont to your friends Why you don't give a damn if the war never ends. And you sway and then grab for the nearest support. And the guy you fall over gets mad in retort, And you swear and you cuss him and feel like a fight, And your pals want you home for the rest of the night. And you bicker and banter and never submit, 'Cause you're drunk, but too proud to admit it. —Dave Fick

Virile Cyril

"Quickly, quickly," cried the Duchess, As she sped into the sea.
"Warm the moon upon the water, Won't you come and swim with me?" Entranced, the Duke came panting after. "Hey, I'm stuck up on this rafter!" Cyril cried in desperation.

"Go and rescue Cyril, Dukey darling," Cried the Duchess, gaily splashing. "Hell with Cyril, he deserves it," Said the Duke in accents dashing; And ignoring his lumbago, Which he'd caught in Pago Pago. (Cyril's still in desperation)

Plunged the Duke into the water, Gasped and gurgled, coughed and splittered; "Dearest, wait for Dukey-Wukey." "God help Cyril," Duchess muttered, "Dann it, sir, no noble Briton Leaves a guest so oddly sittin"!" Cyril cried in desperation.

"Noblesse oblige, you know, old chappie, Carry on, and all that rot, Really don't apply while swimming— You'll have to stay right on that spot," Quoth the Duke through quarts of water He had swallowed. "Oh, you rotter!" Cyril cried in desperation.

So we leave the duke and duchess. Playing tag in fashion courtly, Though for such an occupation Both of them are much too portly. Who is Cyril? Why the rafter? That, we cry with girlish laughter, Leaves us, too, in desperation.

-Exchange





The Archive

January, 1944

Letters to the Editor

Dear Ed,

There was once upon a time Down on Publication Row A mag of vice and crime, THE ARCHIVE, don't you know!

There came a day of reckoning When something must be done. The hand of Fate was beckoning, And Fick became the one.

He gave us jokes and stories And pictures by the score. Each month we saw the glories That we never saw before.

There were pictures of the beauties To pin up on our wall, To distract us from our duties And keep us off the ball.

Looking forward to some more, Considering all the rest, We hope the ones in '44 Are even better than the best.

A Thankful Bunch

Thankth for thaying, you thankful bunth. The mag get bethteth every

month, We'll alwath give you Duthetheth To plath your mind on cruthetheth. The ethithor

Friends and Editors:

Bouquets should be the order of the day to your staff; orchids if I could afford them, for the swell issue of the November Archive.. From cover to cover, it was by far the best combined literary and humorous magazine that this campus has had the good fortune to enjoy. The choice shots of photography and the excellent picture of the Duchess of the Month, Merthel Greenwell, are souvenirs which can be found decorating most of the barren walls in the dorms. DiMona did a great job in depicting the Row, and Ethridge outdid herself in her novelette. The jokes added spice and color to the mag. I'm looking forward to many more superduper Archives.

H. L. L.



STAFF

EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS: Rex Brannan Nat Beaman Ann Fountain Missy Johnston Betty Ann Taylor Ned Martin Loring Fountain Jackie Lewis Steve Schwartz Bill Mathis Walter Scott Dot Hyland Bo Sims Austin Knight Sandy Tecklin Frank Bliss

Business Assistants:

Ray Lopez

Jim Perry

Nan McCrary

Sue Boumall

Dee Gentner

Ted Wolf

Bob Cowin Mary Nelson Freels Peggy Heim Peggy Bacon Newton Angier Ann Harrell

Bill Becker

Al Buckley

Predicted Headlines for 1944

Captain Clay given ten days restriction by V-12 Unit.

WSGA throws big Annual Beer Party for Duke deans at Rogge's. Marines pass physics 100 per cent,

Union throws Meat Ball for undernourished bell-bottomed chorus girls.

Marines discover meat in stew.

Tyrone Falcone has lead opposite Shirley Temple in smash Hollywood hit, The Chief Rides Again.

DiMona leads cheers as victorious Allied troops march into Berlin.

Chorpening becomes Red Cross dictator of United Nations.

Cameron coaches Duke to blazing victory over Vassar Varsity.

Varga breaks Esquire contract in favor of lucrative Archive bid.

Chronicle editor slain after ommission of Duke's Mixture.

Dean Baldwin elected Duke May Queen for 1944.

Tyree turns over 1943 surplus income for Coed Ball decorations.

Coeds stampede in attempt to buy Pan-Hel dance tickets.

FANCY ICES

SHERBETS

PHONE L-963

☆

"Ice Cream Specialists"

DURHAM ICE CREAM CO.

(Incorporated)

FAST FROZEN

"BLUE RIBBON" ICE CREAM

"Today It's Thrifty to Buy Quality"

☆

Durham, North Carolina

BLOCKS

PUNCH

THE ARCHIVE

VOLUME LVII

January, 1944

Numrer 4

In This Issue

Letters to the Editorsecond cov	rer
Where the Spirit Is By Bill Styronpage	2
On a South Pacific Island By Robert P. Fleischer, '35page	4
"The Widge's" Bawth By Dave Fick	5
With Painful Steps and Slow By H. R. Petersonpage	6
No More Molasses By Frances Wrightpage	8
Duchess of the Monthpage	9
The Poet's Pagepage	10
Ram 'Er, Cap'n By Harry Beaudouin	11
Durham—The City of Famous Cuisinespage	12
Misty By Natalie Johnson	14
Jokes? Jokes? Jokes?	20
Assorted Tid-Bitsthird cov	er

STAFF

DAVE FICK, Editor
Bud Peterson, Associate Editor
Snow Ethridge, Cocd Editor
Didi Dunphey, Art Editor

HARTSELL CASH, Business Mgr. Jim Stow, Associate Bus. Mgr. Audrey Hance, Coed. Bus. Mgr. Dottie Groome, Advertising Mgr.

A Monthly Literary Magazine Published by the Students of Duke University, Durham, North Carolina

The publication of articles on controversial topics does not necessarily mean that the Editor or the University endorses them.

Notice of Entry: "Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917. Authorized December 4, 1924."

Entered as second-class mail matter at the Postoffice at Durham, N. C.

WHERE THE SPIRIT IS

By BILL STYRON

A story about two boys—one was innocent until-

It was Saturday night, and the little nigger roadhouse down from the school was rocking with laughter and music. A juke-box was playing and there was the sound of dancing and the smell of nigger sweat and beer. In the front, up near the bar, two white boys stood waiting while the fat nigger bartender finished washing the glasses.

The nigger asked the boys what they wanted.

The first boy, the tall one, said that he wanted a beer. "Gimme a beer," he said. "A quart. What you got in quarts?"

The nigger took the cigar out of his mouth and leaned over the case where the drinks were kept. "We got Budweiser in bumpers and Atlantic ale in bottles. Bumpers is forty-five cents."

The tall boy thrust his hand in his pocket and drew out a dollar bill. "Gimme a quart of Bud," he said. He looked down at the other boy and asked him what he was going to have.

"I don't know," the smaller boy said. He toyed nervously with a ring on his finger.

The tall boy looked at him impatiently. "Well goddamit, Art, make up your mind. We didn't come here for nothing. We got to get back sometime tonight."

Art fumbled uncertainly in his pocket. He was short and stocky with a plain face and deep, thoughtful eyes. He looked to be about fifteen or sixteen. "I'll have an Atlantic, please; are they forty-five, too?"

The tall boy gave him a withering look and turned to the nigger. "He

don't know what he wants. Gimme another quart of Bud."

They paid the man and took the beer over to a booth in the corner. Dolph—that was the tall boy—went over to put some nickels in the jukebox, and Art slid uneasily into a corner of the booth. Worry was written on his thick, plain face. He shouldn't have come, he thought, skipping out of school like this. He had never done it before, and Dolph talked about getting drunk. God! He had never even tasted the stuff before. He was sick. What if Dr. Spence should catch him? Jesus! The boy shivered slightly and tore at the bottle label with his fingernail.

Dolph came back from the jukebox and sat down. He was slender and frail looking, and he had a sallow, hard face. Yet he was young; his youth was written in his eyes. His mouth seemed to be continually bent into a sneer.

"Well, kid, let's drink up," he said; "we didn't come here to no prayer meeting."

Art laughed half-heartedly and poured his beer into the glass. He poured too fast, and the beer foamed up and splattered in a pool on the table. It was his first beer. He wished he were back in bed.

Dolph looked up at him with a grimace. "Christ," he groaned. "Look, kid, you do it like this." He tilted the glass and poured slowly. The beer rose to the rim, and only a slight trace of foam was on the top. He would always remember this, Art thought. How to pour beer.

Dolph raised the glass to his lips and gulped half the beer down in two long swallows. He brought the glass down to the table with a bang. A streak of foam was on his lip and he wiped it off with his coatsleeve. He snorted happily. "Good," he grunted.

Art looked at him helplessly. This he could not do. The juke-box was playing "Be Honest With Me." The melancholy whine of country music. From somewhere there came the deep and throaty, sensual laughter of a nigger woman and the stomp of nigger feet on pine boards. Dark laughter.

Art grabbed the glass fiercely and took a quick gulp. The boy was amazed at the ease with which the beer went down. It was salty and vile tasting, but it went down smoothly. The beer had a sharp, dry metallic taste and a deep brown smell; its pungent odor filled the back of his head and nose, and he stifled a cough. He was no longer a virgin.

"Pretty good brew," he muttered knowingly to Dolph. He was still wheezingly silently, but he had already assumed an air of alcoholic sangfroid. "Dam' good stuff!"

"Yeah, it's all right," Dolph said. He finished his first glass and was pouring his second. "Kind of weak. Beer's getting sloppy these days. Wish I had a pint of Seagram's Seven. There's your stuff, now!" He smacked his lips luxuriously.

"My father drinks Mattingly & Moore," Art said; "there's your stuff now!"

Dolph snickered. "Jesus, what kinda ol' man you got? It's a wonder he ain't dead now. That stuff's rot-gut!" With complete finality the boy lifted his glass and drank deeply.

Art took another swallow. Same bitter taste, but better now, he thought. He looked at the quart. It was almost full and the beer was warm in his belly. Again the jukebox played. "Worried Mind." Mournful twang of steel guitars... I promised you love that would never die....

The screen door slammed, and a big buck nigger came in. He greeted the bartender with a wide, red-lipped, toothy smile. With him was a young high yellow girl. She had light skin, almost white, and her face, with the high cheek-bones and arched black eyes, was strangely oriental. The girl wore the vacant, idiotic smile of a country nigger. Her tight-fitting eheap clothes reeked with perfume. Sexy as hell, Art thought. He stirred uneasily. The yellow girl cast a quick, soft glance at him and smiled.

Dolph noticed too. "Look at that nigger," he whispered, "ga-ah-damn!"

Art drained the glass and watched the girl as she walked into the back room where the music was. She glanced back. The boy felt his bowels go himp and his muscles grow tense with excitement. Wide hips swaying to the music . . . But all that I got was a worried mind. . . . The young buck nigger followed her, still smiling.

Art began to drink faster. Strange, he thought, the more you drink, the milder it gets. He smelled the sick-sweet heavy odor in his nostrils, the salt in the back of his throat. He sucked his breath in and buried his upper lip in the foam. The boy felt the cold bite of the liquid, milder now, is it flowed down his gullet. It began to taste good.

Dolph's bottle was empty. He rose insteadily and walked over to the counter and began to play the slot machine. Art hadn't finished his yet, but he was well on his way. It was going like water. If Doc Spenee was to come in now, the boy thought, he would not blink an eyelash. He would ask the old boy over for a spot of brew, "Bndweiser," he would say, "Doc, old boy, let us have a spot of Bud." He laughed to himself. His legs felt heavy, and his fingers and toes were alive and electric. Things began to be far away,



Art laid a friendly hand on Dolph's meager shoulder. "Dolph, ol' buddy, you know I'm not drunk. Am St. Stephan's gentleman. Don't get drunk!"

sight and sound, and a thin opaque shadow was ereeping over his brain. Far away, the music, deep and vibrant and disconsolate with the wail of African rhythm. From the distance the sound of a lone guitar . . . Be honest with me, dear. . . . The stomp of nigger feet and the smell of nigger sweat like onions; over all the raw odor of bare pine and rosin and the liquid, high throat-laugh of the yellow gal. . . . O Mary don't you weep don't you mourn. . . . He drained the bottle.

The boy got up and went over to the counter. The bar was far away, but it took him only a few steps to reach it: enormous, wobbling strides, head reeling.

"Dolph, old man," he bellowed, "another quart of good ol' Atlantie— Budwiper, I mean! Let's have another!" He stopped short, astonished at his own sudden effusion.

The other boy stared at him in amazement and burst into hoarse, thick laughter. He was tight. "Well F'Christsake." He howled, "li'l ol' Artie's done gone an' got drunk on me. Whatcha know! If ol' Spence saw his li'l boy like this, he'd drop one in the middle of the floor!" He smaeked Art aeross the tail.

(Continued on Page 18)

On a South Pacific Island

The late Captain Robert P. Fleischer, ('35) wrote this poem in a foxhole with the Japs cruising overhead, two months before his death.

On a South Pacific island, where the palms reach for the sky, And the long, white, sandy beaches stretch beyond the reach of eye, And the deep, blue, lazy ocean covers fish of every hue, And the singing birds convince you God made everyone for you. — Here the sun is warm and lazy,—seems exactly what you need, And the moon comes up like fire. Nights it's bright enough to read. Ah! the blessed peace and quiet, not a worry, not a care! No one ever seems to bother, no one seems to know you're there. It's a place of lazy luxury. What a spot to spend your life— With that girl who sits beside you— even though it's not your wife. Boy! that's nothing but malarky!—take it with a grain of salt! It was Hollywood that did it!—It's a lie and it's their fault.

11

'Cause the palms you've seen in movies waving peacefully on high Are full of bloody coconuts—poised to drop down from the sky, And bat your sweaty noggin down around your caving knees With a "bonk" like Pop's spittoon would make, hnrtling from the trees—And their milk (that tastes like soapsuds) and their meat so pure and white, If you taste just one too many you'll get—well, diarrhea, to be polite.

Ш

These long white sandy beaches just ain't sand, like at the Lake,
They're coral and they're lava and they'll slice you into steak.
And that deep blue lazy ocean ain't so lazy all the time,
And those many colored fishes know the tricks of hook and line.
The birds that sing in movies never saw this little isle—
Here they scream and squawk and squabble—seems they're fighting all the while.

IV

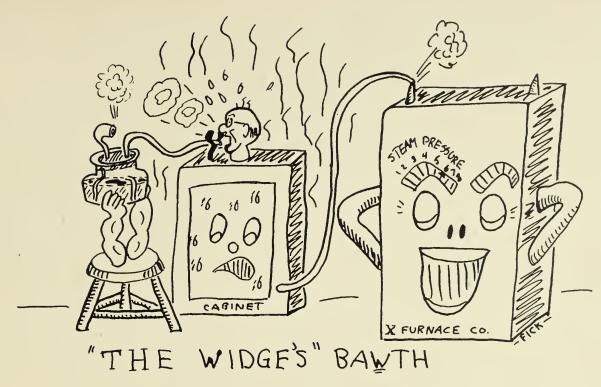
In school we learned in Science how much heat comes from the sun,
But the lug who wrote the manual never sweltered 'neath this one!
This one broils you black, it blinds your eyes, it makes your head spin 'round.
And if malaria don't get you, heat beats yon to the ground.
Yah! the moon comes up like fire—sure it's light enough to read—
And it lights the whole damned Island so the Japs can draw a bead.
But the sun and moon don't matter when the sky begins to drain.
We could tell old Sadie Thompson things—at least about the rain!

V

Could that peaceful, carefree island in the moving picture show
Have been bombed and strafed like we have? That's the thing we want to know.
And if we have no worries, why dig fox holes by the score
And string those miles of wire whose barbs make our hands so sore?
As for being left untroubled, it's true no one knows we're here.
Especially when they're handing out P.X. supplies and beer!
We don't think it's a lazy luxury to dig and sweat all day,
But we'll surely spend a lifetime here before we get away!
And it won't be with that girl or wife, or even native stuff
'Cause there ain't no females near here—maybe you don't think that's tough!

V

Yah! they really pile it proper when they make those South Sea shows, But what's the use of squawkin'?—we're stuck here, heaven knows. But when this War is over and they send us back again, And we roar all over 'Frisco, half the outfit in the pen, Look out, you producers! Hollywood is not too far To put you dirty chiselers to the feather and the tar!



By DAVE FICK

A bath is a thing, which when you haven't had one, your mother can't give you hell for leaving any rings around the tub; or, it is that which when you have had one it's Saturday night. Baths, when you have had one, can be taken in many different ways. There is a definite art in carrying out this necessary social function as any true connoisseur of this ancient skill will tell you.

Perhars the most rabid bath fan and artiste in this vicinity is Prof Widgery, that witty and precocious philosopher of Duke's faculty. A dissertation on the art of taking a rnb in your tub in your own home, by Widgery, is just one of the hilariosities of his course, but there is some sensical tie-up in it to his own philosophy of what this life we lead is all about. Says the "Widge," "The only trouble with the American people, as far as I can see, is that they don't know how to get the most out of a bath. They don't get out of it all that they put into it." He ties this up with some old guy's philosophy, but I don't know who or how. I haven't read that far in the book yet. Chapter nine, I think.

But let's look into Widgery's bare facts about bathing (not literally, of course) and see what the master has

to offer. While over in Sweden or someplace where steam is the dream bath, he learned that the nearer you are to the earth's core, the more heat you get for your bath; so, being an ingenious sort of a guy, Widge promptly proceeded to build himself a deluxe job in his cellar. He snitched some Pre-Pearl Harbor rubber tubing from the Physics Building and attached one end of this tubing to the steam jet on his furnace; and the other end to a special eabinet, so constructed that when the vaporized II,O is allowed to enter the cabinet, it can only escape through a hole at the top. However, our inventive hero, after much experimentation, found that there was but one means of preventing the steam from whistling out of this escape hatch. He solved this merely by the simple expedient of placing his rather rounded self within the confines of the box, and protruding his neck through the hole, thus resembling in no slight way a cork in a bottle of beer. Simple? We thought it was solved neatly. Here was almost completed a picture of a man contentedly taking his bath. Isu't that a lovely little thought?

But after his solo flight into the

confining cabinet "Widge" found that the imprisoning nature of this literal hot-box was forsaking him his favorite pleasure: his pipe. But what eould he do? His arms were needed for massaging, and who ever tried to smoke a pipe with his feet which were also confined? Damn the Swedes, he thought. How could a man fully appreciate the pleasures of a steam bath without his pipe? What would Aristotle or Kant do in a case like this? Widge turned once again to his ingenuity, and it gave him an answer. He built a table about the same height as the cabinet, stealthily tore over to the Physies Building again and snitched another piece of tubing and a wide-monthed jar with a big cork stopper. Then he bored two holes in the eork, stuck his lit pipe in one and the tubing in the other, filled the jar half full with water to catch the nieotine, and ended up with an affair bearing a great resemblance to some Oriental opium pipe. Then, taking the free end of the tubing in his mouth, he entered into his little steam cubicle, blew a big fat and contented smoke ring, and sang "H's a Wonderful World."

WITH PAINFUL STEPS AND SLOW

By H. R. PETERSON

Courage can make a man go on—even after the light of hope has failed

It was almost dark when the car pulled up to the curb at the Burnsville square and a boy in an olive drab uniform got out. The boy made a gesture of appreciation to the driver as the car moved on, then stepped up on the sidewalk and stopped to look around him.

The old frame hardware store still needed a coat of paint, and people were sitting on the porch of the boarding house next to it, smoking and talking leisurely. Across the square the locust trees looked brittle and black against the pale sky, and the statue of Otway Burns was arrogant and unchangeable in front of the yellow brick bank building. A light was burning in the Record office, and a steady droning sound of the press could be heard across the square. There were only a few cars parked down the street toward the theatre; the streets were still. The neon light in front of the drug store made a red and green-blue haze against the white tile front.

"It ain't changed a bit," Harvey Stevenson said, and looking around again, he repeated, "It ain't changed a bit." He picked up the duffle bag at his feet and started across the square. He walked slowly, painstaking, pulling his left leg up to his right after each unsteady step. His teeth were pressed tight against the skin of his lower lip, giving his mouth the appearance of an ugly scar on his white face. He went slowly, and his footsteps made an unsteady whooshing sound in the damp grass.

At the other side of the square he stopped again to look at the town. There were only a few people on the

street, and he didn't recognize any of them. An old man in faded denim overalls walked past him and said, "Howdy, soldier boy," and Harvey winced before he could smile a weak "Hello."

"It's no good, me comin' back here," he said, half aloud. He picked up the duffle bag again and walked down the main street. Past the soda shop and the sound of a juke box playing swing music and the shrill laughter of young girls. He looked in and saw their young faces peering over the tops of the green booths, and he thought he saw pity in their eyes.

Past the cafe and the smell of steaming hot coffee and fresh rolls, past the brassy sound of a guitar in the pool room, and the harsh-soprano of adolescent boys as they scrunched chalk against the ends of their cue sticks. Past the gas station, past Pete Starr

"Hello, Harve."

"Hello, Pete."

"Back from the Army, huh?" He heard the contempt in Pete's voice, and he knew that the story had been told all over town.

"Yeah, I'm back," .

"For long?"

"As long as I want to stay."

"Well, how's the Army?" Pete twisted the words, and Harvey pieked up his duffle bag and walked on without saying anything else.

Past the theatre and the white lights in front and the pretty girl in the glass booth. A new girl. Past the neat rows of houses and the dark gas stations. The old Coleman house on the hill and the shutters closed. Past the big billboard and up the

dirt street under the pine trees. Dark musty silence under the pine trees, and the pain burning red fury in his leg. Slow, suh-low. Slow, suh-low. His footsteps rustled in the pine needles and he felt tired and hungry.

Past the Green's house and the hound dog threatening. Past the Brown's and the Torgerson's and now to the low frame house with the white-washed paling fence and the big cedars in the yard. Home.

He unlatched the gate and walked up to the porch. He wondered where Spot was and why he didn't come tearing out from under the steps barking. Why he didn't wag his tail and lick his paws like he used to. There was no light in front and he set his bag on the porch and sat down on the steps. "Got to get my breath a minute," he thought. He felt the thick smell of the cedars go through his nose and mouth and deep down into his belly, and he felt that if he wrenched the bad leg from his body he would be whole again. He wanted to cry, to let the tears wash the bitter smarting from his eyes and the pain from his leg, but it was a dry silent laugh that came from his lips.

He put his hand on the rough post and pulled himself up. Might as well go in and get it over with. He pushed the door open and stepped into the little hall. There was a light shining through from the kitchen, and he could see the outline of the hard chairs in the living room, and the three-cornered table. He left his duffle bag on the floor and walked through the dining room into the kitchen.

His mother was at the stove, her

back to him. He could smell the sweet-salty odor of ham frying, and the sound of grease sputtering in the pan made an inreal rattle in his ears.

"Mom."

She turned around, and her face was almost pretty in the half-light of the lamp.

"Harvey!"

She looked glad and happy, and he thought for a minute that she would put her arms around him and cry, and everything would be all right. But her face went cold, and her eyes lost the glad-happy light, and she stood stiff and straight in front of him, her hands clasped together on her apron front.

"Harvey," she said, but her face had no expression. "So you've come home,"

"Yes, Mom, I've come home." He wanted again to cry, but his lips felt cold as mountain water, and he could not.

"You'd better set down. I guess you're feelin' bad."

"I'm all right."

"How's your leg? I see they didn't have to take it off." There was something in her face that told him she wanted to kiss him and hold him to her, but she turned to the stove and started taking the strips of meat from the pan.

"My leg's better." He pulled one of the cane-bottomed chairs from the dining room and sat near the stove. "What does Pa say? About me, I mean."

"He don't say nothin'."

"He believes it, then." Harvey looked down at his twisted foot. "He believes it. And you, Mom. What about you? Do you think—do you believe?"

"Do you deny it, Harvey?"

"I wrote you, Mom. I told you how it was." His voice was brittle; his throat ached, and his tongue felt big and dry.

She went about setting the table, taking biscuits from the oven, pouring the fragrant brown gravy into a bowl. Harvey noticed that she put three plates on the table. "Is Pa coming home tonight?" he said.

His mother stopped and looked at

him. "Yes," she said. "They ain't workin' the mine much now. It's about flickered out."

Harvey heard the front door open, and he stood up as his father came through the dining room and into the kitchen. His face was set with deep wrinkles—deeper than two years ago —and his eyes looked tired.

"Hello, Pa."

"Howdy, Harve."

"Harvey's come home," his mother said. "His foot's better." Her voice was strained, tired.

"I'm hungry, Maud. Put the supper on the table." He went over to the sink and started washing his hands. Harvey stared at his broad back, bent now. At the trade mark on his overalls where the suspenders crossed, and he wanted to cry because he remembered the years he had sathere and watched his father wash his hands, talking and laughing with him then.

"It's ready," his mother said, and they went into the dining room and sat down at the table. His father was staring at his plate, his face blank and his eyes half-closed. Harvey wanted to stand up and shout and call them fools and leave the house. He wanted to call them names and to see his father get mad and maybe knock him down. But more than everything, he wanted to make them understand.

"Pa," Harvey said, "I want to tell you."

"Tell me what?" Mr. Stevenson began cating, great mouthfuls of biscuit and gravy washed down with hot eoffee.

"I want to tell you how it was."

His father looked up. "You wrote us about it." He drained his cup and handed it to Mand. "They kicked you out of the Army for it. Ain't that enough?"

"It's enough for you, I gness. But it ain't enough for me. I'm goin' to tell you all about it, and if you don't want to believe, well, that's up to you." He put his hands on the cool oileloth table cover and began to speak; there were two white dents in his lower lip where his teeth had been pressing against it.

"It was the week after we landed in Italy. We had been fighting for a long time, and we had control of the beach and two or three miles in.

"There were three of us that the captain told to guard a little shack up near the front. They kept emergency ammunition in it. He said to hold it until our men took the next hill and then to go back to the beach and wait for orders.

"We stayed there all night, the three of us, and the fightin' went on all around us. Shells fell all around, but we could see that our side was blowing hell out o' the hill and movin' up.

"We watched the sun come up over the hill and our trucks go over it, and our guns. Most of the shells in our shack had been used up, and it looked like our job was done.

"We started back to the beach about ten o'clock, and it was rough goin' because it had been rainin', and the mnd was hateful and sticky." Harvey looked at his father; he was still eating. His mother saw him look up and stared down at her hands in her lap.

"We hadn't got more'n half a mile when we heard a lot of fightin' behind us, and a guy in a jeep told us the Germans had counter-attacked and were back on the hill.

"The other two fellers went back to the shack, and I started on to the beach to get orders from the captain. It was then that the Germans made their big break, and the whole Army started fallin' back. I went up on a little hill to see if I could see what was goin' on, and a shell caught me and busted my leg.

"I didn't pass out for awhile, and I thought I was goin' to die. I guess maybe it would 'a been better if I had." He caught his breath and rubbed the sweat out of his hands on his trouser legs.

"Anyhow, our Army put its feet down and went ahead and got back the hill that evenin', and they found the two fellers at the shack dead. Bayoneted. In the belly." He stopped for a minute, bit his lip, and went on.

(Continued on Page 16)

NO MORE MOLASSES

By FRANCES WRIGHT

It didn't seem to matter to Paul and Jonathan—they had seen life in full

TUTAW was a crossroads and noth-Ling more. As is the way with crossroads, it had its store, the customary country store stocked with nails, tobacco, and even corn whiskey. The store was not a profit-making business. Its owners, the Gregor brothers may have been, as they claimed, absorbed in contemplation but they disdained to be storekeepers. Their store had a tree in front, a remarkable half-stunted, twisted mulberry, made for the delight of small boys who freed themselves from earth in its branches and for the habitation of a particularly clever catbird that gave the illusion of any number of other birds, shrilling away among the cottony leaves. But particularly, the tree was created for the Gregor brothers, who had established themselves for years in cane-bottomed chairs, leaving one on each side of the thick-knotted trunk. Men of indeterminable age, they sat with vigorously working jaws, spitting accurately on occasions. Sometimes one of them would pat the mulberry unconsciously and affectionately. the summer the tree and the Gregor brothers were both in their element. Business was simplified. Negro women with large flat feet whose toes stuck out of their tattered shoes scuffed along in the dust and called greetings in vibrant voices. At first, they had requested their needs at the store, but Paul Gregor always waved them in to help themselves.

"Third shelf on the right. Garrett's snuff with a golden-haired gal on the front. Can't miss it."

The women would dig out pennies from knotted handkerchiefs.

"Hell," he would mutter impa-

tiently when they were slow, and a volley of tobacco juice landed on the petunia by the door. The petunia seemed to flourish on such treatment.

"Nobody but Negroes and the Gregors have flowers like that," people said. And it was true. The petunias were crinkly and deeply fluted, the purple of grapes and wine.

"The secret is we just let 'em be. No sense in fussing over flowers," the Gregors explained.

Then they closed their eyes against the sun and folded their hands over the arch of their stomachs.

Anything pertaining to love or life was their province, and they gave advice lavishly like a millionaire tossing away dollar bills. They winked at the pretty girls and smiled knowingly at young love.

"It's sad," said Jonathan in the tone of one far past such foolishness.

Having delivered himself of this statement, he would take a swig from the bottle by the chair, then would wipe off the trickle that ran down his chin.

"It clears the mind," he would say; "if people would only stop thinking, then they'd know. Just like that."

The Gregors were never drunk, just in a pleasant somnambulistic state. This kind of life continued uninterrupted until one day a great and cataclysmic happening broke into their lives. It shattered the stillness of midnight when the silence was so deep that to break it seemed an effort like pulling against a suction cup. The store was on fire. Agitated neighbors awoke the Gregors, who were sleepily unable to comprehend the event. Their wives stood around,

bulky figures in white flannel nightgowns and dark plaits, and hurried them into their clothes.

Paul and Jonathan did not rush as they made their way to the store; it was not in them to rush anywhere under any circumstances, but their faces were troubled. A few people futilely threw buckets of water on the fire as they approached. The store was gone, the beautiful sign advertising Dr. Grover's Tonic that had been plastered against it was gone, the rows on rows of patent medicines and bins of peanuts were gone. But the brothers were looking beyond the store. There, intact, stood the rugged old mulberry and the battered chairs.

A neighbor came up.

"Too bad," he said and gripped Paul's shoulder. The others were quiet in sympathy.

"The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away," the preacher said sonorously.

The brothers did not hear. Slowly Jonathan's face relaxed into its usual sagging, tranquil expression.

"No more telling dumb niggers where to find things. Nobody to wake you up in the afternoons," Paul said.

"No molasses to draw flies," Jouathan added, his face bright with visions of endless, speculative, slowmoving days under the mulberry.

The brothers beamed at each other, standing in the ashes.

Duchess of the Month Carolyn King, '45



THE POET'S PAGE

I.

When from the foot Of the realm of excellence, You perceive a light That a feeble candle may put to shame; That is your artist.

II.

As a babbling idiot who Tells of man's infinities Is reckoned with by gentle Rebuff—so am I but The world's bent pawn.

III.

Ile is prejudiced in his Weighing of men; yet as wax Are his opinions molded By the swine of Parnassus And much does the Potler shake.

The Artist

By W. John Malone

IV.

Irretrievable thoughts spring From a Pandoric mind— Their worth unknown Their loss unwept Even as peasants in a field.

v.

Waving spires recall from The sweetcheat, forgetfulness, A time when in the Throes Of youth there was a Love Unreserved, undeserved.

V1.

The unsatiated being of artistry
Is not content with mundane images.
It will have the soul
While the physical howls
Feebly from oblivion.

VII.

To repaint a thought
Is like returning to an
Old, beloved scene—
The past cannot be recaptured
Else we might never advance.

VIII.

Does reason have to tint
Man's every fervor with its blight,
Making, in a moment,
Spontaneity as a fool,
Logic as a king?

IX.

Oriental symbols retain for me An austere significance not unlike A chanting priest or A tonal scale and impound The hiddenness of perfect things.

Moving Up

By W. Marshall Decker

Crawling away into the night, Cut by the sliding arcs of the shuttered lamps, Evil and silent,

The column passes on;

Lean and hungry the guns, swathed in moldy canvas, Slap of joggling canteen, flicker of thirsty bayonets, Stink of sweat and leather, of festering wounds and death,

Dull suck and gurgle of boots in the grasping mud,
Sagging cartridge belts, shapeless packs,
Rifles slanting upwards, stark and gleaming,
Shoulders bent, misty rain sifting down,
Grunting engines, complaining axles,
Phantom faces under the shadowy steel of the helmets,
Dark horizon, hazy flash of the distant guns,
The waiting road, the weeping sky,
Evil and silent,
The column passes on.

Retrospect

By Herrick Peterson

Do you recall a narrow path, half-hidden In spring fern and wild blooming azaleas. Winding through tall poplars To a small stream?

Remember a night in June, with starlight, And trilliums crushed under your feet, With myriad cricket orchestras Playing immortal music?

Remember the wild September countryside And satin-black berries on bramble-bush? The untouched snow at Christmas time At early morning?

Do you remember? I do, Here in this New Guinea foxhole I think of you, and remember.

It seemed ironic to him. "It's Christmas Eve," he said to the man standing next to him. "All is eahn, all is bright.' Yeah, well somebody can blow that out of his sea bag because muthin's calm and nuthin's bright. Any minute now we could be picking the milky way out of our ears. Them pigboats don't care about its being Christmas. They'd just as soon let us have it tonight as anytime. Just think of the guys back home right now stringing tinsel and lights on Christmas trees. Everybody feels good and it's warm and everything's okay with the world. Then when they get through they have a good drink with their wives and go to bed. Oh, Jesus, wouldn't I like that. . . . ''

He went on. "And what are we doin'? First-class passengers on a floating coffin loaded down with TNT and gasoline. This junkpile ain't even as good as the one we were on last Christmas Eve. The Amos Buchanan . . . holy Joe. . . . Do you remember what that heinie skipper said to us, Cap'n? 'Merry Christmas,' he said. 'You're four hours late. What detained you?' he said. And there we were with the oil freezing to our hides and not a thing to fight back with. And then old Murphy tells 'em off and the heinie skipper gets mad and has one of the boys let go with a tommy gun. Do you remember that, Cap'n? Do you remember that searchlight in your eyes and the bullets whizzin' by your ears and old Murphy screaming with pain before he finally went under? And do you remember Christmas Day? Sixteen of us in the boat—on New Year's Day there were only twelve. We started the New Year right, didn't we? I've prayed to God a hundred times since that we'd run into that sub again. A big black cross painted on the conning tower. I could never miss it." He chewed his lip as he thought of it.

All this time the man next to him had said nothing. He simply stood there, leaning against the compass binnacle, sucking on an empty pipe and staring at the sea like the ancient mariner. At last he straightened and

RAM 'ER, CAP'N

By HARRY BEAUDOUIN

Christmas at home would have suited the men more, but the black cross was a fine present

spoke. "Take a turn about, Jack, and check on the watches." That was all he said. But he had thought as the first mate reminisced. He remembered, too.

The first mate pulled his head down into the collar of his pea coat and walked about the deck and cursed as the bitter wind sprayed him with the North Atlantic. He cursed the day he ever had left the garage and had gone to sea. He cursed himself for not having a family, a wife, lots of children, a comfortable home in Jersey City. He cursed the war. He cursed the Amos Buchanan.

He checked the watches, were on the job. They knew what might happen if they dozed off. He made his way to the bow. The decks were wet, slippery, treacherous. But he liked to stand up on the bow in a heavy sea. He liked to plant his feet on the deck and grasp the railing and feel his insides rise and settle as the ship rose on a high wave and then swooped down to slice another. He always thought, when he did this, of how he used to sneak on the roller coaster at the beach for extra rides when he was a kid. It was like a roller coaster, but sometimes it was too wet and not much fun.

For some reason he realized that he no longer wanted to "ride the sea," as he ealled it, and he turned away. He stopped amidships to sit down on a tarpaulin stretched taut across part of the cargo. Cargo rose on both sides of the first mate and shielded him from the wind. It was dry there. He looked up into the heavens and at the half-grown moon. The stars seemed brighter to him. He followed the sky down to the sea—then he saw it.

He had seen the same thing many

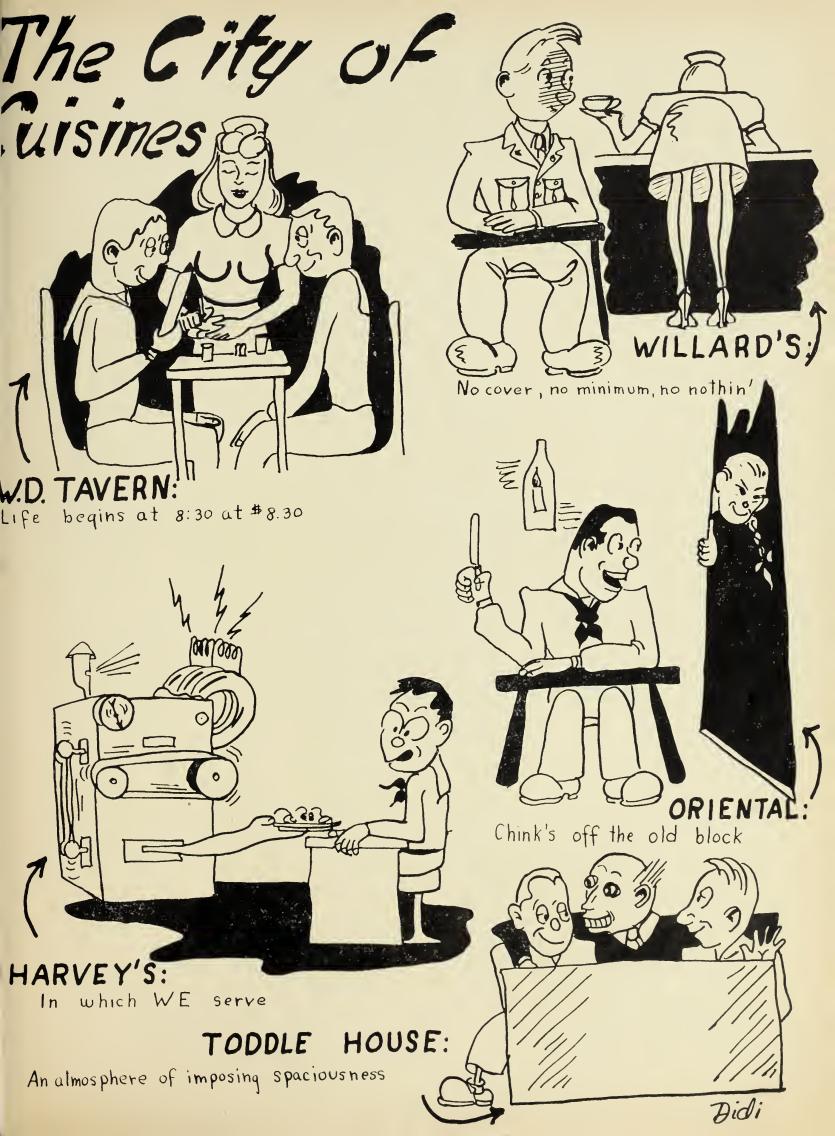
times before, so he knew instantly that he had not been mistaken. It was a torpedo track, white and quivering as it cut through the water towards the ship. "Hard to starboard! Hard to starboard!" he shrieked at the bridge. Then he looked back over his shoulder at the approaching torpedo wake. As he watched it with frozen eyes and waited for the violent, sickening wham! He felt the Buchanan lift her bow and heel sharply to starboard, almost pirouetting in the water. The first mate choked as the deadly torpedo missed the bow by no more than fifteen yards. He couldn't believe that the old ship had done it. It seemed impossible.

He looked at the sea for another track, but there was none. Men were now swarming all over the deck, running to their battle stations. Some were hardly dressed. Directed by a lookout's shout, the first mate looked to his right and saw the submarine, a great, gray, dripping thing, rising to the surface. Evidently she had expended her last torpedo, or else figured that she might just as easily sink the old Buchanan by shelling her with her deck guns. By this time the Navy gun crew aboard the Buchanan had unlimbered their fourincher on the bow and were swinging the gun to meet the enemy. As the sub reached the surface, they opened up on her. The first mate ran to the bridge to get a better view of it. Small geysers arose all around the U-boat as the shells pounded into the waves. Then he saw the cross on the eonning tower.

At last one struck home and the first mate observed that it had hit the port Diesel exhaust. But the

(Continued on Page 22)





Misty

By NATALIE JOHNSON

A faded picture, a human likeness were Randy's entire life until — . . .

With bowed head and drooping shoulders he shuffled slowly along down the street. To a stranger he presented a rather disturbing appearance—like a dog that had been beaten until there was no feeling left in him. His eyes, which were not visible because his head hung so low, stared vacantly into nothingness. No wonder! His thoughts had turned back eighteen years.

Clearly he remembered being ushered with his mother into a huge pretentious home. This was the Governor's residence but that did not mean very much to him except that it was very impressive. He was still too young to understand the significance of social position or of his mother's friendship with Mrs. Moffus, the Governor's wife. While the two women talked he was free to walk about the room—feeling the smooth finish of a table in which he could see his reflection or admiring from a distance the small replica of a sailing vessel set on the mantel over the fireplace. He was walking around in this way, inspecting each thing as he came to it, when he caught sight of a picture hanging on the wall high above his head. He concentrated his attention on it. It was the portrait of a very beautiful young girl in a ruffled white evening gown. She was standing gracefully on a staircase with one arm partly extended along the railing. He was staring so seriously at the picture that he was surprised by a kind voice and the touch of an arm placed casually around his shoulders.

"That's a lovely picture, isn't it Randy? It doesn't have a name, but we call the girl "Misty" because the picture is dim and she seems so ethereal in her white dress. I guess you don't understand what that means. But you do know that her name is Misty.''

Randy replied, "Yes, she is very pretty, isn't she?"

His mother came up then and he learned a little more about the history of the picture. Mrs. Moffus had bought it at an auction where she had been attracted to it by the delicate airy beauty of the girl. She added, "Misty may have been a real person, but she was probably just an artist's dream."

Randy had been just seven years old at that time, but Misty became his dream girl. At first, he just thought, "Gee, wouldn't it be nice if she were a real girl my own age and I could play with her?"

After that night, he often visited the home where the picture was. He spent most of his time looking at it and telling Misty about everything he had done since he had seen her last. Gradually Misty became more and more real to him; finally she was his constant playmate. His mother was not perturbed by this somewhat unusual behavior, but rather felt grateful that Randy could entertain himself without bothering her constantly, since there were no children in their own neighborhood with whom he might play. Believing that it was well to foster a vivid imagination in a child, she did not realize the danger of letting him go too far in this direction.

Randy, the man, thought, "If my mother had stopped me then..."

The years passed by and Randy went to high school. There he came to know many other young people his own age, but Misty remained his closest friend. To her he confided all his secret aspirations and desires.

His friends at school knew about Misty but thought it was a pretense on Randy's part, and laughed and teased him about his beautiful girl friend. They did not realize how seriously he felt about her. He did not like to go on dates or parties because he could not take Misty along. He had long since learned that people simply did not understand about her so he did not talk to her or ever bring her with him if he went out with his schoolmates. Of course, he avoided going out with them, but except for his strange friend Randy was an agreeable kindly person, general y well-liked, so that sometimes his friends would not accept any excuse. One night there was to be a dance at the home of one of the girls in the class. The boys urged Randy to go; they persisted so strongly that he finally agreed to go stag.

The evening of the dance came. Randy danced and enjoyed himself. He was dancing with a vivacious little brunette when someone cut in on him. He sat down and unconsciously lapsed into his habit of brooding about his picture-girl. Without knowing why, he glanced up. There across the room standing on the stairs, dressed in a white gown, and having one arm partly extended along the railing, was Misty.

Randy was accustomed to having Misty with him but he never brought her to public affairs. Yet here she was in the same room with him. While he was still watching her, she moved all the way down the stairs and sat down near the mother of the hostess.

Randy wanted to go over and talk to her immediately. But he knew this was not his Misty. Yet she looked so much like her that the two were almost inseparable in his mind. He was confused and his head ached with a strange feeling. But overriding all this was a strong urge to meet the girl. Randy stood up abruptly, walked directly across the room, and started talking to Mrs. Salick, the lady sitting next to the girl. Of course, Mrs. Salick introduced him to the unknown girl, Justine Holly, and soon left them to talk with some

of the other guests. From that time on Justine and Randy were seldom apart. But Randy never called her Justine. He called her Misty. As far as he was concerned, his picture-girl was a picture of Justine and the two were the same.

Randy seemed to think Justine was far superior to any other girl. From the pedestal where Randy's admiration placed her, Justine looked down on other girls and felt greatly pleased and very important. Randy was very devoted. He tried to fulfill her every wish and even brought her things which she just happened to mention liking. If she said she was thirsty and hot, he supplied a drink. On the least excuse, he brought her a bouquet of her favorite flowers, yellow roses. Indeed, Randy became a slave to her whims. But Justine had a kind responsive nature and instead of taking advantage of his love, she responded with a love of her own. However, instead of the worshipful almost awe-inspiring, and rather strange feeling he had for her, she loved him as he really was. And if sometimes she thought his intense desire to have everything as she wanted it, always, was somewhat unnatural, she felt that it was probably a peculiarity arising out of his great love for her.

One day she and Randy went fishing. Tiring of their unsuccessful attempts to make a catch, they climbed a tree and walked out on a stout limb overhanging the water. Suddenly Justine slipped and fell into the water. Randy pulled her out unhurt, but the walk home in her wet clothes weakened her and she contracted pneumonia. She was ill for three months during which Randy did everything he possibly could to cheer her and speed her recovery. After this, Randy and Justine seemed to love each other more than ever.

When Mr. and Mrs. Holly at last announced the engagement of Justine to Randy no one was very surprised. Both families and all the friends heartily approved of the match. It really looked as if Randy and Justine would have a happy and snecessful marriage. That is, it looked so until Justine found out there was a picture of a girl who looked very much like her, posed in the same way that she had been the first time Randy saw her. This seemed a strange coincidence to her but not much more. Indeed, in one sense it was flattering for it meant that she was really his dream girl.

But one day when she was still not completely recovered from her illness,



Justine had occasion to drive Randy's mother to the Governor's home. When they stopped before the house, Mrs. Holcolm asked Justine if she would not like to go in with her and suggested jokingly that perhaps she would like to see the picture-girl whom she was supposed to resemble. Justine agreed, thinking that the fanciful story she had vagnely pieced together from the ideas of Randy's friends was far-fetched and ridiculous. She thought that there was pro's

ably not the slightest resemblance between her and the picture-girl. So Justine was amused by the idea and walked into the house laughing. However, when she saw the picture, it seemed to her that there was a remarkable likeness. It was in the general appearance—curious and startling. The features and details of the picture-girl were not really clear. No matter how closely one examined her, they were not quite distinct. This annoyed Justine. It was as if she were searching for the differences between the picture-girl and herself. Nevertheless, there was not really anything about the picture that bothered her until the Governor's wife said that they called it Misty.

From that time on Justine noticed in a most discriminating way every word that Randy addressed to her. All of his attentiveness became significant in a different way. She became obsessed with the idea that she herself, the real flesh and blood Justime Holly, did not exist for Randy at all. She was "Misty"—a dream girl—and not a real living person. She began to act as she believed Misty would and soon felt as if she were not of this world but an imaginary creature living in an ideal realm. This mental state had just begim to take hold of her when she had a relapse of the illness. Randy was as kind as ever. But Justine looked upon him a little fearfully now. She seemed to shrink in size when he appeared. She recalled instances when he had asked her if she remembered something about his boyhood or youth and she knew that he had never mentioned it to her. She noticed also that he confused the things he had told her with the things he had done with the imaginary Misty. He told her that the forget-me-nots were out again in the brook near the big swing on the oak tree. She had never heard of the swing or the brook. He said that the field where he had caught the crippled muskrat was plowed up and someone was planting potatoes there. She did not know that there was a field or a muskrat because she had never seen

(Continued on Page 23)



Compliments

of

Duke University Stores

Owned and Operated for Your Convenience by

Duke University

☆

We Appreciate
Your Patronage!

☆

Duke University Store

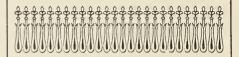
Duke Hospital Store

Woman's College Store

The Haberdashery

 $\stackrel{\wedge}{\sim}$

J. M. MOORE, '32 Manager



With Painful Steps and Slow

(Continued from Page 7)

"They found me and carried me back to the field hospital. The captain found me there, and he asked me what happened and I told him. He cussed me and said I deserted my post, and tore my stripes off and called me a yeller-belly. They sent me back to a hospital in Sieily, and after they patched up my leg they gave me a court-martial, and they sent me back to the States with this." He took the piece of white paper from his pocket and threw it on the table in front of his father. He saw the words "character of discharge: dishonorable," and his eyes burned again and he felt sure the tears would come now. But his throat was still dry, and inside was the same drycotton feeling in his stomach.

He looked at his father and mother, and there was no change in their faces. "Don't you see?" He was begging now, and his face was twisted. "Pa, you know I ain't a coward. You know I ain't yeller."

"This paper," his father said, "don't say that."

"But, Pa, don't you see? I was doin' what I thought was the best thing to do."

"When I was in the Army," his father said, looking at him with empty eyes, "they didn't pay a corporal for his brains."

Harvey looked at his mother, and he saw the whole story in her eyes. There was pity and sorrow and love there. Pity and sorrow and a sad sort of loving.

"Pa," she said, "he's our boy, and he's back home. He's..."

"Maud," his father looked at Harvey, not his mother. "I know that. He can stay here, and I'll do all I can for him. As long as he wants to stay, he's welcome."

Harvey looked at his mother and smiled weakly. It didn't matter now. He had told them, and they didn't understand. They were offering him forgiveness, and there was nothing to forgive. They were offering him sympathy and their kind of kindness,

but he couldn't take that. If only they could understand.

He got up and went out through the kitchen to the back yard. He went over to the woodshed and looked in Spot's pen. It was empty, and his bed was knotted up in one corner.

"Mom," he called, "where's Spot? What's happened to my dog?"

His mother came to the window and pulled back the curtains. "He's dead, son. He got sick and Pa had to shoot him."

Harvey sat down on the pen and picked up the old rug that Spot had slept on, and rubbed his hands across the rough, dirty warp. He saw the white and black hairs falling to the ground, and then the tears came. Hot tears, washing away everything but the days in the woods with Spot, the rabbit races and the 'possum hunts. Spot always bounding through the weeds scaring the squirrels. Lying in the shade of the cedars with his pink tongue dangling out between his white, strong teeth.

He stood up and brushed his hand across his eyes, and looked up at the tall cedars. He walked down through the yard, through the dead okra stalks in the garden, crackling in sharp noises as his arms and legs brushed against them. Into the meadow and the wet, dead grass, and down to the creek. To the banks of the creek and the round white rocks, and the little flecks of mica sparkling in the faint light of the stars.

He took a small round box from his shirt pocket, and took out two white capsules. He held them in his palm, looking down at them, and in his ears the quick strong music of the water rushing over and around the stones in the creek bed, and in his heart the warm clear laughter of a father washing his hands at the kitchen sink, and the proud, happy smile of a mother watching her boy and his dog. In his heart the call of a bob-white in the harvest twilight, and the delicate pattern of a rabbit's excited footprints in fresh snow.

Evening, and the bitter-clean smell of cedars, and rain falling on a tin roof. The light in the window as he

(Continued on Page 24)



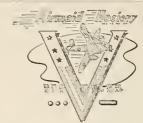
Вил Сниксн, Kappa Alpha Theta, wears a chartreuse silk print suit with a Wragge hat to match.

JANE SHERRILL, Alpha Delta Pi, chooses a dress of sea-foam green with a fuchsia hat which matches designs in her dress.

DOITIE EVANS, Delta Delta Delta, prefers a light blue silk print dress with a hat from the same material.

ALL THESE AND MANY OTHERS MAY BE FOUND AT

BALDWIN'S



Lirmaid VICTORY Stockings

As a patriotic American, you'll be proud to wear Airmaid "Victory" Stockings.

To conserve limited rayon stocks, these lovely hose are made with fine textured, long-lasting cotton welts and cotton reinforced feet. To add beauty and snag-resistance, the rayon yarn in Airmaids is twisted more turns than required by our Government for Grade A hosiery.

ECKERD'S DRUG STORE 122 W. Main Street

Send

Flowers

And make sure they're from

Montgomery's Horist

"Flowers for All Occasions"

Phone R-161

Opposite Washington Duke Tavern

Where the Spirit Is

(Continued from Page 3)

Art stared blankly at the wavering face before him. . The nigger behind the counter chuckled. "Gawdalmighty, they sho' start 'em out young up there at school!" He planked two more quarts down on the bar.

Art laid a friendly hand on Dolph's meagre shoulder. "Dolph, ol' buddy, you know I'm not drunk. Am St. Stephens gentleman, Don't get drunk!" He was started now. The floor yielded beneath his feet and the room was hazy and far-distant. Still the sound of deep throbbing music, mournful and said, like a nigger. In the back through the smoke, black bodies and the primeval rhythm of a nigger dance, dark souls sweating and pulsating in sombre beat, the slow undulation and reeling passion of the black lost spirit . . . and all that I got was a worried mind . . . now yellow gal dancing sleepily with the big buck nigger, bodies pressed tight, swaying hips together, black hand clamped hotly against yellow breast . . . somewhere the tired music of a lonely guitar.

Slow time passed drunkenly in the hot haze of the reeling drunk room.

The boys finished the beer and lurched out the door and down the moonlit country road toward school. The night was warm, and the mellow, pungent odor of spring pollen floated from the meadow grass.

Dark were the woods where crickets chirruped in a shallow ditch. Moonlight and madness.

"Ker-eep." The crickets.
"Ker-eep. Goddam!" The echo. Still in the moonlit distance the hazy red neon and the sound of black laughter . . . whatever you do dear be honest with me . . . tonight we are kings . . . yellow gal now panting smooth rump pressed full into dark loam earth . . . kereep . . . we shall rule the world . . . Spence to hell . . . night gentle darkness hid us from our wrong we who are young and drunk . . . pass now the nigger church with its plain glass windows and tin roof . , . rise shine give Lord the glory glory . . . kereep . . . Dolph you simple

sonofabitch . . . rich proud drunken laughter of youth . . . sing we won't get home until morning . . . heard the rush of wind from the river and the whisper in the meadow grass . . . kereep . . . walk a straight line . . . from here to Timbuktu . . . sing the Rotterdam Dutch and the Potsdam Dutch . . . we are invincible . . . sound of drunken feet on loose gravel . . . send down your mighty legions oh moon god oh night spirit we have hearts of oak . . . kereep . . . pass now the marsh where sand crabs sleep in soft mud holes . . . now stop and take a leak . . . streams patter on the ground into the cool moist earth ... quiet now ... kereep ... quiet ... go to hell ... now down the road past the field to the dirty brick building . . . seventy toss drowsily in worried slumber . . . sixty-eight . . . stifled laughter . . . quiet now . . . kereep . . . quiet!

They climbed up the fire escape and balanced on a ledge outside the second story hallway. Two shadows, they climbed over a window sill and into the building. Stealthy footpads down the hallway and whispered farewells.

"G'night, you sot!"

Art reeled heavily to his bunk and undressed. He stood naked on the cold floor and gazed out into the night. The moon bathed the lawn in its cool silver drunken glow. Far off the sleepy murmur of the gentle river breeze. The boy lurched into bed and stiffened suddenly. Instantly there was a low dull sickening roll of the bunk, and the window tottered dangerously. He tried to stop the dreadful motion by focusing his eye on one point, but the point gyrated like a fallen planet. There was a dull pulsing in his ears, blood rushed madly to his brain, and his stomach heaved thickly. He closed his eyes and felt the cold sweat on his body. He buried his face in the pillow, but the eye-shut darkness whirled and turned slowly within his mind. Again the sickening, monstrous heaving of his stomach. Minutes of this, and agony.

Art leaped up suddenly, hand over his mouth, and his face was pale and

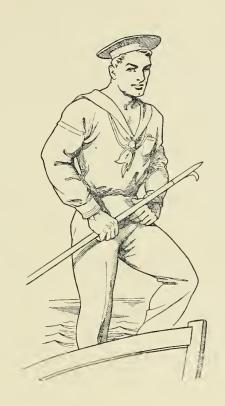
wet with nausea. He leaned far out over the window sill and retched violently—once, twice, three times—deep convulsive tremors that seemed to shake his very soul. Hoarse, wracking emptiness and fullness, again, pouring out his entrails on the ground. Then it stopped, and he felt better. He went back to bed, trembling with weak gasping sobs.

His demon had fled, but his power, his consuming, exultant power was gone.

Far-off sound of deep breathing of sleep-troubled boys and a drunken voice. The song of praise welling up from sleep-drugged drunken darkness.

Praise and honor, O wine glutted, staggering god. We have drunk deeply from the cup and have felt your secret, subtle power flowing through our blood and stealing into the valleys of our mind. Young and happy, we have rejoiced in your magic potion and have rushed down country roads in the springtime with a song on our lips. With you to lead us, spirit, we had no cause to fear. There were none that could harm us; we were intrepid, bold, daring. We were unafraid. You took us away from the monotony and bitter transiency of the everyday life and made us forget. When you were with us, we saw niggers dancing, and it was beautiful; we saw the little church and it was a silver cathedral beneath the moon; the breeze from the river was a symphony, and we were jubilant in the joy of living. For we were pained, meek, and simple, and we knew nothing; you came to us with the elixir of power and we were exalted. We were above the earth and the earth did not matter. . . . O bounteous and empty spirit, who gives us pleasure and forsakes us: we shall remember you when we are old. Then we shall remember our youth, and the distant sound of a lone guitar.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



Printing styles and the trend in type faces are constantly changing, but Service and High Quality are unvarying in the production of all printing in our large plant.

We have been growing for 57 years ... serving the manufacturing, trades, education, and professional leaders in North Carolina and the South.

PRINTING
PUBLISHING
BOOK BINDING

THE SEEMAN PRINTERY
INCORPORATED
DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

JOKES?

JOKES?



"I got a date with a kangaroo, dearie."

He had stolen a hurried kiss.

"Don't you know any better than that?" she demanded indignantly.

"Sure," he replied, "but they take more time."

—Syracusan.

There she sat, surrounded by a score of admirers. Her beauty was beyond description, but naughty men frightened away the less intrepid. As the music started again, the timid youth lurking in the background darted forward.

"Pardon me, Miss, may I have the next dance?"

"I'm sorry, but I never dance with children," she said with an amused smile.

"Oh, a thousand pardons!" he said, "I didn't know your condition."

-Punch Bowl.

Chief Adams: I found a feather in my sausage this morning.

Chief Gant: It must have been a bird dog.

First Chronicle reporter: "Why is that man over there snapping his fingers?"

Second Sot: "He's a deaf mute with the hiccups."

Maw: Hey William, get father's hat out of that mud hole.

William: I can't, he has it strapped under his chin.

-Texas Ranger.

In the days of Queen Elizabeth, 'tis said, some of the ladies liked to curl up with a good book, while others preferred simply to curl up with one of the pages.

WHAT THE GIRLS OF ALL NATIONS SAY THE MORNING AFTER

Italian Girl: "Now you will hate me."

Spanish Girl: "For this I shall love you always."

Russian Girl: "My body has belong to you, but my soul shall remain free."

German Girl: "After we rest awhile, maybe we go to beer stube, Jah?"

Swedish Girl: "I tank I go home. French Girl: "For zis I get a new dress, oui?"

Colored Girl: "Boss, I sho hopes dis changes yo luck."

Chinese Girl: "I hope I've given you some new slants."

English Girl: "It was rather pleasant, really. We must try it again sometime, don't you know."

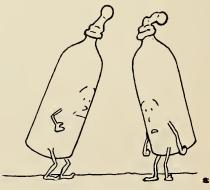
American Girl: "My God, I must have been drunk. What did you say your name was?"

There was a young lady of Trent Who said that she knew what it meant When men asked her to dine—

Gave her cocktails and wine.

She knew what it meant—but she went.

-Frivol.



"Darling, I've been sterilized."

JOKES?

JOKES?

It Says Here

A gentleman on being informed that he was the proud father of triplets, was so overjoyed by the news that he rushed immediately to the hospital, where his wife and newly arrived family were, and rushed pellmell into the room.

"Don't you know better than to come in here in germ-filled clothes." said the nurse. "You're not sterile."

He looked at her for a moment and then said. "Lady, are you telling me!"

-Urchin.

"A burglar broke into our sorority house last night."

"What did he get?"

"Practice."

-Pelican.

Two girls by the river were kneeling To disrobe, for the swim they were stealing;

Said the owl in the tree—

"How'd you like to be me?

When the belles of the village are peeling?"

-Judge.

"I think when Bill and I are married we'll go to Bali Bali and see what it's like."

"Don't be silly, it's the same everywhere."

-Banter.

lleadline in Boston Globe:
AUSSIES THROW TANKS
AT JAPS

Ye Gods! What East wouldn't do for men like THAT!

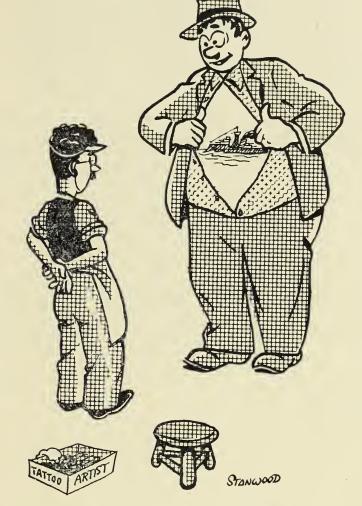
Irate Co-ed: "Hey, what're you following me for? Didn't you ever see anyone like me before?"

Frosh: "Yeah. But I had to pay a quarter."

-Cornell Widow.

Definition of a cookie: A virgin doughnut.

-Coast Guard Magazine.



"Can ya' convert 'er into a submarine, so I can't see 'er no more?"

He: "I could dance like this all night."

She: "So could I, but I think the chaperones are watching us."

- Lehigh Bachelor.

Mary had a little skirt,

She stood against the light;

Who gives a damn

For Mary's lamb

With Mary's calves in sight!

— The Log

Virtue is learned at mother's knee, but vice at some other joint.

-Rammer Jammer.

"My man," she said, "can you tell me whether this is a female hippopotamus or a male hippopotamus?"

Then the worm turned. The keeper eyed the lady coldly. His tone was metallic.

"Madam," he said, "I don't see how that could interest anyone but a hippopotamus."

Sunday School Teacher: "And why did Noah take two of each kind of animal into the ark?"

Bright Child: "Because he didn't believe the story about the stork."



YOU

WILL FIND AT

O'BRIANT'S MUSIC STORE

- Latest Records
- Musical Instruments
- Guaranteed Service on All Make Radios
- Friendly Service

F-6261

109 W. Parrish St.

Stationery
Calling Cards
Invitations

Get them done at

Durham Printery, Inc.

210 May Street



Ram 'Er, Cap'n

(Continued from Page 11)

submarine remained afloat, and its crew was returning the Buchanan's fire. Shell after shell ripped into the old ship's deck cargo. Splinters and fragments flew everywhere. Suddenly the gun pan from which the Navy crew was firing became silent. The four-incher had been knocked out.

The first mate ran to the captain, who was shouting down from the bridge through his megaphone at a fire party. "Cap'n! Cap'n! Now's our chance! She can't move! She can't! Ram 'er, for God's sake!" The captain called the order to the steersman and the Buchanan bore down upon its adversary. The enemy, firing its deck gun wildly, now seemed stunned into silence as it watched its approaching doom. The first mate yelled almost hysterically as he saw some of them dive overboard into the With a tremendous clanking noise the Buchanan knifed into the U-boat and shook violently. Halting momentarily, she regained herself and pushed on.

The first mate stood on the stern of his ship and listened to the screams of the struggling Germans in the water several hundred yards away. Then he saw a great bubbling and watched the conning tower with the large black cross on it rise into the air and then slowly slip beneath the surface. At last he could hear no screams and could distinguish nothing in the water as the Buchanan plowed on towards its destination.

Send

The

ARCHIVE

Home

Misty

(Continued from Page 15)

the country home where he played as a boy.

She asked, "What muskrat?"

Randy was surprised by this question but answered, "You know, dear. The one with the foot missing. Remember?"

Justine just laughed then, but this and other similar conversations disturbed her greatly. If it had only happened once or twice, she might have believed that he just could not remember what he had already told her about his boyhood. But when it happened again and again, she became convinced that he really believed she was Misty.

If it had not been for her brooding and worrying, Justine might have lived. But she died, just as if she had finally slipped into the fantastic world of which she had come to believe she was a part.

Justine had been right in her idea that Randy knew her only as Misty. He, too, had been obsessed with an idea but his whole life had been adjusted to it. Misty was a part of his life, but he did not live his life entirely in her world. Justine had hoped desperately even just before she died that something would shock Randy into the realization that he loved Justine Holly, not the idealistic imaginary Misty.

Now Randy walked down the street toward a large white house where Justine had lived. There she was laid out in her coffin. Randy lifted his head and looked around. With the death of Justine, Misty had died also. For the first time in eighteen years Randy was living in a real world.

MARXMEN PREFERRED

She was just a Communist's daughter, and everyone got his share.

 $--Voo\ Doo.$

"Does your husband snore in his sleep?"

"I ean't tell. He hasn't slept yet; we've only been married a few days." —Sour Owl.



Dot Hyland, Pi Beta Phi, is all ready for the coming spring formals. Here, being escorted by Herb Smith, S.A.E., she looks charming in a cherry-red net evening dress. The top is trimmed in taffeta with a net neefall off the shoulders.

Be correct; get your formals at

ROBBINS' FASHION CENTER



We Serve You

$\stackrel{The}{\mathrm{U}\ \mathrm{N}\ \mathrm{I}\ \mathrm{O}\ \mathrm{N}\ \mathrm{S}}$

East and West Campus Dining Halls • Sandwich Shop

For Corsages and Flowers which look nicer and last longer

go to

HIBBERD Florist

Corner Parrish and Corcoran Sts.

After a lovely evening a trio of businessmen started to bid a lovely celebrity goodnight.

"Just a moment, where are you from?" asked the gorgeous girl of the first of the trio.

"I'm from the East, Madam," was the reply.

"Very well; you may kiss my right hand." She turned to the second fellow—"And where are you from?"

"The West, madam," declared he enthusiastically and kissed her left hand.

Next was our hero's turn. "And you?" she inquired.

"Ah refuse to answer, Ma'm," came the reply in a rich Southern drawl.

-Medley.

We had been discussing that peculiar function of the human mind known as memory. The guy on my left said, "Well, I remember when I first began to talk."

The guy on my right countered, "Hell! That's nothing! I remember when I was born."

I looked scornfully from one to the other and then said, "I've got you both beaten. I remember when I went to a New Year's Eve party with my father and came home with my mother!"

You're Always

Welcome

at

WALGREEN'S

With Painful Steps and Slow

(Continued from Page 16)
came back through the fields with
Spot. Home again, home is the
hunter, home from the hill.

No, it was not the way, not the way to prove that he was right and the words on the discharge papers were wrong. The capsules felt wet and sticky on his palm, and he opened his hand and let them fall through his fingers into the water. It was a small sound, a small splash in a million other splashes, but in it was the gay easy laughter of an old man and his son, and he knew that someday his father would know and understand, and his mother's love would be more than a mother's forgiving love.

His breath came fast, and he felt the blood swelling through his muscles. The light in the window was warm and weleoming, and he didn't feel the pain in his leg as he started back across the meadow toward the house.

Here lies the bones of Nancy Jones. For her life held no terrors. Born a maid, died a maid, No hits, no runs, no errors.

Med Student (to colored woman, during clinic): "Have you ever been X-rayed?"

Colored Woman: "Naw, sir, but I have been ultra-violated."

EAST MEETS WEST

at the

Tavern

For Fine Food Amid Pleasant Surroundings, Visit

The Tavern

in the

Washington Duke Hotel

ASSORTED

TID-BITS

BEAUTY FADES

Little birdie, in the tree, Trilling notes so prettily-Plumage gay, such delicate hues; Dashing red, and aqua blues. Your music thrills me;

I just stare At your quivering beauty perching there. Gosh, you're putry.

Sing some more,

And I shall dream. . . . (wup) Damn you, bird!

-G, W.

A TIP, GIRLS

Let others dream to see their love Come down a marble stair In gracious, flowing, formal gown With flowers in her hair.

Let others dream to greet their maids In twilight shadowed wood, To have the moor come just as close To touch them if it could.

Let others wish to see their loves In scenes for poets' rime My love looks fairer far to me Just meeting me on time!

-Purple Parrot.

PASSION KISS

She kissed me with fervor, she kissed me with feeling:

She seemed glad to see me, she kissed me so well.

She kissed me again till my senses were reeling.

And my collar and tie were so carmine as hell.

In the station a number of people were waiting-

They witnessed the kissing with interest plain

It seemed to amuse them, the warm

Of dear old Aunt Susie from Kennebunk, Maine.

-Kitty Kat

The Strange Case of the Wise Lover

Now You Know All **About Editors**

(with apologies to Ogden Nash)

By DAVE FICK

Phineas Winsome was a wise lover.

He knew a sexed woman from a vexed woman and a shiver from a dither.

He knew which end of the bottle a girl should drink from, and enough to get out of the front seat in his car.

At the age of two he had mastered the principles of comparative anatomy.

When attacked by intoxication he spent several unsobering hours riding the pink kangaroos and multiplying their number of jumps by the thirteenth root of seventy-one and dividing by the cube root of one hundred and three and one ninth.

He could tell anyone who would listen why it is that only male orangutangs should have the slightest interest in female orangntangs.

Or, if they didn't, why they didn't.

He knew the difference between a strapless and a slapless woman and a drooper and a trooper and how to tell if a woman was pregnant.

Phineas Winsome was a wise lover.

He knew his girl's mother.

He was all set.

He said he was the wise lover that knew its own girl's mother, and he was all set.

Governor Broughton said Oh he was, was he, and how about the girl is daughter of

You should have seen Phineas Winsome's

He said he was going to get drunk to figure it out.

He did.

He said Governor Broughton knew how it was about repartee, you never could think of anything to say until you get inebriated.

Then it came over you in a flash.

Governor Broughton just giggled and went off to confuse the administration.

Phineas Winsome fell down to unperplex this perplexation.

He said I am the wise lover that knows its girl's mother.

Now it seems that I am also father of a mother's daughter.

That means me after I have passed through adolescence and entered maturity.

Therefore I am father of a mother's daughter's mother.

Therefore I am my own daughter.

But I know my own daughter and she's

Maybe I had better ask her to make cer-

He did and she said she didn't think she

She looked and she wasn't.

He added that brothers and sister she had none of, but Phineas Winsome's girl's mother's daughter was his father's son's daughter, too.

That only involved his father.

Then Phineas Winsome realized that he was not yet a man, so he could not yet be his own daughter.

Furthermore when he got to be a man he wouldn't be a child, and it was a child that the man was to be the daughter of.

Still furthermore when he got to be a man he wouldn't be a wise lover, so he wouldn't know his daughter anymore.

The child that she was now but wouldn't be when she was a woman would be his daughter's daughter's mother.

The daughter he wouldn't know anymore would be himself.

So he wouldn't know himself anymore.

By this time he didn't care if he didn't.

He got drnnk again and ate worms instead of riding pink kangaroos.

He attracted much unfavorable attention in the neighborhood by trying to get an elephant to play a French horn.

He grew up to be a fly swatter salesman and had twenty-eight children.

One day they all came to him and asked how about the girl is daughter of their

Phineas Winsome got inebriated.





The Archive

February, 1944

The Cover

"Mares eat oats and does eat oats, And little lambs eat ivy...."

And even an engineer could figure ont in just a minute that our cover girl is one of the most tempting looking little lambs that ever tasted ivy. For the information of the new men on campus, she is Miss Dorothy (Dottie) Hyland, '46, N.R.O.T.C. Battalion Sponsor and Navy beauty queen. You men who were here last semester just sit back and drool; you've seen her already.

THE ARCHIVE is proud to present Miss Hyland as its first cover girl of the year. We assigned our photographer to get a picture of a beauty queen in an informal pose, but we didn't expect anything like this, which goes to show you that Marilyn McClure's ability doesn't stop with photography. She knows a tender lamb when she sees one.

We wouldn't be surprised if the whole V-12 Unit unanimously voted Dottie "the girl I'd like most to date on a cabin party"—the staff has been talking it over, and it seems there's no question as far as they are concerned.

And while we are speaking of Miss Hyland and cover girls, let us go on to covers in general. We would like to have the opinions of our readers on a number of questions, including the cover. Do you like the previous formal covers, the arty photographs, or the beauty queen covers? Just drop a little card to the Editor with your ideas and suggestions; they will be welcomed. We won't promise to do just exactly what everyone suggests, but we will do our best to give you what the majority wants. This goes for stories, poems, cartoons and pictures inside the magazine, too. (The editorial staff reserves the right to choose and edit the jokes.)

And so, until next month, here's hoping you enjoy the magazine as much as you enjoyed the cover.



STAFF

EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS:

Rex Brannan Bill Gillen

Nat Beaman

Ann Fountain

Missy Johnston

Bill Buchanan

Ned Martin

Loring Fountain

Jackie Lewis

Walter Scott

Dot Hyland

Austin Knight

Sandy Tecklin

Frank Bliss

Ray Lopez

Jim Perry

Dee Gentner

Business Assistants:

Bob Cowin

Mary Nelson Freels

Peggy Heim

Peggy Bacon

Newton Angier

Ann Harrell

Bill Becker

EAST MEETS WEST

at the

Tavern

For Fine Food Amid
Pleasant Surroundings,
Visit

The Tavern

in the

Washington Duke Hotel

THE ARCHIVE

VOLUME LVII

February, 1944

Number 5

In This Issue

By Juliana Dysartpage	2
The Little Man By Genevieve Collinspage	5
Polling the Boudoir Buddies Lyrics: Bill Scaulon, Music: Frank Millerpage	6
Should Auld Acquaintance By Robert Scottpage	7
Poetry By Anne Flexnerpage	8
Duchess of the Monthpage	9
The Black Man's Burden By Bobbie Millpage	10
SCRATCHING THE SURFACEpage	12
Jokes? Jokes? Jokes?	20

STAFF

DAVE FICK, Editor
Bud Peterson, Associate Editor
Snow Ethridge, Coed Editor
Didi Dunphey, Art Editor

HARTSELL CASH, Business Mgr.
JIM STOW, Associate Bus. Mgr.
AUDREY HANCE, Coed Bus. Mgr.
DOTTIE GROOME, Advertising Mgr.

A Monthly Literary Magazine Published by the Students of Duke University, Durham, North Carolina

The publication of articles on controversial topics does not necessarily mean that the Editor or the University endorses them.

Notice of Entry: "Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917. Authorized December 4, 1924."

Entered as second-class mail matter at the Postoffice at Durham, N. C.

Lise and Peter were walking down to their secret place in a corner of the long lawn that sloped back from the house. Peter led the way, hopping from flagstone to flagstone.

''Step-on-a-crack-break-a-mother's-back.''

"Don't, Peter!"

In the corner, willow branches trailed among the asters. In front were dark, npright blades where iris had bloomed in the spring, and closest of all, low clumps of alyssum edging the walk

"Be careful, Peter, we mustu't step on the iris because Mommie planted them."

Peter tiptoed, wobbly, but obedient, through the flower bed and ducked among the willow fronds into the little triangle beyond. Here grass and clover growing tall and undisturbed made, with the corner of the garden wall, a hidden nook. It was a secret of theirs, only Momnie had known about it. Peter plumped down on his stomach and propped his hands under his chin. Lise sat cross-legged.

"Now we can come here whenever we want to, and nobody will know where we are. You have to promise not to tell. Peter."

"Promise," Peter nodded.

Lise began to pull at the grass, slipping out the inner stem and biting off the soft white end. "Peter, do you know who's coming today?"

"The yellow hair lady and Daddy said we can call her Measle, and she's going to live in our house and...."

"Michele, not Measle—Peter do you know what a stepmother is? Remember the one in the "Little Three Eyes" story, the one that made Two-Eyes go out in the snow to get strawberries?"

Peter remembered. He sat up, "I don't want her. Don't want a step-mother. I only want Daddy and Mommie. Lise, when am I going to see Mommie again?" Peter's eyes were getting shiny with tears.

Lise wished Peter were older so she wouldn't have to explain so often. "Not ever, Peter—but listen, she can see us. From up there in heaven she can see us and she still loves us."

Through the Gate

By JULIANA DYSART

Lise is a little girl with a broken heart and a host of lovely memories. You'll like her.

"Where?"

"Oh, up there in the sky."

"She does? Does Mommie live on a cloud? What does she look like up there, Lise—does she look sick? That night she looked sick—I was scared, Lise."



Lise stared at Peter. Did he remember, too? She could never forget that night, Mommie's white face and big dark eyes. They hadn't told her what was wrong. They had just said, "Come kiss your mother 'Good night." Father had been there at the foot of the bed and the room had smelled like medicine. Mommie had

held her hand tight and looked at her a long time and had whispered, "I love you, darling." The nurse had taken Lise then tiptoeing out. But Lise had known something was wrong. Later she had slipped out of her room again and crept down the stairs in her bare feet. Standing just outside the door she had heard Mommie saying in that strange, whispery voice, "Don't let them forget me, John. Promise me, not ever." Suddenly she had known. Pushing in through the door, she had cried, "Mommie, oh, Mommie!"

The nurse had carried her back that time and sat by the bed while she lay sobbing into her wet pillow.

"You remember," Lise now said to Peter. "Peter, we must come here all the time and talk about Mommie, so we can't ever forget. Promise, Peter, you won't ever . . . not ever!"

"Promise," said Peter, his eyes round and solemn.

"And we've got to hate Michele cause she made Daddy forget. Say you will hate her, Peter."

"Yes," said Peter. "Will she make us get strawberries in the snow? I'll tell Daddy, he won't—"

"Shh!"

Marthe's voice came calling from the back of the house, "Le-e-e-ese, Pete-er."

When Marthe went back in, Lise took Peter's hand, "C'mon, we've got to get cleaned up now." They went back up the lawn in the hot sun.

Marthe herded them into the doorway when they heard the car in the drive. Lise stood with her hands behind her back, her mouth tight. She had on her brown dress that made her look brown and skinny like a monkey; she wouldn't let Marthe put on her pink one.

They came up the walk, Michele and her father. Michele's grey coat billowed back from her shoulders, and her hair blew long, light and shiny in the sun and wind. "Blonde!" thought Lise. There was something not very nice about blondes, jokes about them—"out with a blonde." Mommie's hair had been black, curled close to her head.

Father had his hand on Michele's arm, and held his hat on with the other. He kept looking down at Michele and laughing; he looked happy.

"Daddy, Daddy!" Peter yelped, and ran to grab him around the knees.

Father kissed Peter and caught him up. "Peter," he said "say 'Hello' to Michele."

Peter glanced "Hello," and turned back, "Daddy, did you bring me. . . . "

"Later, Pete." He sat down to kiss Lise. "Lise, we've come home."

"Hello, Daddy. How do you do."
Lise kept her hands behind her back.
She saw the corner of her father's
mouth pull and that hart look come
in his eyes, but she didn't care.

That hart look came often in his eyes after that. Lise was carefully polite, but she didn't laugh or talk much any more. They were alone now, she and Peter.

At night after they had gone to bed, Lise would talk to Peter in the quiet darkness of the nursery. "Remember how we used to sit under the locust tree by the bird bath, and Mommie used to read to us out of the red fairy-tale book and Raggedy Ann and The House at Pooh Corner?"

"That was best," said Peter.

"Remember the day you found that little green toad under the bird bath, and we called him Skip-looey, and Mommie showed us how he caught flies."

"I know, like this." Peter darted his tongue in and out and smacked loudly.

"Once we found an oriole's nest in the willow tree, like a little hammock and Mommie lifted us up to see the eggs."

"I want a bed like that. A little old hammoek so I can go swing—



swing—swing—'' Peter often got off the subject.

One night Lise talked about the days after Mommie got sick, when they used to go in and sit on the foot of her bed and play the "Land of Counterpane." It had been raining gently outside that night and the moonlight came in through the window, pale, misty-soft, mingling with the shadows of the room. Peter could remember his mother's face sick and white, but now she seemed strange and far away. Peter said suddenly, "Lise, don't talk about Mommie any more, I'm scared."

Later that night Lise woke to hear Peter calling, sobbing, "Lise, Lise, she's coming to take me with her. Mommie's coming to take me. Oh I don't want to. It's cold up there, oh Lise, Lise," He stood up against the white bars of his little bed, and the wind, cold and rain-wet, blew in from the open window.

Father was gone that night, but suddenly Miehele was there, to turn on the lamp, to close the window, to say soothingly, "Peter, Peter, it was all a dream."

Her hair shone gold in the lamplight; she was warm and glowing and real. Peter went into her arms and clung there, sobbing softer, slower, till at last he was still.

Lise turned with her face to the wall as though she were sleeping, but she lay stiff, her eyes wide.

After that she was all alone. Peter was completely won over. He laughed and played with Michele through the warm blue afternoons of Indian summer, sailing boats in the lily pond, swinging under the locust tree.

Not that they didn't include her. Michele stopping her car in the drive to call "Who will come shopping with me," said first, "Won't you come, Lise." then, "Want to, Petey?"

Peter ran whooping and clambered up to stand on the seat beside Michele. He waved as they went down the drive, but Lise was busy, tossing the ball against the brick wall and catching it again. When they came back and Peter scrambled ont, calling "Lickrish, lickrish," there was a stick for Lise too, but she left it untouched on the doorstep.

Peter never told about the secret place, but he never went there now. Lise often lay there alone in the dry grass and looked up into the sky.

The leaves fell from the willow and from the poplars and the locust. Lise went back to school, but she was still alone. Though Marthe kept cookies ready just in case, she never brought anyone home with her. Lise could feel a hard lump inside which made it hard to talk to other people. Even running and laughing on the schoolground, she could not quite forget. And when things went wrong it was as though the ache inside her grew and swelled until she was engulfed in misery. Once she could have come crying, "Mommie, Mommie, the wind has blown all the petals off the red rose and now its green and ugly-Mommie, my ball is lost, it went 'way over the hedge and I can't find it anywhere. It's gone." Now there was no one who understood.

At school, arithmetic days were worst. Mother used to help her with her addition, pinning slips of paper with sums written on them all over the house, where Lise would see them; on curtains, on pillows, on Lise's tcddy bear, even on the tail of Marthe's apron till Lise would roll on the floor in giggles. But it had helped. Now she struggled alone.

The class did speed tests one afternoon, and Lise could not finish in time. She had to stay after school doing them over and over, rows of sums across the page. Miss Hansen stood before the desk, tall, angular, forbidding, a watch in her hand. "Now" she would say, and Lise would begin, struggling to finish. The fives were nice numbers, and so were the twos, but nines were hateful figures which never made even answers. As she grew more nervous, it got harder and harder; the nines glowered from the paper, and she couldn't remember what eight and seven are. When Miss Hansen called "Stop!" Lise was not done. They

went over and over it. At last Lise dissolved in tears. "Well," said Miss Hansen, "we'll have no cry-babies in here. You may go Elise." Lise stumbled out to get her coat, and left in a glimmering maze of tears.

When she came in to dinner that night, there were still pink traces on her cheeks, and her father noticed. "Hello, Lise, how was school today?"

"Oh, all right."

"Something go wrong?"

"No."

"Sure?" He smiled the familiar smile that said, "Oh well, it's not really so bad. Let's hear all about it."

"No, nothing, nothing." She turned away.

Something in her father's face broke, "Look here, Lise, this has been going on day after day. I want you to tell me what it is that's troubling you. It's not right for you—"

Lise broke away, running up the stairs, and from the top, glancing back, she saw her father's face.

Lise would not come down to eat any supper that night. She had a room of her own now, and she lay there on the bed sobbing. Later when it had been dark a long time, Michele came in with a glass of pale yellow eggnog sprinkled with nutmeg and cookies on a blue plate. Lise refused them, turning her face away, but Michele left them beside her bed. Lise could smell the cookies warm and spicy. She was really hungry. After a long time, she turned over and nibbled a cookie. The eggnog looked cool and foamy. She sipped a little, and in a minute it was gone. But she was still weak and dizzy from so much crying, and gulping it so quickly was not good. Suddenly she was very, very, sick. She barely got down the hall in time. Lise crept quietly back and sat on the edge of the bed. She thought of Michele slipping quietly up at night to put the drink by her bed—of the eggnog all foamy with brown flecks on top. And she thought of the stepmother in "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs'' who brought her stepdaughter an apple. It was a terrible dark thought. Lise lay back icy cold and listened to the wind blowing the branches, tapping against the window for a long time before she fell into uncasy sleep.

After that, Lise ate less and less, her eyes were wider than ever in her pointed brown face. She sat quite still by the window long hours at a time with one of her story books in her lap. Even Christmas failed to light a joy within her. Watching Michele and Peter laughing about the tree, Lisc remembered Mommie in the early falling dusk of Christmas Eve telling them the story of the Christ Child in the manger, Mommie, kissing Daddy under mistletoe in the doorway, Mommie with a spring of holly in her hair, pinning the star on the topmost tip of the tree. Michele didn't understand about the decorations. A little green glass swan with a broken tail was Lise's special ornament, she always hung it her very own self. It was a funny, shabbylooking thing, and Michele, not knowing, had pushed it back in a pile of shattered silver balls and mangy tinsel. When Lise saw it, she picked the little swan up and carried it up to her room, holding it carefully.

One spring night, Lise, having scarcely touched her supper as usual, went up to bed still hungry. She decided to slip back down and get one of Marthe's cookies. Going past the study, she could hear Michele and her father talking, and she stopped when she heard her name.

"If only Lise would talk to me, but it's no use, John—I just can't reach her and she's so unhappy. I've failed, oh, darling, I've failed you so miserably."

Father was comforting her, "Dear, dearest, there was nothing more you or anyone—I don't know what to do, but it can't go on like this. School or no school, I'm going to take Lise ont to the country."

Lise went back upstairs and thought it over. It didn't make much difference, but she would like getting away from the changed house, from Michele.

So Lise was sent to her grand-mother's.

Grandmother's house was a story-(Continued on Page 14)

The Little Man

By GENEVIEVE COLLINS

Mrs. Jorgenson was the mystery of the town, and the little man knew all about her . . .

The LITTLE MAN lived just across L the street. She saw him every morning as she stepped out to get the milk. He would look up from his hoeing and eall, "Good morning, Mrs. Jorgenson.' She would answer, "Good morning." She didn't know his name, and it never occurred to her to wonder how he knew hers. She was used to adulation and recognition. She expected it. Humming cheerfully she would step back into the white brick cottage, and the little man-or the other neighbors-would probably not see her until the next morning. At various times a large black sedan—always the same car would pull up before the house and a tall dark man would ring the bell and disappear through the door. After an hour or so he always left, always seeming in a hurry. None of the neighbors knew him. So the days passed, and at the end of three months, her neighbors knew no more about her than they had at the end of the first day. She never seemed to work, she seldom went out. Her house was expensively simple, and the same man came often. People drew their own conclusions.

Every morning the little man would get up at six to work in his garden so that he would be sure to see her when she eame to get the milk.

One day when she was downtown shopping, weighted with bundles, she heard the man next to her ask, "May I help you, Mrs. Jorgenson?" She stared at him uncomprehendingly. Then she remembered. It was the little man. She smiled suddenly. "Of course," she said, "and thanks

just awfully." He led her to the car, piled her bundles in, and opened the front door for her. "You're very kind, Mr.—" And then she remembered that she didn't know his name. His kindness saved her. "Eustace," he said. "Mr. Eustace," she repeated. "No. Eustace is my first name." "Oh," she replied inadequately. They drove the rest of the way in silence. He helped her out and carried her packages to the door. On impulse she turned to him. "Won't you come in to tea? You've been so kind."

He seemed somehow out of place in the soft velvety luxurious little room. He tried to balance his tea cup on one knee and remained sitting in embarrassed silence. She felt the tension and seemed powerless to overcome it. All her efforts at conversation dwindled off into nothingness. She tried to imagine what would interest a shy little man with sandy grey hair and kind eyes behind thick glasses. He however seemed content merely to sit and absorb the rich darkness of her beauty, for which the room was so perfect a setting. At last he rose to go. She accompanied him to the door. "Thank you for the tea," he said. "Thank you for your help," and then feeling this inadequate, "You must come again." His face lighted suddenly, surprisingly. "May 1?" "Of course. Any time." "Tomorrow?" Disconcerted she said "Yes. Certainly. Tomorrow."

And after a while the neighbors grew to accept that too—the little man, crossing over to the brick cottage at precisely 4:30 every after-

noon. He became as much a part of her life as the tall man in the black automobile. The relationship was easier now, and she enjoyed listening to him talk sometimes in the afternoon. Often he would stop, not conseiously but just as if he had forgotten what he was saying, and look at her. At first she found this habit disconcerting, but after a time she came to enjoy his obvious appreciation of her beauty. He spoke mostly of literature to her-often poetry of which he was inordinately fond-and sometimes he read to her. She found pleasure in hearing his quiet voice with its depth of feeling. Once he read to her from the Rubáiyat:

"Come, Beloved, fill the cup that clears

Today of past Regrets and future Fears."

She was oddly embarrassed, and that night she cried for the first time in years. The black car still stopped oecasionally before the cottage, but it came less often now. Then, one evening while she and the little man were having tea together, he came. He pushed past the little man as if he did not exist. "Eugenie," he said. "This nonsense has got to stop. Kitty's gone to Europe, so there's no reason why you can't come back to the city. It's damned inconvenient having to come out here every time I want to see you, just to keep some fool gossips from talking." He left after a while. Only after he had gone, she realized that the little man had quietly disappeared during the conversation.

In the darkness she sat on the porch. All around her she could feel the depressing blackness of the night. Then she heard footsteps. She didn't bother to get up. She knew what it was. He stood before her.

"I—" he said, "I just wanted to —I—Yon wouldn't marry me would you?—" and hurried down the shadowed walk almost before she could burst into laughter. She laughed, laughter poured from her throat, drowning her in its waves of hysteria. She laughed loud and heartily—and wondered suddenly why she was erying.

Polling the Boudoir Buddies

Lyrics: BILL SCANLON

Music: FRANK MILLER

One day the girls on East were accosted by two sassy engineers carrying around reams of printed matter that turned out to be floor plans of all of the dormitories on East. We were tripped up with a sevenfoot "poll" and as we lay on the ground with our noses dusting the cement, were asked in a most polite way to please sign our names by our room number in Bassett. We did and asked no questions, and as a result were numbered among the "cooperative" co-eds on East. For this we give thanks and also for the polling results printed below. We were told later that this poll proves without a shadow of a doubt that Miss Wilson is foudest of 103 Brown and that four girls over on East live in tents. The other results are equally as enlightening.

Co-Ed Editor's Note.

(Anthor's note: Any similarity of this poll to any other poll is purely coincidental, and all the other guy's fault!)

This is intended to be the biggest L exposé of East Campus since the night they took the shades down to wash the windows. It was as unexpected as a "C" in calculus, started out as a joke, and will no doubt end up in the trash can, but here it is as full of apologies as the "Mix." Frankly, we don't know any more about how or why it started than the 235 co-eds who signed away their right to vote for Roosevelt or the other brave 600 who defiantly charged past us, seemingly immune to our threats to "tell Al Rountree about them. '' (A threat usually sufficient to set the shapeliest knees a 'knockin'.) The poll was originally taken on a plan of student resident houses; and each girl was asked to sign her name and room number in each of the respectable (1 mean "respective") houses. It was designed to prove to the writers, if not the readers, that East Campus is cooperative in the daytime. It is hoped (not by us, we're engineers) that West Campus will take its foot out of its mouth and put it in the door. (Paid Adv.)

In the course of the day, we were called "gentlemen" three times, and "fools" 235 times, all other superlatives being uttered by the brave six hundred who got away, two of whom challenged us to a duel with flyswatters at forty paces which we declined. Two hundred thirty-five were curious, and six hundred were inquisitive which proves that the difference between "curious" and "inquisitive" is approximately exactly 365-odd women

leap year or not. We found that women like to know "why?", but that the average lone co-ed, when accosted by two young men, (Kaf-kaf) doesn't ask as many questions as the 4 o'clock gym class.

On the whole, the girls were cooperative, but it wasn't easy we assure you; an fact, Mr. Miller had to give two IOU's on pairs of nylon hose before we could get two stubborn girls to sign. For the main inducement, we offered a prize to the most cooperative house, and the girls, who are not asked to make up their own beds, sweep their own floors, or wash their own windows, were more than willing to do something for good old Pegreen or Bassett or whatever the case may be. The prize is a good oldfashioned bean bag game, and it looks as if we are obliged to make duplicate awards as we promised each house faithfully that they would surely win the prize.

The reader may momentarily question the desirability of a bean bag game; but if one reflects for a moment, it will readily occur to him that beans are very scarce. With a furtive glance over my shoulder and in my very best bootleg manner, I shall point out that . . . sh-h-h-h . . . they're shipping them all overseas . . . just can't get them anywhere. When the reader also reealls the awkward silenee, the half-elosed door, and the lack of ashtrays in a Brown House side parlor, he realizes the need for a bean bag game. Suppose, for instance, that you are describing an encircling movement with illustrations to your frat brother's girl when (Perhaps this is a trifle incredible)

the house counselor walks in, looking for her eigarettes. What need for poise, when all you have to do is throw a bean bag over her head and say "eatch." A strong point with co-eds (I know this will be a blow.) was the fact that by simply replacing the beans with lead shot, the bean bag may be used as a Flatbush Persuader on the more amorous males. So much for the bean bag game; however, for safety's sake, we are compelled to answer each loyal co-ed's question of whose house won the eoveted bean bag game with a neutral "What type beans do you prefer?" (Apologies to the girl who thought I said "jeans.")

Now to get back to the poll and its startling revelations. Starting with Alspaugh and ending with Zymurgy, we release a few choice observations of the telephone habits of the Alspaugh girls. Did you know that the average Alspaugh girl when talking on the telephone assumes an angle of 48°50′ which has a cosine of 0.666666? Or that when talking to the pater, Alspaugh Annie uses a please - send me - thirty - dollars - for - a - meal book tone, which changes to a the meals - here - are - terrible - when are - we - going - out - to - eat - tone when the b.f. ealls. Said b.f. promptly counters at the other end with an is - your - meal - ticket - good in - graduate - dining - hall tone. Before we left Alspaugh, Mr. Miller also left his two IOU's, and Marge Lucke hit the nail on my head when I, upon learning that she lived on the second story, remarked that I was a good second-story man myself. She rebutted with "How are you on the

(Continued on Page 15)

TT WAS RAINING hard when I came out of the dormitory. I could see the long slanting lines of water as they crossed the patch of light made by the lamp over the door and I could hear the steady wet sound of the drops on the sidewalk. We hadn't been issued raincoats, so I had to run. Far down the campus the lights of the bus made a warm yellow glow through the slanting rain. I ran hard, dodging the puddles on the walk, feeling the jar run up through my body as my feet hit the concrete. My breath was coming harder when I swining up on the step. I fumbled in my pocket and brought out a dime. The sound of the bell was loud in the bus as the coin went through the slot. I took a front seat and looked around. The bus was almost empty. A couple of civilians and a sailor but no other Marines. I was a little disappointed; I didn't want to spend New Year's Eve alone. I settled back in the seat and tried to brush some of the rain spots off my uniform. The driver noticed me in the mirror and said, "Kinda wet out tonight, ain't it?" I said, "Yes," and he let it go at that.

The bus moved slowly, the tires

Should Auld Acquaintance

By ROBERT A. SCOTT

A Marine a long way from home, and lonesome

hissing on the road. The heater hummed drowsily and the warmth made me almost drowsy, too. "It's too hot in here," I thought. I was vaguely impatient to get to town.

I got off at the corner of Fort Avenne and 3rd Street. Halfway down the block the familiar neon "Red Top'' sign was indistinct through the rain. I ran for it. The big plate glass door was steamy with heat from the inside. I opened the door and went in, brushing the rain off my uniform. The place was deserted, except for two men playing pool at the last table; they talked in low voices exclaiming now and then as the balls clicked. Mike was leaning on the bar, he looked gloomy. I thought, "I'll have a beer and wait for some of the boys to come in." I said, "Lo, Mike, got any Budweiser in quarts?" He raised his big hand, thumb pointing over his shoulder. A card was leaning against the mirror NO BEER it said in irregular red letters. I said, "My God, no beer on New Year's Eve." I meant it for a joke, but Mike just looked at me so I turned around and reached for the door. "Well, I'll see you," I said. "Sure." I stood outside the door for a minute trying to decide where to go. I decided on Willard's. Some of the boys were bound to be there.

The rain had let up a little when I got up to Willard's but I was breathing hard from running anyway. I walked in and looked around the smoke-hazed room. The place was half lit and very noisy. In the back, somebody broke a beer bottle and a woman laughed; a high, tight, drunken sound. I looked around for somebody I knew. My eyes still weren't used to the dimness so I moved toward the back, threading through the crowd.

I didn't see anybody I knew; the place was full of soldiers. I turned around and started to walk out but a voice from a booth on the left said, "Hey, Marine." I turned around quick; it was a woman's voice—low and husky and somehow not quite flat. She was sitting in the booth and Joe Mouver was slumped across the table. I hadn't noticed him in the poor light. "He passed out on me," she said. I shook him, but I knew Joe. You couldn't wake him up. He'd come out of it in a couple of hours and be okay. I sat down and ordered beer and looked at her across the table. She looked back. Her eyes and hair were dark, her mouth small and full-lipped. She had a little mole over her left eyebrow and she was slightly drunk. Her eyes were calm as she looked at me. Very suddenly I wanted her terribly. I said, "This is a hellmva place to spend New Year's Eve."

"Yeah," she said.

I said, "Let's get out of here."
My voice sounded funny. She nodded
(Continued on Page 23)



Poetry by Anne Flexner

Anne Flexner is one of the most talented of East's writers and one of the most versatile. Here is some of her poetry.

My Definition of Poetry

Take the white tip of a swallow's wing, Soft, sentimental time of swing, Wind-brushed checks of a young girl, Ear of a Cocker ruffled with curl, Bare, black trees that scratch the sky, New-born robins learning to fly; All of these spell poetry to me, Even if Sandburg doesn't agree.

Roll Your Own

Have you ever rolled cigarettes
On horseback, on the top of Darlay,
Overlooking the water from Scope Bay?
And the wind is whipping and
Your soul longs too, to be up
And about—away in the blue.
And you roll your hope, wish, and desire
And nonchalantly set them on fire.
Then the smoke winds down, down in the bay,
And you watch your hope fade, fade away.

Spoiled

Pop anudder cookie in yo mouf, sugah, Yo Mamma's comin' in the front doah. Put anudder cookie in yo pocket, honey, Cause she won' let you eat no mo'. Yo Mamma, she know whut good fur you, But she don' spoil you lak Mammy do!

Hurry and finish dat cigarette, sugah, Ah hear yo Mamma's car doah slam. You kin smoke anudder day, honey, You know jest how yo Mamma am. Yo Mamma, she know wut good fur you, But she don' spoil you lak Mammy do!

Kiss dem boys goo'bye, sugah, Yo Mamma comin' up de walk. Slip dem out de back doah, honey, You know how yo Mamma talk. Yo Mamma, she know whut good fur you, But she don' spoil you lak Mammy do!

Clouds

Who has plowed the sky today, And left the clouds standing that way, Mound after mound of furrowed mist?

Debunking Virgil

"Aenacas was a pious man," says Virgil. "He took his little band with his Papa by the hand, And set out to find a brand new land," says Virgil. But I, I often wonder, as I ponder o'er the tale, If Aenaeas wasn't like any other male. Now look, he let his first wife just slip away, So at Carthage with Queen Dido he could play. And so he did—till he grew weary— Then ups and says, "So long, dearie, Old Jupe says I'm to be off to Rome, Cause there I'll find the folks a home. Don't think I wouldn't love to stay-Confound Jupe! He always has his way." So saying, he sailed on, as he knew how, Till he came to a land of pigs and sow, For by a propliccy uttered to him in Hell, He knew this was where the Trojans should dwell. Then one day Lavinia he sees— Down he goes, weak in the knees, And calls to someone for a drink of water, And to tell Latinus he wants his daughter. But then one of the Trojans was yet so bold, To whisper to Aenaeas what he had been told, That the fair Lavinia was promised to another, One King Turnus by name, or his brother. Then up sprang Aenaeas with a plan of his own, By which the fair Lavinia would sit on his throne. Of course, you know the outcome of this plight, How Turnus was killed in that famous fight, Thus Aenaeas won land and Lavinia's heart, And the Roman race got off to a start. And only after his third wife, Did Aenaeas lead a pious life.

Oh, Mr. Virgil, for shame, for shame, Why the pious with Aenaeas' name?

Duchess of the Month
Til Paty, '47



The Black Man's Burden

By BOBBIE MILL

A beautiful story, told in plain but touching words, about a lad who could not understand why the others didn't like him

I't was the first snow. The children ran happily around the playground shouting. "It's almost Christmas." It was such an exciting morning. Jeff Brown had been chosen out of the whole school to represent Middleville. It had not been much of a surprise to them. They thought all along that he stood a good chance. He had always been at the head of his class, but usually Bill Taylor had been able to give much better recitations than any of the others. This morning, however, he had faltered and stopped, unable to go on in the middle of his speech, while Jeff's voice had rung out clear and strong to the very end of his.

"Good, Jeff, good," Miss Smith had said, clapping her thin hands. The children had joined in with her. They were glad he had won. They were proud of him. Jeff's brown face had shone with pride and happiness. To think that he was the only colored boy in school and that he had won, and the others did not even mind. Why, the others were glad.

He could hardly wait to run home—to the back of his parents' store, The Variety Shop, where he lived, and tell them about it. This year it was especially important that Middle-ville win the Gold Cup for Recitation from Riverside, where it had been held for three years by a conceited, fat, red-headed girl, because it was understood that the principal had promised to do something special. If all went well, it would be done for Jeff.

There had always been a rivalry between the two little towns. Riverside pretended to be so exclusive with its big hotel and the new factory which had been built only a short time before to make airplane parts. Riverside had grown in population, but they were not people who would stay and help the town. They were all the strange people who came in great swarms and lived in trailers or small, thrown-together shacks.

Middleville was unchanged by the war. It was a self-sufficient, self-respecting town which was glad that the Round Robin Inn had only two guest rooms so that even if city people did come, they could not stay. There was a chief of police, a butcher, a doctor, and of course The Variety Shop where people could buy everything from a spool of thread to a pair of shoes.

Yes, Riverside, which had barely existed before the war, laughed at Middleville, but if Jeff won the Gold Cup it would have to take its proper place.

The most wonderful thing about Jeff was his steadiness. When he stood up in front of the class, his brown hands clasped behind him, his face very grave, and his brown eyes glowing, you felt sure of him. Bill was better sometimes, but he was often as if he were in another world, and you never knew quite what he would do next. Bill reminded Jeff of a little rabbit hopping around, not paying attention to anyone. This morning he had really acted quite silly.

Even now Bill should be feeling sorry for himself, but he stood out in the yard, leaning against a tree, slowly munching cookies, while the snow fell lazily on his hat and blonde hair. It did not bother him at all that the other children laughed at him and made fun of him.

Pretty soon Jeff came out of the school with his books under his arm and walked over to him. "Miss Smith says I can go home and tell Mother and Dad," he said, kicking the fresh snow with his rubber boot.

Bill nodded, still chewing slowly on his cookie. Jeff wanted to tell him how sorry he was. He liked him better than any of the others. Bill seemed to understand the make-believe games he liked to play, and often played with him. He knew all about elves and ghosts and funny people who lived in the hills and woods. Jeff had told him, and he believed Jeff.

"You aren't mad at me are you, Bill? I was sure you would win. You are so much better." He looked at him and saw that he was grinning.

"Dummy," he said, "I didn't forget my lines. I wanted you to win."

The bell rang giving a sign that recess was over, and Bill smiled again, touched Jeff's sleeve, and ran into school. There was nothing for Jeff to do but run home.

The room at the rear of the store which Mrs. Brown had fixed up as a sitting room was warm and cozy. Mrs. Brown rocked in a chair next to the stove. She had her sewing basket in her lap. She looked over at Jeff sitting at a table with his books in front of him. Just looking at him and knowing what a good boy he was and knowing he had won today gave her a warm, rosy feeling all over.

Outside it was dark and there was a heavy blanket of snow on everything. Lights from nearby houses and stores made the snow sparkle. People walked by with a feeling of cheer and expectation about them because it was almost Christmas.

Sometimes Mrs. Brown forgot that she and her husband Big-Joe, and Jeff were different than the other people of Middleville. She knew that the town people forgot about it too. Both her family and Big-Joe's had always lived there and now she, her husband, and son were the only ones left. Really though, there was not so much difference between the Browns and any other family in town ... only color.

Mrs. Brown worried about Jeff. Would it be hard for him when he got older to get along? He was considered one of the children now and was always asked to parties with the rest of them, but would be be later? Just once in a while one of the boys Jeff played with would forget and call him "an ole nigger," Aside from that, his skin could have been as white as any of the others by the way he was treated. Lately there had been rumers of race trouble in Riverside. It had all started in the factory there. She wondered if it would concern them and quietly prayed that it would not.

Mrs. Brown put up her sewing basket and went into the shop. Big-Joe was unpacking boxes of Christmas merchandise he had brought from the city. He held up a silver star to be hung at the top of the Christmas trees. Mrs. Brown closed the door securely behind them. This was the first chance they had had to talk since Jeff had come home with his news. They looked at each other and Big-Joe patted his wife's hand

"Now, now, Sadie. He's a good boy, but he hasn't won yet."

"He will, I know he will. Sometimes I don't see how he can be our son. We're such simple people. Some day he will be something great . . . maybe a lawyer, or even president. . . ."

When she said that a strange stillness passed over both of them until Big-Joe said, "All that means nothing unless he is a good man. Let him be that first."

At that moment the bell over the door rang as it opened and several people came in, all congratulating the Browns on their son. Even the Taylors were there saying how much better Jeff would be than Bill.

Jeff could not listen any more, so

he took his big red coat and woolen cap and went out the back door. He ran down the road towards the Round Robin Inn. He looked in the windows and saw the men of the town practicing Christmas carols which they would sing on Christmas Eve. The words, "Oh little town of Bethlehem . . ." rang out into the night. Jeff loved their singing and he stood still to listen to them for a few minutes.

He looked down the road, He could see where the houses left off and where it was so dark and still . . . where the cheerful road had become lonely and black. How silent it must be up there in the hills where there were no birds or squirrels. Then he thought that maybe it might not be so quiet. No one knew exactly what went on up there in the winter at night. Perhaps since human beings did not come up any more, strange things crept out of trunks of trees, and ghosts floated among them, waiting for something small and lost to come along,

Jeff clenched his fists. He was frightened. He thought the huge dark trees were waiting to fall on him or take him away, but it was over in a minute. He felt silly to have been frightened. He saw the little white church and the houses with their welcoming lights inside and felt like he really belonged. He picked up some snow and threw it against a

tree. He thought about Bill and remembered what a good friend he was. He knew he would win the Gold Cup now. He would win it and bring it back to Bill.

The next morning Jeff got up and dressed with special care. This was the day he was going to Riverside. After he was dressed and had eaten his bowl of hot cereal, he stood in front of the kitchen window. He watched the first rays of the morning sun fall on the snow. On all the porches up the street Christmas trees stood in the corners, waiting to be taken in and lighted up. If he only had a Christmas tree he would be like the others. He could not hurt his mother and father by being disappointed because he didn't have a tree.

He saw Miss Smith coming slowly down the road in her old blue Ford. She stopped in front of The Variety Shop. Jeff quickly put on his coat and hat and tried to calm the excited feeling in his stomach.

As his mother hurried him out of the door she called out to him, "Good lack, Jeff. Don't forget your lines," Jeff climbed into the car and waved good-bye. Miss Smith put her foot on the accelerator and they pulled jerkily away. As they drove through the little town, curtains in the living rooms of each house on the street were pulled back and the

(Continued on Page 16)



HOW SOME OF THE BEAUTY QUI



Dot Hyland slept and slept. We had to wake her to get this shot.

SCRATCHING

THE AWI



Mary Nelson Freels all wet as usual. (Durham, not Freels)



Mary Bradley crammed, waiting for that big day.



Til Paty writes one of the numerous men in her young life.

ENS SPENT THE BOY'S VACATION

THE SURFACE
R
JL TRUTH



Beauty and the Bubbles, La Groome, Beauty Queen



Fountain takes down her hair and douses it as Gwin and Sarah Bunting supervise.



Prather gives Crowell a mud pack treatment.



Catty just played solitaire.

Through the Gate

(Continued from Page 1)

and-a-half red brick house with shutters. There were pines in the dooryard, and an apple tree floated its pink and white cloud of blossoms over grass already green.

When Grandmother heard the car stop, she came quickly down the walk to meet them. She was like Mommic, tall and slender, and her voice was very soft. When she saw Lise, tears came in her eyes, and she kissed Lise and held her close. Then she took Father's hand and said, "Hello, John. How are you?" Thank you for bringing Lise."

They went on in the honse and there was Mary in a floury apron, big and strong and red-cheeked, ready to hug Lise and welcome her back. Mary had lunch ready. They ate in the big sunny kitchen. There were hot biscuits and pickled peaches, golden, sweet and spicy, Grammie's own special kind. When Lise shut her eyes, she could remember cating peaches right here before in this same blue-rung chair, with Mommie there across the table.

In a minute she opened her eyes and saw the cat. It was the same old cat, tortoise shell with a clean white face and bib. But beside her was a kitten, a wonderful little kitten, also tortoise shell with a clean white face and bib! The mother yawned and the kitten yawned. Lise laughed out loud, and Father stopped talking and looked up.

"Tattoo was the mother of Pinkle Purr,

A little nothing of feet and fur; And by-and-by, when his eyes came through.

He saw his mother, the big Tattoo And all that he learned, he learned from her.

'1'll ask my mother,' says Pinkle Pnrr.''

Lise remembered it all. "Mommie taught me that." She ran to pet the kitten.

Daddy had to go back after lunch. Lise went to the door still holding the kitten and only put her cheek up for her father's kiss. After he had gone, Mary took her bag, and they all went up the stairs to Lise's bedroom. It was just as she remembered it—the quilt on the bed, the wallpaper with little scenes of haymakers and of village steeples among the trees, and the round window which opened to the pines and the blue sky. Lise ran to look out. Suddenly she turned, "Oh, Grammie, 1'm glad 1'm here!"

Lise was still asleep when Mary called next morning, "Get up, sleepy-head and come to breakfast!"

It was cool in the room and she hurried to dress and run down. There were paneakes for breakfast and Lisc ate them slowly with melting butter, soggy with sweet syrup. She grew drowsy in the warm kitchen, watchmg Mary stir about and pour water from the teakettle to wash the dishes.

"Where's Grandmother?" she

"Out by the garden. Don't you want to go out?"

"I guess so," Lise forgot about being sleepy. She went out through the back way and the screen door banged behind her. Over along the edge of the orchard, she could see the dark furrowed earth of the garden. Her grandmother stood by the side of the patch. Lise felt like running; her feet flew over the grass. "Good morning, Grammie."

"Lise, I have something to show yon," Grammie called. Lise ran down to the garden's end to meet her, and they went hand in hand to the orchard gate.

"What is it, Grammie?"

But Grandmother only said, "Wait and see."

In the orchard, the twisting red brown trunks made long aisles and overhead himg clouds of white blossoms. As they walked in the cool shade, petals floated, one by one, down to the wet grass.

"It's like fairy land," said Lise and for a minute she and Grandmother stood under the trees, just looking, and listening to the chirp and warble of the birds talking to each other.

Then Lise pulled at her grand-mother's hand, "The surprise."

In the upper corner of the orchard

where two cherry trees had died and been ent down long ago, the sun fell on an open grassy plot. There Lise saw it—a little black colt with long legs and a scrubby brush of tail, which struggled to its feet as they appeared. Lise was speechless with joy for a moment, then began jumping up and down in a torrent of questions, "Oh how sweet! how lovely! Whose is it? How old? Where is the mother?"

Grandmother said, "Quietly, Lise, or you'll frighten it. . . . Its mother died last night."

Lise went softly toward the colt, but it jerked away from her outstretched hand, "Poor, poor, little colt, dear little colt—Grammie, may I have it?"

Grandmother looked thoughtful, "Its just a baby, and it will need a lot of care, someone who will watch over it and never forget feeding time."

"Oh Grammie, I can take care of it if you'll help me, honestly I can, I'll never, never forget, cross my heart!" Lise put her hands behind her back, went softly, slowly. The colt let her come very near, though his eyes rolled in a frightened way until she stood quite still. "See," whispered Lise.

"All right," said Grandmother. "He needs you—you can be a stepmother to him."

"No!" Lise rejected the title almost angrily, but in a minute she stopped frowning. "What time is feeding time?"

"Now," said Grammie, "Let's go ask Mary for some milk."

In the kitchen, Mary already had a shallow pan of milk on a corner of the stove, and she was washing a bottle.

"You knew," said Lise, but Mary only smiled. She tested the milk with her wrist, and showed Lise how—not hot, not cold, just barely warm. Mary poured the milk into the bottle and got a black rubber nipple from a drawer to cap the top. Lise was delighted, just like a baby's bottle! She held the bottle close, wrapped in a cloth, and they hurried back.

He was standing just as they had

left him, all alone in a corner of the rail fence. It was hard not to frighten him, but Lise knew how this time. They went in quiet cat steps until Grandmother could slip her arm over his neck and Lise put the bottle under his nose. He tossed his head away, and curled his lip in a frightened snort. She tried again and again. "Here little colt, here baby colt, don't be afraid, little colt." Then with a push the nipple went in his mouth and he was sucking greedily, his head up, long wobbly legs spread. His eyes rolled back, and little drops of milk stood on the hairs under his chin. It was wonderful! Lise's arm ached from holding the bottle so high, but she would not let Grammie take it.

Every once in a while he stopped and looked about him. At last he was through and would not take the bottle again. He bobbed his head up and down, took a few steps, and then collapsed into the clover.

Lise sat down in the grass, too, and thought about a name for him. After a while Ed, the hired man, came bringing a lange armful of shiny yellow straw for a bed. They spread it in the corner and Ed gently lifted the colt onto it. Lise asked him about the name. He stuck a straw between his teeth and reflected.

"Well, there's Blackie and names like Dick or Bill—never was much of a hand at naming things. Maybe— Black Beanty."

It was the best Ed could do, and Lise was polite, "Those are very good names, but I shall have to think it over for a while."

When Lise asked her, Mary was not much help either. Grandmother said there was a very famous horse named Pegasus, but that was such a long name for a little colt, and after all they couldn't call him Peggy.

That night watching the stars through her round window, Lise thought of a name, "Wee Willie Winkie," She called it softly to herself, "Wee Willie Winkie, Wee Willie Winkie," It was a good name for a little black horse. She squinched her eyes together and told Mommie

(Continued on Page 22)

Polling the Boudoir Buddies

(Continued from Page 6)

vines?" which left me sucking air.

We managed to find our way out of Alspaugh and alcobetically wandered into Bassett in quest of Third-floor Bassett Nellie, the holy quail. She was out with Al Rountree so we settled for Second-floor Suzy and made the campus-shaking discovery that the best-looking girls in most of the houses live in rooms 227 to 235, which is sure to make a liar out of somebody and start a rush on the rooming office. Since the floor plans of Giles, Pegram, and Bassett are identical, they appeared on the same page. By consultation, we find that Betsy Medlicott, Jane Sherrill, Snowy Ethridge, Bob Stepbach, (OOps! wrong chart.) Nancy Upshaw, Missy Johnston, Kay Goodman, Mary Nelson Feels, Beth Holcombe and..... (Print your name in space provided) . . . all live in different houses together! We also note that four girls sleep in a tent with two blue 100% virgin wool blankets, but the most astounding information (and we hope

that the COGS will do something

about this) was the discovery that one

girl lives on the third story of a

wardrobe trunk in the basement of

Giles.

While we are on the subject of tenement houses, did you know that 55 bath tubs serve the co-eds, that the corridors are six feet ten inches wide, or that Ann Fonch, voted "The Girl With Whom I Should Like to Room" by the 3rd platoon, Company B, Section 3, WACS, Camp Butner, has moved? Amazing! Elementary, my dear Watson, when one has access to our poll. You'll gasp when with passionate breath and smoldering typewriter, we divulge for the first time (Passed by OWI) that Joyce "Gunga'' Dean, Watertender, first class, was campused once for ten days which at compound interest at the rate of 66 per annum amounts to about \$0.001369. Pretty good money for a college girl, don't you think? Don't answer that! You'll be shocked when I add that Giles House Gertie

needs a piece of copper wire about two inches long for her bed heater and/or (1'm not sure which) a Duke Engineer.

While we're letting that sink in, we theoretically shall walk boldly through the corridor and out the side door of Bassett, and sidle into Brown the same way. (Just a secret ambition, of course.) Brown, not only had 76 signers to lead the rest, but also houses the girl whose ambition is "to get married and have Washington Duke stand up for me."—to which we innocently ask "Are best men that scarce?" and duck instinctively.

While the reader is still hysterical, a glance at our chart takes us to Jarvis and Aycock with only 22 names, including Little Miss Moffett and Joyce Jordan, girl interne. Room 118, Jarvis, makes the claim that "George Washington slept here." What night? Since we cannot get complete figures on these houses, we shall have to wait until something develops. Meanwhile, will someone please tell us how to recognize a Duke co-ed on Sunday? We may be found any afternoon in the Engineer's Dope Shoppe watching the raisins crawling over the cookies, and arguing that the purity lights are only 99.44% pure.

Send *The*ARCHIVE Home

Dreams and Reality

Dreams are futile things to me, I can't believe the sight I see, Fantastic figures flying past They're hardly sure, they never last.

The strangest one of all these dreams, The biggest lie of all it seems, Came rushing past my muddled sight And flew away into the night.

I caught a glimpse of golden hair Of ruby lips and baby stare And then it faded into a blob Migosh—a co-ed who's not a suob!



Compliments

of

Duke University Stores

Owned and Operated for Your Convenience by

Duke University

☆

We Appreciate
Your Patronage!

☆

Duke University Store

Duke Hospital Store

Woman's College Store

The Haberdashery

☆

J. M. MOORE, '32 Manager



The Black Man's Burden

(Continued from Page 11)

townspeople watched them leave. When each family went back to its breakfast or morning tasks, they all said the same thing in different ways, "The Browns would be so happy. Let us hope he wins. They are such good people."

The news reached the school first. Miss Smith had called up the principal and told him. The children were let out early to meet him. The entire town was out too. The principal had planned that. Anyone who had any form of a uniform wore it to make the occasion seem more important. The Boy Scouts all had on their uniforms, and so did the American Legion.

Mrs. Brown cried when she heard the news. She was so proud.

"Joe, we must do something special for Jeff," she said to her husband. "A tree...he wanted one so much. Do you think we could?"

"Yes, I think he would like that best." Big-Joe took seventy-five cents from the wooden box under the counter. "I'll take care of it," he said.

Jeff was quiet during the ride back to Middleville. He was cold and tired, and crept close to Miss Smith. He would never forget the sudden fear which had almost overwhelmed him when they had called out his name, nor would be forget the happiness which had surged over him when he had been presented the Gold Cup. He held it in his hand now, watching the rays of the sun come in the car windows making the cup glisten.

As Miss Smith drove slowly through the town Jeff saw the people all out welcoming him. He felt like a great hero. Even the high-school band in red uniforms were there. When he came in sight of The Variety Shop he saw in the doorway a beautiful Christmas tree decorated with colored balls. Now Jeff was like everyone else. The children were pushing up ahead of the older people shouting praises to Jeff. Bill was there and

he came close to Jeff smiling, "I knew you would win. Didn't I say you would?" Jeff knew he had never been so happy.

It was during the first few weeks in January that the snow left the ground, leaving the fields a dull brown and making the trees look sadly naked. All was not well with the usually carefree, simple people of Middleville. They had heard the rumors of the trouble in Riverside—the trouble in the factories between the colored and the white people.

A colored man had pushed a white woman and her baby in front of an oncoming car during the four o'clock shift. They had both been killed. It had been an accident, of course. Instantly the story had grown and spread. Before the Negro had time to plead his case other white factory workers had fatally wounded him. Then they had burned his little shack on the edge of town. In that way the race riot started. It was the whites against the blacks.

Always before Middleville had kept out of the affairs of Riverside, but now it was different. Several of the men from the little town had gone into the factory. Like a long arm, the feeling toward the colored people reached out and touched almost everyone in Middleville. The age-old race prejudice which had come down through generations now appeared strongly.

In a few days the first story had grown and other rumored incidents had sprung up. The other children began to look at Jeff curiously. He had always been different from them in color, but they had never particularly noticed him. Now they looked at him in a new way. They tried to think of other things which were different about him.

It seemed strange for Jeff to go home alone, and not to have anyone talk to him. He felt like he had been bad and he was being punished. Punished for something he did not understand. Usually they all rushed out of school together making lots of noise. Now it was quiet.

His mother and father asked him (Continued on Page 18)

Buy more

UNITED STATES WAR BONDS

— your first line of defense



As a patriotic American, you'll be proud to wear Airmaid "Victory" Stockings.

To conserve limited rayon stocks, these lovely hose are made with fine textured, long-lasting cotton welts and cotton reinforced feet. To add beauty and snag-resistance, the rayon yarn in Airmaids is twisted more turns than required by our Government for Grade A hosiery.

ECKERD'S DRUG STORE 122 W. Main Street

FANCY ICES

SHERBETS

PHONE L-963

☆

"Ice Cream Specialists"

DURHAM ICE CREAM CO.

(Incorporated)

FAST FROZEN
"BLUE RIBBON" ICE CREAM

"Today It's Thrifty to Buy Quality"

t

Durham, North Carolina

BLOCKS

 ${\tt PUNCH}$

The Black Man's Burden

(Continued from Page 16)

if everything was going well at school and he assured them that it was. His parents had trouble too. Not many people had come into The Variety Shop lately.

Jeff did not laugh much any more. He had the feeling that he would like to run away from everybody. Even ghosts and elves in the woods would be better than the cold, blank stares which the ehildren gave him. Worse than a stare was the way so many of them would not even look him in the eye. Bill still smiled at him, but even he did not talk to Jeff.

One day a strange young man from Riverside stood in front of the Round Robin Inn talking to some of the men and women of the town. It was after lunch and Jeff was going back to school. As he neared the group he heard the young man say, "You should see the trouble they've been having over there. It started in the factory. The niggers . . . always starting something. They think they're as good as we are. If we don't watch out they'll be bossing us all around. Did you hear about the nigger who killed three women and their children? But we got him for it. They can't outwit us. You better watch out around this place. I hear there's a little swine who won some kind of a cup. What's the idea of letting a nigger try to get ahead of your kids?"

As Jeff walked by all their eyes turned to watch him. They looked at him as if he were some strange animal instead of a boy who had lived in Middleville all his life and a boy whom they used to like.

Other people went up and listened to the tales which the strange young man had to tell. The ehildren on their way to school heard things about the terrible colored people too.

This afternoon was worse than any of the other days. Even Miss Smith would not call on him. He raised his hand after every question, but she paid no attention to it. After the other children had been dismissed Jeff walked up to Miss Smith's desk and asked her why she did not like him.

She looked at him for several moments, with narrowed eyes. Finally she said, "I dismissed school, Jeff. Go home."

In front of the school the boys and girls were waiting for Jeff. As he walked down the steps one of the older boys stuck out his foot and tripped him. Jeff fell down, and picked himself up slowly while the others shouted and laughed, jumping up and down.

They chased him to the end of the play ground. They hit him with their fists and threw stones at him, all the time shouting "Dirty nigger." They shouted one word they had heard the strange young man use in front of the Round Robin Inn, "Swine." Jeff stood there quietly, numbed, letting them hurt him until they grew tired of it. Then he slipped away through the gate. He turned back and looked at them just onee.

He ran through woods and over hills. He finally fell sobbing to the ground. He must be terribly, terribly bad to have everyone hate him so, to keep people away from his parents' store. The grass was eold and damp and made him feel better. He could not stay there. They would be after him again. The children, the ghosts, and the elves. . . . He must run as fast as he could. He ran through more woods—the woods which used to frighten him because he thought elves and ghosts lived in them. Now even ghosts and elves would be better than children who hated him. He ran faster as he imagined he heard people chasing him. He fell over stones, stumps, and gave little crys of pain as he scratehed his arms and legs on blackberry bushes. He panted as he ran up the big hill. Over the hill was the river. He could rest down there and hide in the tall grass. But now he must keep running—running, staggering down the hill. He must not stop yet. He must not get tired. He ran along the edge of the river. Jeff stumbled on a rock and fell headlong

into the water. He was too exhausted to get up.

Back in the school yard the boys and girls were still wandering around restlessly. Bill, who had stayed in school came ontside. Not seeing Jeff he asked, "Where is he? Where is Jeff?"

They shook their heads and stared at him.

"It's not true what they say about him," he shouted. He threw his books on the ground and started running.

All of a sudden they realized what they had done. They followed Bill. Through the woods and over hills they ran shouting, "Jeff, Jeff, where are you?"

Their voices echoed throughout the hills and valleys.

Bill saw him first and ran falling to the water's edge. He took the brown hand in his and tried to pull him up.

"He's dead," he said. "He's dead."

The woods and fields were quiet now. Four of the older boys carried him. They carried him back to town and down the main street.

Everyone whispered, "He's dead. Jeff's dead."

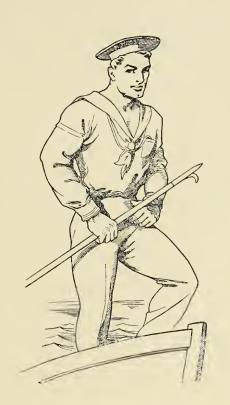
They passed the crowd, not seeming to notice the grown-up people there. Miss Smith cried out and tried to reach him, but the children would not let her get near him. The crowd did not try to touch the children. They could not. The children walked on, carrying Jeff.

One woman covered her eyes with her hands. "What have we done? Who will tell the Browns...his poor mother and father? Oh, God forgive us. They were such good people...."

Tasty Bake Shop

"Next Door to Big Star"

Pies Cakes Cookies Doughnuts Special Orders



Printing styles and the trend in type faces are constantly changing, but Service and High Quality are unvarying in the production of all printing in our large plant.

We have been growing for 57 years . . . serving the manufacturing, trades, education, and professional leaders in North Carolina and the South.

PRINTING
PUBLISHING
BOOK BINDING

THE SEEMAN PRINTERY
INCORPORATED
DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

JOKES?

JOKES?

Soliloguy

(Apol. to Dorothy Parker)

I saw you smile one evening,
We met, I felt so flat;
You saw that I was gullible,
(You took a chance on that)
You conquered over endless odds,
I gave my love to you;
You came, you saw, you conquered,
But damn you, you graduated!

Ross Hill: How about a little kiss, girlie?

Angel Farmer: No, I have scruples. Ross Hill: Well, that's all right; I've been vaccinated.

Give a woman an inch, and she thinks she's the ruler.

He: May I have this dance? She: Certainly, if you can find a partner.

-Log.

Mother: "Sally, you certainly took long enough to say good night to that young man."

Sally: "Well, Mom, when a young man takes a girl to the movies, the least she can do is let him kiss her good night."

Mother: "But daughter, I thought he took you to a night club this evening."

Sally: "He did."

Co-ed's war cry—"Two arms, two arms; fall in!"

My love have flew; him done me dirt; I did not knew him were a flirt.
To you unschooled, oh let I bid,
Do not be fooled as I was did!
He have came, he have went,
He have left I all alone,
He can never came to I
I can never went to he
Woe are I—it cannot was!

Knock, knock, knock.
Saint Peter—"Who's there?"
Voice ontside—"It is I."

Saint Pete—"Hell with ya'. We have enough English instructors in here now."

-Old Line.

TRUE LOVE

I love you with a heartache, I love you with a sigh, I love you till the end of time Ah, this will never die.

That is . . . I think I love you.

"Don't be downhearted," said the steward to the suffering passenger. "Seasickness has never killed anyone."

"Don't say that," moaned the stricken one, "it's only the hope of dying that has kept me alive so far!"

Cherchez Le Frosh

When they've fixed you up With your first date And they've warned you, "Now, don't be late," And you try to get Their advice On how to act, and if she's nice; And they leer at you With a knowing grin And insinuate "She's homely as sin." So the days pass Until the night— Then you wait your heart a flutter, For the gal-Your legs like butter, And wondering if She'll be the booby prize All evening— And, then surprise! You find she's the Belle of the ball, And you dance with her once, And, darn it, that's all. (Ain't it life?)

"What did you do when her dress started coming off?"

"I helped her out as best I could."
—Froth.

Kissing a girl is just like opening a bottle of olives—the first may come hard, but it's a cinch to get the rest.

From la France zair vuz vunce ze young man

Zat got fraish on ze beach at ze Cannes

Zaid ze Mademoiselle,

"Eh! Monsieur! Vote ze hell!

Stay away from vair eet ees not suntan!"

—Frivol.

"And there I was, cast away on a desert island with a lovely woman."

"What did you do for food?"

"I'll be darned if I remember."

Tweet Tweet was a little bird, He sat upon a railroad track, One day a train ran over him, And then guess what— Shredded Tweet.

ME? HELL, No! My SISTER'S A WAC.

JOKES?

JOKES?

It Says Here

To flirt is very wrong;

I don't.

Wild youths chase women, wine and song;

I don't.

I kiss no girls not even one;

I don't know how the things is done; You wouldn't think I have much fun. I don't.

She: "When we get married I'm going to cook, sew, darn your socks and lay out your pipe and slippers. What more can any man ask than that?"

He: "Nothing, unless he is evilminded."

A shoulder strap is a piece of ribbon placed so as to keep an attraction from becoming a sensation.

-Yale Record.

Lawyer—Why didn't you scream as soon as he touched you?

Old Maid—I didn't know he wanted my money,

A small boy was hurrying to school, and as he hurried, he prayed, "Dear God, don't let me be late—please God, don't let me be late." Then he happened to stumble and said, "You don't have to shove."

=-Caveman.

A peacock is a gorgeous bird, but it take a stork to deliver the goods.

A traveling salesman was handed a message from his wife, which read as follows: "Twins arrived tonight. More by Mail."

Rushing to the telegraph office, the salesman replied: "If any more arrive by mail, send them to the dead-letter office."

--Froth.



"So I Told The Prof. What I Thought Of Physics."

It seems that one of the employees of Henry Ford dreamed that Henry died. He dreamed that he saw the black casket being borne by six of Henry's oldest and most faithful employees. As the casket came by, Henry raised up, looked around, and offered the following suggestion:

"If you would put rollers under this casket, you could lay off five men."

—Banter.

"What did your girl wear to the Beaux Arts Ball?"

"She wore a paper dress."

"What did you do after the dance?"

"Oh, we went on a tear."

-Wataugan,

If fleas are fleas because they flee, And flies are flies because they fly, Bees must be bees because they be!

"Sorry, madame, but licenses are issued only when your form is filled out properly."

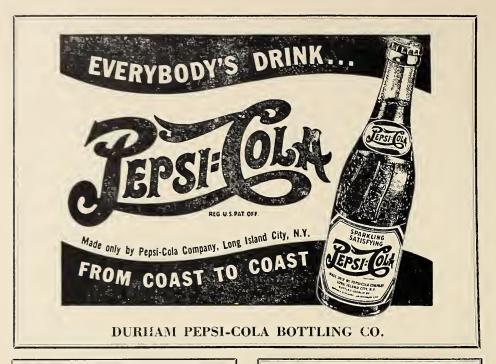
"Why, I like your nerve, sir. We can get married no matter what I look like."

--Frot u.

He (as his wife is packing): "I really don't think you ought to wear that bathing suit, Helen."

She: "But dear, I have to. You know how strict they are at the beaches."

-Battalion.



You're
Always
Welcome
at

Stationery
Calling Cards
Invitations

Get them done at

Durham Printery, Inc.

210 May Street



less frequent, Skipper will appreciate your patience.

Through the Gate

(Continued from Page 15)

about it. But somehow this time that wasn't enough. She got ont of bed and ran down to the parlor where Grammie sat in a big soft chair reading. "I have the name now," she said.

Grandmother pushed up her glasses and looked up.

"I'm going to call him Wee Willie Winkie!"

"That is a lovely name," Grandmother said, "You must begin to call to him in the morning so he will learn it too."

Lise blew a kiss and ran back to bed.

She told Wee Willie the next morning, whispering the name in his ear, and he shook his head and nuzzled against her shoulders as if it were a very fine name indeed.

Willie grew stronger and stronger and soon trotted about as though he were sole owner of the orchard plot. In a few weeks he discovered there were other things in the world to eat besides milk—lovely green things, grass and clover. Lise even found him testing the blue morning-glory that wound round the fence rail. That evening when she went out to the orchard, she found the gate swinging open. Her heart began to thump. She ran in and called, but there came no long-legged black shape running toward her. Lise flew through the orehard, over the grass and the long shadows, calling "Willie! Willie!" but he was not there.

White-faced, she ran back to the house. "Grammie, Wee Willie's gone—it's my fault, it's all my fault. I didn't hook the latch, and now he's gone."

Grandmother held her close and called to Mary that Ed should go search. Lise struggled, "I've got to go too." But Grandmother wouldn't hear of it; it was getting dark now.

Lise began to cry, long strangling sobs—he would never come back, never, never. Something happened happened to everything she loved. Mommie was gone. Daddy and Peter loved Michele now. All the pain and fear and hate locked within her came pouring out in half-coherent phrases. Grandmother holding Lise in her arms, sat and rocked and patted and listened.

After a while she grew still, and she and Grandmother sat together, watching the twilight slowly deepen till all the room was dark within, and only the wide window showed the deep, deep blue of evening sky.

They heard the back door open and Ed's heavy step. Lise jumped up as Ed's deep voice called in, "He's all right; just found him down the road a piece, pulling at some clover. Put him in the pasture up behind the barn; he's getting too big for the orchard plot anyhow."

Lise ran upstairs and from her window she could see a dark shape moving in the upper pasture. Suddenly everything was as it should be. When she went down again, she and Grammie had a long talk about Mommic not wanting Daddy to be lonely now, and about Peter's still being just a baby and needing a mother.

One morning Lise discovered a ladder at the back of the barn leading up to the hay loft above. She climbed up and sat down by the open loft door and looked over the green fields to the blue hills beyond. She could see her grandmother in the door vard digging with her trowel. "Hellooo!" Lise yelled and Grandmother looked up to wave. The pigeons in the loft flapped their wings at the noise and some flew circling away, their wings flashing in the simlight. "It's beautiful, beautiful, beautiful," she sang solftly to herself. "I love it, I love the whole world. I love the sun and the sky and the trees and the pigeons and Grammie and Peter and Daddy. I think I shall write Daddy a letter. I'll write it this morning."

Grandmother thought the letter a wonderful idea and brought Lise a sheet of paper and a sharp pencil. Writing took a long time and the lines went rather uphill, but it was really a very fine letter. Grandmother listened to it and then said, "Aren't you going to say 'Hello' to Michele?"

Should Auld Acquaintance

(Continued from Page 7)

and I could see the swell of her breasts as she put on her coat. My hands trembled as I went through Joe's pockets to make sure he didn't get rolled. He only had a buck fifty, so I left it.

The rain had stopped and we walked a little slowly down the street. She asked, "You a friend of Joe's?"

"Well, he's a Marine," I said. I didn't like Joe. It was hard not to touch her. "I'll take you home," I said. "Let's see if we can find a cab."

"A fat chance," she said, "on New Year's Eve."

"Yeah, fat chance," I agreed.

But we found one on his way back from a call and got in. She gave the driver the address and we started. I pulled her to me and kissed her hard. For an instant she was stiff, then her lips parted and her body was soft against mine.

She pulled away and said, "Second house on the left." When the cab stopped, she said, "Are you coming in?"

"Yes," my voice was hoarse. She walked ahead while I paid the cab. While I felt for some change I heard her heels on the walk, the porch, heard her key in the lock. I turned around as the cab drove away. She had turned on a light and was stand-

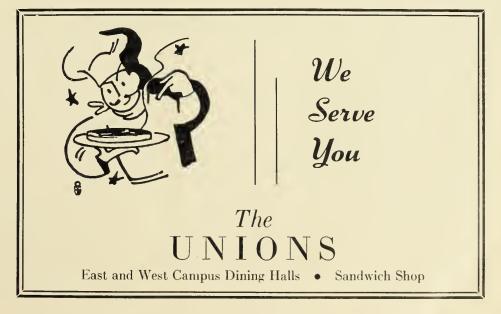
ing in the doorway, waiting. I walked up the steps and across the porch into the little room. She closed the door and turned to face me. I said, "Is there anyone here?" and she shook her head. I stood very close to her, not touching her yet. Knowing the age old sense of power—now it was in my power to take her or not. I bent my head. "Darling, darling. . . ."

She swayed against me. I felt the swell of her breasts as her arms went around my neck.

A tiny intense blue pinpoint of flame was born. It mounted gradually, unsteadily. Now flickering, now flaring up brightly. Gradually but surely it rose until for one instant it burned with a violent, blinding incandescence, then sank slowly again to nothing.

"I'll call you," I said. The rain had stopped entirely now, and a few stars were out. It was cold and I walked fast. No cabs now; I'd have to walk to the campus. As I passed a streetlamp I looked at my watch—12:02. Just then from town I heard bells and whistles and faint car horns. "My God," I said, "1944. My God, New Year's Eye."

In the middle of the next block light streamed from the window of a house. "A party," I thought, hearing shouts and music. As I passed they sang "Auld Lang Syne." "My God," I said, "New Year's Eve." I felt dizzy and cold and there was an uneasy ache in the pit of my stomach.



Through the Gate

(Continued from Page 23)

Lise didn't answer and went off to her room to change her dress and put on her second best hat with ribbons so she and Grammie could drive down to the post office at the crossroads and mail the letter. Lise was ready with the hat tied under her chin before Grandmother had finished writing. She decided to run out to show the letter to Wee Willie and pick a bluebell to press inside.

When she leaned over the pasture fence. Willie snorted in surprise and galloped off a little way, looking back at her warily. Ed weeding in the garden, looked up and leaned on his spade. "Guess he don't know his stepmother in her 'go-to-meetin' bonnet."

Lise felt an almost angry hurt burn in her cheeks. "Willie," she called. She threw off her bonnet, and stretched out her hands. "Willie!" He came then, trotting over in a thud of hooves to poke his nose in her hand. Lise lay her cheek against his and stroked his velvety nose. Then she picked up her hat and letter and went back to the house. She found the pencil and wrote across the bottom of the page, "R.S.V.P. Please say Hello' to Michele." She put in the wilting bluebell and licked the envelope. "Ready, Grammie."

July passed and the wild roses faded; daisies grew white in the long grass. A blue haze came to hang over the hills and in the corner of the pasture golden-rod and purple-blue asters bloomed. Lise gathered a great plumy armful and took them in to her Grandmother. As she went back out, she heard Grammie saying something to Mary about sharing things again. She didn't quite hear, but it didn't matter: she knew Grammic was pleased.

Then one day when Grammie came back from the post office, she brought one of Father's long white envelopes and a letter that said school would be starting soon, that Lise must come home again. Daddy, Peter, Michele, were coming up on Thursday to take her back.

Thursday was hot with a damp,

sickening heat that dragged in one's footsteps and took one's breath. The sky was brilliantly blue except for a long bank of high-piled clouds in the east that loomed wider and wider across the sky as morning turned into noonday.

After lunch Lise and Grammie sat in the cool parlor watching and waiting. Lise had her hair dampened and combed into neat braids and she had put on her white ruffled dress. When they saw the car by the gate, she flew out the door and ran pell-mell into her father's arms. "Daddy, Daddy, I'm so glad to see you! Peter, Peter, how big you are! Hello, Michele."

Daddy kissed her and Michele smiled, but Peter looked at her soberly. "You're fat!" he said.

"Oh, I know," Lise didn't care. They all went back into the house. As they sat in the parlor, the clouds moved over the sun, and with a sudden furious rush of wind and a rumbling peal of thunder, the rain came.

They talked. Michele asked about Willie, and Lise answered politely. Michele said they would have to go shopping when they got back and get Lise lots of new fall clothes. Then the conversation went on without Lise. She sat thinking about going back: she hated to leave but it would be fun buying new clothes. Michele always got pretty things. She looked pretty today in her green dress. As the talk went on in the room and the rain fell outside, she grew bored and sleepy.

After Michele had gone out, Grammie said, "Wouldn't you like to show Michele the garden and your horse?"

It wasn't a question. Lise thought, "I can just go out and say 'Good-bye' to Wee Willie." "All right," she said and went out through the back screen. She walked over the grass bowed down with the weight of the rain and didn't even notice how the wet came in through her sandal straps. Good-bye to Willie, good-bye, good-bye. How could she tell him? Then she heard the noise, a strange sound of pawing hooves. She ran along the high hedge of rose bushes until she could see into the pasture

and there stopped short with a cry of fright. In the corner under the elm, Willie stood, his head through the fence, pinned by a fallen rail and a heavy branch. He must have been standing under the clm during the rain and had poked his head through the fence for a tempting clump of purple clover when the sudden blast of wind came that wrenched and broke the great branch. Before he could pull his head back, the bough must have fallen and knocked down the rail to pin him there. He pawed at the turf, from his throat came a horrible, gasping, strangling sound.

Michele was ahead of her, running over a few feet from him. When she reached Willie, she bent, her feet set as though she pushed. Then quickly she picked up an old fence post laid by the corner for future repairs and swung it high. In that moment with Michele's slender body arched against the dark sky, the heavy club ready to crush down above Wee Willie's head, in that photographic second, all Lise's black and terrifying suspicions swept over her again. Her warning scream froze in her throat, "Willie, Look out!" Her feet flew over the grass.

As she ran, the post fell with a dull blow that dislodged the heavy weight of the elm branch. It slipped over the fence, flinging a shower of drops from its leafy branches. Michele shoved and lifted, the rail came up and Willie was free! He drew his head back and shook it fiercely, and with a childish snort of fear wheeled to gallop across the pasture.

Lise felt dizzy with the sudden release from terror, with the swift rush of joy, as Willie ran free. She climbed to the fence and waved. "Willie, Willie." Tears rolled down Then she remembered her cheeks. Michele again. There weren't any words for it; she went over and stood before her. "Thank you! Oh, thank you!" She couldn't say any more. Michele smiled beautifully. She put her arm across Lise's shoulder and they leaned against the fence, watching Wee Willie race across the pasture, neck arched, his fuzzy tail high, against the bank of fleeing storm clouds.

Duh Doity Toitle

A doity little toitle; a funny lookin's sqoit, Whose shell fit like a goidle as he lay here in duh doit. He lays dere on duh voige of duh drink, eatin' voimin, And onna slightest oige he gives out wid his soiman.

Dere was once a toitle goil who was quite a little floit, And her name was Amy Poil and she really done me doit.

Now, I'm a hoily, boily, soily guy what plays duh hoit goity,

And I never thought I'd fall for a goil das was so floity.

I never thought a goil what always follerd fashun Wid her tail up inna coil could arouse such poiple pashun.

Den she spoke a tender woid and I knew I could not avoit My fate enz' when I hoid, I was stricken quite inoit.

Now tuh make his tender voise all duh shorter and aloit, I'll make it radder toise when I tell how I was hoit.

When I saw duh lovely coive of her shell I felt duh oige Den one day I got duh noive and we was tuh hear duh weddin' doige.

I even changed my shoit and I felt duh tender soige As I washed off all duh doit cuz' I was on duh voige, of a moige.

Well she left me in duh loich, waitin' wid duh county eloik,

Left me standin' inna choich, jus feelin' like a joik.

Now I'm here tuh assoit dat goils ain't woith duh doith, Between duh woith and duh moith, My name ain't Hoiman,

If I lie when I tell all duh goils tuh go tuh Hell.

I'd rather sit here and eat voimin. I ain't no chump.

Return

When they come back again and all the street Is loud and quick against the throbbing drum, I shall not lean from window watching close To see if you be one of those who come.

For if you come at all, you will not strut Between tall buildings where confetti flutters Or where the stamping people mob the curbing And children wave their banners in the gutters. Silent your coming as I weed the walk
And dust the cracks that crowd npon the stair;
And when I've put the supper dishes out,
I'll turn and find you waiting quiet there.

Your coming will be gentle as your living; Your peaceful nobleness from where you stand Will cry above the shouting and the tributes, As I kneel low to kiss your bleeding hand. . . .

> —Edith A. Chelimer. Aycock





The Archive

February, 1944

The Cover

"Mares eat oats and does eat oats, And little lambs eat ivy...."

And even an engineer could figure out in just a minute that our cover girl is one of the most tempting looking little lambs that ever tasted ivy. For the information of the new men on campus, she is Miss Dorothy Dottie) Hyland, '46, N.R.O.T.C. Battalion Sponsor and Navy beauty queen. You men who were here last semester just sit back and drool: you've seen her already.

The Archive is proud to present Miss Hyland as its first cover girl of the year. We assigned our photographer to get a picture of a beauty queen in an informal pose, but we didn't expect anything like this, which goes to show you that Marilyn McClure's ability doesn't stop with photography. She knows a tender lamb when she sees one.

We wouldn't be surprised if the whole V-12 Unit unanimously voted Dottie "the girl I'd like most to date on a cabin party"—the staff has been talking it over, and it seems there's no question as far as they are concerned.

And while we are speaking of Miss Hyland and cover girls, let us go on to covers in general. We would like to have the opinions of our readers on a number of questions, including the cover. Do you like the previous formal covers, the arty photographs, or the beauty queen covers? Just drop a little card to the Editor with your ideas and suggestions; they will be welcomed. We won't promise to do just exactly what everyone suggests, but we will do our best to give you what the majority wants. This goes for stories, poems, cartoons and pictures inside the magazine, too. (The editorial staff reserves the right to choose and edit the jokes.)

And so, until next month, here's hoping you enjoy the magazine as much as you enjoyed the cover.



STAFF

EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS:

Rex Brannan

Bill Gillen

Nat Beaman

Ann Fountain

Missy Johnston

Bill Buchanan

Ned Martin

Loring Fountain

Jackie Lewis

Walter Scott

Dot Hyland

Austin Knight

Sandy Tecklin

Frank Bliss

Ray Lopez

Jim Perry

Dee Gentner

Business Assistants:

Bob Cowin

Mary Nelson Freels

Peggy Heim

Peggy Bacon

Newton Angier

Ann Harrell

Bill Becker

EAST MEETS WEST

at the

Tavern

For Fine Food Amid Pleasant Surroundings, Visit

The Tavern

in the

Washington Duke Hotel

THE ARCHIVE

VOLUME LVII

Tupougu mue Came

February, 1944

Number 5

In This Issue

By Juliana Dysartpage	2
The Little Man By Genevieve Collinspage	5
Polling the Boudoir Buddies Lyries: Bill Scaulon, Music: Frank Millerpage	6
Should Auld Acquaintance By Robert Scottpage	7
Poetry By Anne Flexnerpage	8
Duchess of the Monthpage	9
The Black Man's Burden By Bobbie Millpage	10
Scratching the Surfacepage	12
Jokes? Jokes?	20

STAFF

DAVE FICK, Editor
Bud Peterson, Associate Editor
Snow Ethridge, Coed Editor
Didi Dunphey, Art Editor

HARTSELL CASH, Business Mgr.
JIM STOW, Associate Bus. Mgr.
AUDREY HANCE, Coed Bus. Mgr.
DOTTIE GROOME, Advertising Mgr.

A Monthly Literary Magazine Published by the Students of Duke University, Durham, North Carolina

The publication of articles on controversial topics does not necessarily mean that the Editor or the University endorses them.

Notice of Entry: "Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917. Authorized December 4, 1924."

Entered as second-class mail matter at the Postoffice at Durham, N. C.

Lise and Peter were walking down to their secret place in a corner of the long lawn that sloped back from the house. Peter led the way, hopping from flagstone to flagstone.

"Step-on-a-erack-break-a-mother's-back."

"Don't, Peter!"

In the corner, willow branches trailed among the asters. In front were dark, upright blades where iris had bloomed in the spring, and closest of all, low clumps of alyssum edging the walk.

"Be careful, Peter, we mustn't step on the iris because Mommie planted them."

Peter tiptoed, wobbly, but obedient, through the flower bed and ducked among the willow fronds into the little triangle beyond. Here grass and clover growing tall and undisturbed made, with the corner of the garden wall, a hidden nook. It was a secret of theirs, only Mommie had known about it. Peter plumped down on his stomach and propped his hands under his chin. Lise sat cross-legged.

"Now we can come here whenever we want to, and nobody will know where we are. You have to promise not to tell, Peter."

"Promise," Peter nodded.

Lise began to pull at the grass, slipping out the inner stem and biting off the soft white end. "Peter, do you know who's coming today?"

"The yellow hair lady and Daddy said we can call her Measle, and she's going to live in our house and...."

"Michele, not Measle—Peter do you know what a stepmother is? Remember the one in the "Little Three Eyes" story, the one that made Two-Eyes go out in the snow to get strawberries?"

Peter remembered. He sat up, "I don't want her. Don't want a step-mother. I only want Daddy and Mommie. Lise, when am I going to see Mommie again?" Peter's eyes were getting shiny with tears.

Lise wished Peter were older so she wouldn't have to explain so often. "Not ever, Peter—but listen, she can see us. From up there in heaven she can see us and she still loves us."

Through the Gate

By JULIANA DYSART

Lise is a little girl with a broken heart and a host of lovely memories. You'll like her.

"Where?"

"Oh, up there in the sky."

"She does? Does Mommic live on a cloud? What does she look like up there, Lise—does she look sick? That night she looked sick—I was scared, Lise."



Lise stared at Peter. Did he remember, too? She could never forget that night, Mommie's white face and big dark eyes. They hadn't told her what was wrong. They had just said, "Come kiss your mother Good night." Father had been there at the foot of the bed and the room had smelled like medicine. Mommie had

held her hand tight and looked at her a long time and had whispered, "I love you, darling." The nurse had taken Lise then tiptoeing out. But Lise had known something was wrong. Later she had slipped out of her room again and crept down the stairs in her bare feet. Standing just outside the door she had heard Mommie saying in that strange, whispery voice, "Don't let them forget me, John. Promise me, not ever." Suddenly she had known. Pushing in through the door, she had cried, "Mommie, oh, Mommie!"

The nurse had carried her back that time and sat by the bed while she lay sobbing into her wet pillow.

"You remember," Lise now said to Peter. "Peter, we must come here all the time and talk about Mommie, so we can't ever forget. Promise, Peter, you won't ever . . . not ever!"

"Promise," said Peter, his eyes round and solemn.

"And we've got to hate Michele cause she made Daddy forget. Say you will hate her, Peter."

"Yes," said Peter. "Will she make us get strawberries in the snow? I'll tell Daddy, he won't—"

"Shh!"

Marthe's voice came calling from the back of the house, "Le-e-e-ese, Pete-er."

When Marthe went back in, Lise took Peter's hand, "C'mon, we've got to get cleaned up now." They went back up the lawn in the hot sun.

Marthe herded them into the doorway when they heard the car in the drive. Lise stood with her hands behind her back, her mouth tight. She had on her brown dress that made her look brown and skinny like a monkey; she wouldn't let Marthe put on her pink one.

They came up the walk, Michele and her father. Michele's grey coat billowed back from her shoulders, and her hair blew long, light and shiny in the sm and wind. "Blonde!" thought Lise. There was something not very nice about blondes, jokes about them—"out with a blonde." Mommie's hair had been black, curled close to her head.

Father had his hand on Michele's arm, and held his hat on with the other. He kept looking down at Michele and langhing; he looked happy.

"Daddy, Daddy!" Peter yelped, and ran to grab him around the knees.

Father kissed Peter and caught him up. "Peter," he said "say 'Hello' to Michele,"

Peter glanced "Hello," and turned back, "Daddy, did you bring me. . . . "

"Later, Pete." He sat down to kiss Lise. "Lise, we've come home."

"Hello, Daddy. How do you do." Lise kept her hands behind her back. She saw the corner of her father's mouth pull and that hart look come in his eyes, but she didn't care.

That hurt look came often in his eyes after that. Lise was carefully polite, but she didn't laugh or talk much any more. They were alone now, she and Peter.

At night after they had gone to bed, Lise would talk to Peter in the quiet darkness of the nursery. "Remember how we used to sit under the locust tree by the bird bath, and Mommie used to read to us out of the red fairy-tale book and Raggedy Ann and The House at Pooh Corner?"

"That was best," said Peter.

"Remember the day you found that little green toad under the bird bath, and we called him Skip-looey, and Mommie showed us how he caught flies."

"I know, like this." Peter darted his tongue in and out and smacked londly.

"Once we found an oriole's nest in the willow tree, like a little hammock and Mommie lifted us up to see the eggs."

"I want a bed like that. A little old hammock so I can go swing—



swing—swing—'' Peter often got off the subject.

One night Lise talked about the days after Mommie got siek, when they used to go in and sit on the foot of her bed and play the "Land of Counterpane." It had been raining gently outside that night and the moonlight came in through the window, pale, misty-soft, mingling with the shadows of the room. Peter could remember his mother's face sick and white, but now she seemed strange and far away. Peter said suddenly. "Lise, don't talk about Mommie any more, I'm scared."

Later that night Lise woke to hear Peter calling, sobbing, "Lise, Lise, she's coming to take me with her. Mommie's coming to take me. Oh I don't want to. It's cold up there, oh Lise, Lise." He stood up against the white bars of his little bed, and the wind, cold and rain-wet, blew in from the open window.

Father was gone that night, but suddenly Michele was there, to turn

on the lamp, to close the window, to say soothingly, "Peter, Peter, it was all a dream."

Her hair shone gold in the lamplight; she was warm and glowing and real. Peter went into her arms and clung there, sobbing softer, slower, till at last he was still.

Lise turned with her face to the wall as though she were sleeping, but she lay stiff, her eyes wide.

After that she was all alone. Peter was completely won over. He laughed and played with Michele through the warm blue afternoons of Indian summer, sailing boats in the lily pond, swinging under the locust tree.

Not that they didn't include her. Michele stopping her car in the drive to call "Who will come shopping with me," said first, "Won't you come, Lise," then, "Want to, Petey?"

Peter ran whooping and clambered up to stand on the seat beside Michele. He waved as they went down the drive, but Lise was busy, tossing the ball against the brick wall and catching it again. When they came back and Peter scrambled out, calling "Lickrish, lickrish," there was a stick for Lise too, but she left it untouched on the doorstep.

Peter never told about the secret place, but he never went there now. Lise often lay there alone in the dry grass and looked up into the sky.

The leaves fell from the willow and from the poplars and the locust. Lise went back to school, but she was still alone. Though Marthe kept cookies ready just in ease, she never brought anyone home with her. Lise eould feel a hard lump inside which made it hard to talk to other people. Even running and laughing on the schoolground, she could not quite forget. And when things went wrong it was as though the ache inside her grew and swelled until she was engulfed in misery. Once she could have come crying, "Mommie, Mommie, the wind has blown all the petals off the red rose and now its green and ugly-Mommie, my ball is lost, it went 'way over the hedge and I can't find it anywhere. It's gone." Now there was no one who understood.

At school, arithmetic days were worst. Mother used to help her with her addition, pinning slips of paper with sums written on them all over the house, where Lise would see them; on curtains, on pillows, on Lise's teddy bear, even on the tail of Marthe's apron till Lise would roll on the floor in giggles. But it had helped. Now she struggled alone.

The class did speed tests one afternoon, and Lise could not finish in time. She had to stay after school doing them over and over, rows of sums across the page. Miss Hansen stood before the desk, tall, angular, forbidding, a watch in her hand. "Now" she would say, and Lise would begin, struggling to finish. The fives were nice numbers, and so were the twos, but nines were hateful figures which never made even answers. As she grew more nervous, it got harder and harder; the nines glowered from the paper, and she couldn't remember what eight and seven are. When Miss Hansen called "Stop!" Lise was not done. They went over and over it. At last Lise dissolved in tears. "Well," said Miss Hansen, "we'll have no cry-babies in here. You may go Elise." Lise stumbled out to get her coat, and left in a glimmering maze of tears.

When she came in to dinner that night, there were still pink traces on her cheeks, and her father noticed. "Hello, Lise, how was school today?"

"Oh, all right."

"Something go wrong?"

"No."

"Sure?" He smiled the familiar smile that said, "Oh well, it's not really so bad. Let's hear all about it."

"No, nothing, nothing." She turned away.

Something in her father's faee broke, "Look here, Lise, this has been going on day after day. I want you to tell me what it is that's troubling you. It's not right for you—"

Lise broke away, running up the stairs, and from the top, glancing back, she saw her father's face.

Lise would not eome down to eat any supper that night. She had a room of her own now, and she lay there on the bed sobbing. Later when it had been dark a long time, Miehele eame in with a glass of pale yellow eggnog sprinkled with nutmeg and eookies on a blue plate. Lise refused them, turning her faee away, but Michele left them beside her bed. Lise could smell the eookies warm and spicy. She was really hungry. After a long time, she turned over and nibbled a eookie. The eggnog looked cool and foamy. She sipped a little, and in a minute it was gone. But she was still weak and dizzy from so much crying, and gulping it so quickly was not good. Suddenly she was very, very, siek. She barely got down the hall in time. Lise erept quietly back and sat on the edge of the bed. She thought of Miehelc slipping quietly up at night to put the drink by her bed-of the eggnog all foamy with brown flecks on top. And she thought of the stepmother in "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" who brought her stepdaughter an apple. It was a terrible dark thought. Lise lay back icy cold and listened to the wind blowing the branches, tapping against the window for a long time before she fell into uneasy sleep.

After that, Lise ate less and less, her eyes were wider than ever in her pointed brown face. She sat quite still by the window long hours at a time with one of her story books in her lap. Even Christmas failed to light a joy within her. Watching Miehele and Peter laughing about the tree, Lise remembered Mommie in the early falling dusk of Christmas Eve telling them the story of the Christ Child in the manger, Mommie, kissing Daddy under mistletoe in the doorway, Mommie with a spring of holly in her hair, pinning the star on the topmost tip of the tree. Miehele didn't understand about the decorations. A little green glass swan with a broken tail was Lise's special ornament, she always hung it her very own self. It was a funny, shabbylooking thing, and Miehele, not knowing, had pushed it back in a pile of shattered silver balls and mangy tinsel. When Lise saw it, she pieked the little swan up and earried it up to her room, holding it carefully.

One spring night, Lise, having seareely touched her supper as usual, went up to bed still hungry. She decided to slip back down and get one of Marthe's cookies. Going past the study, she could hear Michele and her father talking, and she stopped when she heard her name.

"If only Lise would talk to me, but it's no use, John—I just can't reach her and she's so unhappy. I've failed, oh, darling, I've failed you so miserably."

Father was comforting her, "Dear, dearest, there was nothing more you or anyone—I don't know what to do, but it can't go on like this. School or no school, I'm going to take Lise out to the country."

Lise went back upstairs and thought it over. It didn't make much difference, but she would like getting away from the changed house, from Michele.

So Lise was sent to her grand-mother's.

Grandmother's house was a story-(Continued on Page 14)

The Little Man

By GENEVIEVE COLLINS

Mrs. Jorgenson was the mystery of the town, and the little man knew all about her . . .

The little man lived just across the street. She saw him every morning as she stepped out to get the milk. He would look up from his hoeing and call, "Good morning, Mrs. Jorgenson." She would answer, "Good morning." She didn't know his name, and it never occurred to her to wonder how he knew hers. She was used to adulation and recognition. She expected it. Humming cheerfully she would step back into the white brick cottage, and the little man—or the other neighbors—would probably not see her until the next morning. At various times a large black sedan—always the same car would pull up before the house and a tall dark man would ring the bell and disappear through the door. After an hour or so he always left, always seeming in a hurry. None of the neighbors knew him. So the days passed, and at the end of three months, her neighbors knew no more about her than they had at the end of the first day. She never seemed to work, she seldom went out. Her house was expensively simple, and the same man came often. People drew their own conclusions.

Every morning the little man would get up at six to work in his garden so that he would be sure to see her when she came to get the milk.

One day when she was downtown shopping, weighted with bundles, she heard the man next to her ask, "May I help you, Mrs. Jorgenson?" She stared at him uncomprehendingly. Then she remembered. It was the little man. She smiled suddenly. "Of course," she said, "and thanks

just awfully." He led her to the car, piled her bundles in, and opened the front door for her. "Yon're very kind, Mr.—" And then she remembered that she didn't know his name. His kindness saved her. "Eustace," he said. "Mr. Eustace," she repeated. "No. Eustace is my first name." "Oh," she replied inadequately. They drove the rest of the way in silence. He helped her out and carried her packages to the door. On impulse she turned to him. "Won't you come in to tea? You've been so kind."

He seemed somehow out of place in the soft velvety luxurious little room. He tried to balance his tea cup on one knee and remained sitting in embarrassed silence. She felt the tension and seemed powerless to overcome it. All her efforts at conversation dwindled off into nothingness. She tried to imagine what would interest a shy little man with sandy grey hair and kind eyes behind thick glasses. He however seemed content merely to sit and absorb the rich darkness of her beanty, for which the room was so perfect a setting. At last he rose to go. She accompanied him to the door. "Thank you for the tea," he said. "Thank you for your help," and then feeling this inadequate, "You must come again." His face lighted suddenly, surprisingly, "May I?" "Of course. Any time." "Tomorrow?'' Disconcerted she said "Yes. Certainly. Tomorrow."

And after a while the neighbors grew to accept that too—the little man, crossing over to the brick cottage at precisely 4:30 every after-

noon. He became as much a part of her life as the tall man in the black automobile. The relationship was easier now, and she enjoyed listening to him talk sometimes in the afternoon. Often he would stop, not consciously but just as if he had forgotten what he was saying, and look at her. At first she found this habit disconcerting, but after a time she came to enjoy his obvious appreciation of her beauty. He spoke mostly of literature to her-often poetry of which he was inordinately fond—and sometimes he read to her. She found pleasure in hearing his quiet voice with its depth of feeling. Once he read to her from the Rubáiyat:

"Come, Beloved, fill the cup that clears

Today of past Regrets and future Fears."

She was oddly embarrassed, and that night she cried for the first time in years. The black car still stopped occasionally before the cottage, but it came less often now. Then, one evening while she and the little man were having tea together, he came. He pushed past the little man as if he did not exist. "Eugenie," he said. "This nonsense has got to stop. Kitty's gone to Europe, so there's no reason why you can't come back to the city. It's damned inconvenient having to come out here every time I want to see you, just to keep some fool gossips from talking." He left after a while. Only after he had gone, she realized that the little man had quietly disappeared during the conversation.

In the darkness she sat on the porch. All around her she could feel the depressing blackness of the night. Then she heard footsteps. She didn't bother to get up. She knew what it was. He stood before her.

"I—" he said, "I just wanted to —I—You wouldn't marry me would you?—" and hurried down the shadowed walk almost before she could burst into laughter. She laughed, laughter poured from her throat, drowning her in its waves of hysteria. She laughed loud and heartily—and wondered suddenly why she was crying.

Polling the Boudoir Buddies

Lyrics: BILL SCANLON

Music: FRANK MILLER

One day the girls on East were accosted by two sassy engineers carrying around reams of printed matter that turned out to be floor plans of all of the dormitories on East. We were tripped up with a sevenfoot "poll" and as we lay on the ground with our noses dusting the eement, were asked in a most polite way to please sign our names by our room number in Bossett. We did and asked no questions, and as a result were numbered among the "cooperative" co-eds on East. For this we give thanks and also for the polling results printed below. We were told later that this poll proves without a shadow of a doubt that Miss Wilson is fondest of 103 Brown and that four girls over on East live in tents. The other results are equally as enlightening.

Co-Ed Editor's Note.

(Author's note: Any similarity of this poll to any other poll is purely coincidental, and all the other gny's fault!)

This is intended to be the biggest exposé of East Campus since the night they took the shades down to wash the windows. It was as unexpected as a "C" in calculus, started out as a joke, and will no doubt end up in the trash can, but here it is as full of apologies as the "Mix." Frankly, we don't know any more about how or why it started than the 235 co-eds who signed away their right to vote for Roosevelt or the other brave 600 who defiantly charged past us, seemingly immune to our threats to "tell Al Rountree about them." (A threat usually sufficient to set the shapeliest knees a 'knockin'.) The poll was originally taken on a plan of student resident houses; and each girl was asked to sign her name and room number in each of the respectable (I mean "respective") houses. It was designed to prove to the writers, if not the readers, that East Campus is cooperative in the daytime. It is hoped (not by us, we're engineers) that West Campus will take its foot out of its mouth and put it in the door. (Paid Adv.)

In the course of the day, we were called "gentlemen" three times, and "fools" 235 times, all other superlatives being uttered by the brave six hundred who got away, two of whom challenged us to a duel with flyswatters at forty paces which we declined. Two hundred thirty-five were curious, and six hundred were inquisitive which proves that the difference between "curious" and "inquisitive" is approximately exactly 365-odd women

leap year or not. We found that women like to know "why?", but that the average lone eo-ed, when accosted by two young men, (Kaf-kaf) doesn't ask as many questions as the 4 o'clock gym class.

On the whole, the girls were cooperative, but it wasn't easy we assure you; an fact, Mr. Miller had to give two IOU's on pairs of nylon hose before we could get two stubborn girls to sign. For the main inducement, we offered a prize to the most cooperative house, and the girls, who are not asked to make up their own beds, sweep their own floors, or wash their own windows, were more than willing to do something for good old Pegreen or Bassett or whatever the case may be. The prize is a good oldfashioned bean bag game, and it looks as if we are obliged to make duplicate awards as we promised each house faithfully that they would surely win the prize.

The reader may momentarily question the desirability of a bean bag game; but if one reflects for a moment, it will readily occur to him that beans are very scarce. With a furtive glance over my shoulder and in my very best bootleg manner, I shall point out that . . . sh-h-h-h . . . they're shipping them all overseas . . . just can't get them anywhere. When the reader also recalls the awkward silence, the half-closed door, and the lack of ashtrays in a Brown House side parlor, he realizes the need for a bean bag game. Suppose, for instance, that you are describing an encircling movement with "illustrations to your frat brother's girl when (Perhaps this is a trifle incredible)

the house counselor walks in, looking for her cigarettes. What need for poise, when all you have to do is throw a bean bag over her head and say "catch." A strong point with co-eds (I know this will be a blow.) was the fact that by simply replacing the beans with lead shot, the bean bag may be used as a Flatbush Persuader on the more amorous males. So much for the bean bag game; however, for safety's sake, we are compelled to answer each loyal co-ed's question of whose house won the eoveted bean bag game with a neutral "What type beans do you prefer?" (Apologies to the girl who thought I said "jeans.")

Now to get back to the poll and its startling revelations. Starting with Alspaugh and ending with Zymurgy, we release a few choice observations of the telephone habits of the Λ lspaugh girls. Did you know that the average Alspaugh girl when talking on the telephone assumes an angle of 48°50′ which has a cosine of 0.666666? Or that when talking to the pater, Alspaugh Annie uses a please - send me - thirty - dollars - for - a - meal book tone, which ehanges to a the meals - here - are - terrible - when are - we - going - out - to - eat - tone when the b.f. calls. Said b.f. promptly counters at the other end with an is - your - meal - ticket - good in - graduate - dining - hall tone. Before we left Alspaugh, Mr. Miller also left his two IOU's, and Marge Lueke hit the nail on my head when I, upon learning that she lived on the second story, remarked that I was a good second-story man myself. She rebutted with "How are you on the

(Continued on Page 15)

T WAS RAINING hard when I came out of the dormitory. I could see the long slanting lines of water as they crossed the patch of light made by the lamp over the door and I could hear the steady wet sound of the drops on the sidewalk. We hadn't been issued raincoats, so I had to run. Far down the campus the lights of the bus made a warm yellow glow through the slanting rain. I ran hard, dodging the puddles on the walk, feeling the jar run up through my body as my feet hit the concrete. My breath was coming harder when I swung up on the step. I fumbled in my pocket and brought out a dime. The sound of the bell was loud in the bus as the coin went through the slot. I took a front seat and looked around. The bus was almost empty. A couple of civilians and a sailor but no other Marines. I was a little disappointed; I didn't want to spend New Year's Eve alone, I settled back in the seat and tried to brush some of the rain spots off my uniform. The driver noticed me in the mirror and said, "Kinda wet out tonight, ain't it?" I said, "Yes," and he let it go at that.

The bus moved slowly, the tires

Should Auld Acquaintance

By ROBERT A. SCOTT

A Marine a long way from home, and lonesome

hissing on the road. The heater hummed drowsily and the warmth made me almost drowsy, too. "It's too hot in here," I thought. I was vaguely impatient to get to town.

I got off at the corner of Fort Avenue and 3rd Street. Halfway down the block the familiar neon "Red Top'' sign was indistinct through the rain. I ran for it. The big plate glass door was steamy with heat from the inside. I opened the door and went in, brushing the rain off my uniform. The place was deserted, except for two men playing pool at the last table; they talked in low voices exclaiming now and then as the balls clicked. Mike was leaning on the bar, he looked gloomy. I thought, "I'll have a beer and wait for some of the boys to come in." I said, "Lo, Mike, got any Budweiser in quarts?" He raised his big hand, thumb pointing over his shoulder. A card was leaning against the mirror NO BEER it said in irregular red letters. I said, "My God, no beer on New Year's Eve." I meant it for a joke, but Mike just looked at me so I turned around and reached for the door, "Well, I'll see you," I said. "Sure." I stood outside the door for a minute trying to decide where to go. I decided on Willard's. Some of the boys were bound to be there.

The rain had let up a little when I got up to Willard's but I was breathing hard from running anyway. I walked in and looked around the smoke-hazed room. The place was half lit and very noisy. In the back, somebody broke a beer bottle and a woman laughed; a high, tight, drunken sound. I looked around for somebody I knew. My eyes still weren't used to the dimness so I moved toward the back, threading through the crowd.

I didn't see anybody I knew; the place was full of soldiers. I turned around and started to walk out but a voice from a booth on the left said, "Hey, Marine." I turned around quick; it was a woman's voice-low and husky and somehow not quite flat. She was sitting in the booth and Joe Mouver was slumped across the table. I hadn't noticed him in the poor light. "He passed out on me," she said. I shook him, but I knew Joe. You couldn't wake him up. He'd come out of it in a couple of hours and be okay. I sat down and ordered beer and looked at her across the table. She looked back. Her eyes and hair were dark, her mouth small and full-lipped. She had a little mole over her left eyebrow and she was slightly drunk. Her eyes were calm as she looked at me. Very suddenly I wanted her terribly. I said, "This is a helluva place to spend New Year's Eve."

"Yeah," she said.

I said, "Let's get out of here." My voice sounded funny. She nodded (Continued on Page 23)



Poetry by Anne Flexner

Anne Flexner is one of the most talented of East's writers and one of the most versatile. Here is some of her poetry.

My Definition of Poetry

Take the white tip of a swallow's wing, Soft, sentimental tune of swing, Wind-brushed cheeks of a young girl, Ear of a Cocker ruffled with curl, Bare, black trees that scratch the sky, New-born robins learning to fly; All of these spell poetry to me, Even if Sandburg doesn't agree.

Roll Your Own

Have you ever rolled cigarettes
On horseback, on the top of Darlay,
Overlooking the water from Scope Bay?
And the wind is whipping and
Your soul longs too, to be up
And about—away in the blue.
And you roll your hope, wish, and desire
And nonchalantly set them on fire.
Then the smoke winds down, down in the bay,
And you watch your hope fade, fade away.

Spoiled

Pop anudder cookie in yo mouf, sugah, Yo Mamma's comin' in the front doah. Put anudder cookie in yo pocket, honey, Cause she won' let you eat no mo'. Yo Mamma, she know whut good fur you, But she don' spoil you lak Mammy do!

Hurry and finish dat cigarette, sugah, Ah hear yo Mamma's car doah slam. You kin smoke anudder day, honey, You know jest how yo Mamma am. Yo Mamma, she know wut good fur you, But she don' spoil you lak Mammy do!

Kiss dem boys goo'bye, sugah, Yo Mamma comin' up de walk. Slip dem out de back doah, honey, You know how yo Mamma talk. Yo Mamma, she know whut good fur you, But she don' spoil you lak Mammy do!

Clouds

Who has plowed the sky today, And left the clouds standing that way, Mound after mound of furrowed mist?

Debunking Virgil

"Aenaeas was a pious man," says Virgil. "He took his little band with his Papa by the hand, And set out to find a brand new land," says Virgil. But I, I often wonder, as I ponder o'er the tale, If Aenaeas wasn't like any other male. Now look, he let his first wife just slip away, So at Carthage with Queen Dido he could play. And so he did—till he grew weary— Then ups and says, "So long, dearie, Old Jupe says I'm to be off to Rome, Cause there I'll find the folks a home. Don't think I wouldn't love to stay— Confound Jupe! He always has his way." So saying, he sailed on, as he knew how, Till he came to a land of pigs and sow, For by a prophecy uttered to him in Hell, He knew this was where the Trojans should dwell. Then one day Lavinia he sees-Down he goes, weak in the knees, And calls to someone for a drink of water, And to tell Latinus he wants his daughter. But then one of the Trojans was yet so bold, To whisper to Aenaeas what he had been told, That the fair Lavinia was promised to another, One King Turnus by name, or his brother. Then up sprang Aenaeas with a plan of his own, By which the fair Lavinia would sit on his throne. Of course, you know the outcome of this plight, How Turnus was killed in that famous fight, Thus Aenaeas won land and Lavinia's heart, And the Roman race got off to a start. And only after his third wife, Did Aenaeas lead a pious life.

Oh, Mr. Virgil, for shame, for shame, Why the pious with Aenaeas' name?

Duchess of the Month
Til Paty, '47



The Black Man's Burden

By BOBBIE MILL

A beautiful story, told in plain but touching words, about a lad who could not understand why the others didn't like him

It was the first snow. The children $oldsymbol{1}$ ran happily around the playground shouting, "It's almost Christmas." It was such an exciting morning. Jeff Brown had been chosen out of the whole school to represent Middleville. It had not been much of a surprise to them. They thought all along that he stood a good chance. He had always been at the head of his class, but usually Bill Taylor had been able to give much better recitations than any of the others. This morning, however, he had faltered and stopped, unable to go on in the middle of his speech, while Jeff's voice had rung out clear and strong to the very end of his.

"Good, Jeff, good," Miss Smith had said, clapping her thin hands. The children had joined in with her. They were glad he had won. They were proud of him. Jeff's brown face had shone with pride and happiness. To think that he was the only colored boy in school and that he had won, and the others did not even mind. Why, the others were glad.

He could hardly wait to run home—to the back of his parents' store, The Variety Shop, where he lived, and tell them about it. This year it was especially important that Middle-ville win the Gold Cup for Recitation from Riverside, where it had been held for three years by a conceited, fat, red-headed girl, because it was understood that the principal had promised to do something special. If all went well, it would be done for Jeff.

There had always been a rivalry between the two little towns. Riverside pretended to be so exclusive with its big hotel and the new factory which had been built only a short time before to make airplane parts. Riverside had grown in population, but they were not people who would stay and help the town. They were all the strange people who came in great swarms and lived in trailers or small, thrown-together shacks.

Middleville was unchanged by the war. It was a self-sufficient, self-respecting town which was glad that the Round Robin Inn had only two guest rooms so that even if city people did come, they could not stay. There was a chief of police, a butcher, a doctor, and of course The Variety Shop where people could buy everything from a spool of thread to a pair of shoes.

Yes, Riverside, which had barely existed before the war, laughed at Middleville, but if Jeff won the Gold Cup it would have to take its proper place.

The most wonderful thing about Jeff was his steadiness. When he stood up in front of the class, his brown hands clasped behind him, his face very grave, and his brown eyes glowing, you felt sure of him. Bill was better sometimes, but he was often as if he were in another world, and you never knew quite what he would do next. Bill reminded Jeff of a little rabbit hopping around, not paying attention to anyone. This morning he had really acted quite silly.

Even now Bill should be feeling sorry for himself, but he stood out in the yard, leaning against a tree, slowly munching cookies, while the snow fell lazily on his hat and blonde hair. It did not bother him at all that the other children laughed at him and made fun of him.

Pretty soon Jeff came out of the school with his books under his arm and walked over to him. "Miss Smith says I can go home and tell Mother and Dad," he said, kicking the fresh snow with his rubber boot.

Bill nodded, still chewing slowly on his cookie. Jeff wanted to tell him how sorry he was. He liked him better than any of the others. Bill seemed to understand the make-believe games he liked to play, and often played with him. He knew all about elves and ghosts and funny people who lived in the hills and woods. Jeff had told him, and he believed Jeff.

"You aren't mad at me are you, Bill? I was sure you would win. You are so much better." He looked at him and saw that he was grinning.

"Dummy," he said, "I didn't forget my lines. I wanted you to win."

The bell rang giving a sign that recess was over, and Bill smiled again, touched Jeff's sleeve, and ran into school. There was nothing for Jeff to do but run home.

The room at the rear of the store which Mrs. Brown had fixed up as a sitting room was warm and cozy. Mrs. Brown rocked in a chair next to the stove. She had her sewing basket in her lap. She looked over at Jeff sitting at a table with his books in front of him. Just looking at him and knowing what a good boy he was and knowing he had won today gave her a warm, rosy feeling all over.

Outside it was dark and there was a heavy blanket of snow on everything. Lights from nearby houses and stores made the snow sparkle. People walked by with a feeling of cheer and expectation about them because it was almost Christmas.

Sometimes Mrs. Brown forgot that she and her husband Big-Joe, and Jeff were different than the other people of Middleville. She knew that the town people forgot about it too. Both her family and Big-Joe's had always lived there and now she, her husband, and son were the only ones left. Really though, there was not so much difference between the Browns and any other family in town . . . only color.

Mrs. Brown worried about Jell. Would it be hard for him when he got older to get along? He was considered one of the children now and was always asked to parties with the rest of them, but would be later? Just once in a while one of the boys Jeff played with would forget and call him "an ole nigger." Aside from that, his skin could have been as white as any of the others by the way he was treated. Lately there had been rumors of race trouble in Riverside. It had all started in the factory there. She wondered if it would concern them and quietly prayed that it would not.

Mrs. Brown put up her sewing basket and went into the shop. Big-Joe was unpacking boxes of Christmas merchandise he had brought from the city. He held up a silver star to be hung at the top of the Christmas trees. Mrs. Brown closed the door securely behind them. This was the first chance they had had to talk since Jeff had come home with his news. They looked at each other and Big-Joe patted his wife's hand

"Now, now, Sadie. He's a good boy, but he hasn't won yet."

"He will. I know he will. Sometimes I don't see how he can be our son. We're such simple people. Some day he will be something great . . . maybe a lawyer, or even president. . . ."

When she said that a strange s illness passed over both of them until Big-Joe said, "All that means nothing unless he is a good man. Let him be that first."

At that moment the bell over the door rang as it opened and several people came in, all congratulating the Browns on their son. Even the Taylors were there saying how much better Jeff would be than Bill.

Jeff could not listen any more, so

he took his big red coat and woolen cap and went out the back door. He ran down the road towards the Round Robin hm. He looked in the windows and saw the men of the town practicing Christmas carols which they would sing on Christmas Eve. The words, "Oh little town of Bethlehem . . ." rang out into the night. Jeff loved their singing and he stood still to listen to them for a few minutes.

He looked down the road. He could see where the houses left off and where it was so dark and still . . . where the cheerful road had become lonely and black. How silent it must be up there in the hills where there were no birds or squirrels. Then he thought that maybe it might not be so quiet. No one knew exactly what went on up there in the winter at night. Perhaps since human beings did not come up any more, strange things crept out of trunks of trees, and ghosts floated among them, waiting for something small and lost to come along.

Jeff clenched his fists. He was frightened. He thought the huge dark trees were waiting to fall on him or take him away, but it was over in a minute. He felt silly to have been frightened. He saw the little white church and the houses with their welcoming lights inside and felt like he really belonged. He pieked up some snow and threw it against a

tree. He thought about Bill and remembered what a good friend he was. He knew he would win the Gold Cup now. He would win it and bring it back to Bill.

The next morning Jeff got up and dressed with special care. This was the day he was going to Riverside. After he was dressed and had eaten his bowl of hot cereal, he stood in front of the kitchen window. He watched the first rays of the morning sun fall on the snow. On all the porches up the street Christmas trees stood in the corners, waiting to be taken in and lighted up. If he only had a Christmas tree he would be like the others. He could not hurt his mother and father by being disappointed because he didn't have a tree.

He saw Miss Smith coming slowly down the road in her old blue Ford. She stopped in front of The Variety, Shop. Jeff quickly put on his coat and hat and tried to calm the excited feeling in his stomach,

As his mother hurried him ont of the door she called out to him, "Good luck, Jeff. Don't forget your lines."

Jeff climbed into the car and waved good-bye. Miss Smith put her foot on the accelerator and they pulled jerkily away. As they drove through the little town, curtains in the living rooms of each house on the street were pulled back and the (Continued on Page 16)



HOW SOME OF THE BEAUTY QUI



Dot Hyland slept and slept. We had to wake her to get this shot.

SCRATCHING (THE AWI



Mary Nelson Freels all wet as usual.
(Durham, not Freels)



Mary Bradley crammed, waiting for that big day.



Til Paty writes one of the numerous men in her young life.

ENS SPENT THE BOY'S VACATION

THE SURFACE

THE SURFACE

THE SURFACE

THE SURFACE

THE SURFACE



Beauty and the Bubbles, La Groome, Beauty Queen



Fountain takes down her hair and douses it as Gwin and Sarah Bunting supervise.



Prather gives Crowell a mud pack treatment.



Catty just played solitaire.

Through the Gate

(Continued from Page 4)

and-a-half red brick house with shutters. There were pines in the dooryard, and an apple tree floated its pink and white cloud of blossoms over grass already green.

When Grandmother heard the ear stop, she came quickly down the walk to meet them. She was like Mommie, tall and slender, and her voice was very soft. When she saw Lise, tears came in her eyes, and she kissed Lise and held her close. Then she took Father's hand and said, "Hello, John. How are you? Thank you for bringing Lise."

They went on in the house and there was Mary in a floury apron, big and strong and red-cheeked, ready to hug Lise and welcome her back. Mary had lunch ready. They ate in the big sunny kitchen. There were hot biscuits and pickled peaches, golden, sweet and spicy, Grammie's own special kind. When Lise shut her eyes, she could remember eating peaches right here before in this same blue-rung chair, with Mommie there across the table.

In a minute she opened her eyes and saw the cat. It was the same old cat, tortoise shell with a clean white face and bib. But beside her was a kitten, a wonderful little kitten, also tortoise shell with a clean white face and bib! The mother yawned and the kitten yawned. Lise laughed out loud, and Father stopped talking and looked up.

"Tattoo was the mother of Pinkle Purr,

A little nothing of feet and fur; And by-and-by, when his eyes came through.

He saw his mother, the big Tattoo And all that he learned, he learned from her.

'I'll ask my mother,' says Pinkle Purr.''

Lise remembered it all. "Mommie taught me that." She ran to pet the kitten.

Daddy had to go back after lunch. Lise went to the door still holding the kitten and only put her cheek up for her father's kiss. After he had gone, Mary took her bag, and they all went up the stairs to Lise's bedroom. It was just as she remembered it—the quilt on the bed, the wallpaper with little scenes of haymakers and of village steeples among the trees, and the round window which opened to the pines and the blue sky. Lise ran to look out. Suddenly she turned, "Oh, Grammie, I'm glad I'm here!"

Lise was still asleep when Mary called next morning, "Get up, sleepy-head and come to breakfast!"

It was cool in the room and she hurried to dress and run down. There were paneakes for breakfast and Lise ate them slowly with melting butter, soggy with sweet syrup. She grew drowsy in the warm kitchen, watching Mary stir about and pour water from the teakettle to wash the dishes.

"Where's Grandmother?" she asked.

"Out by the garden. Don't you want to go out?"

"I guess so," Lise forgot about being sleepy. She went out through the back way and the screen door banged behind her. Over along the edge of the orchard, she could see the dark furrowed earth of the garden. Her grandmother stood by the side of the patch. Lise felt like running; her feet flew over the grass. "Good morning, Grammie."

"Lise, I have something to show you," Grammie called. Lise ran down to the garden's end to meet her, and they went hand in hand to the orchard gate.

"What is it, Grammie?"

But Grandmother only said, "Wait and see."

In the orchard, the twisting red brown trunks made long aisles and overhead hung clouds of white blossoms. As they walked in the cool shade, petals floated, one by one, down to the wet grass.

"It's like fairy land," said Lise and for a minute she and Grandmother stood under the trees, just looking, and listening to the chirp and warble of the birds talking to each other.

Then Lise pulled at her grand-mother's hand, "The surprise."

In the upper corner of the orchard

where two cherry trees had died and been cut down long ago, the sun fell on an open grassy plot. There Lise saw it—a little black colt with long legs and a sernbby brush of tail, which struggled to its feet as they appeared. Lise was speechless with joy for a moment, then began jumping up and down in a torrent of questions, "Oh how sweet! how lovely! Whose is it? How old? Where is the mother?"

Grandmother said, "Quietly, Lise, or you'll frighten it. . . . Its mother died last night."

Lise went softly toward the colt, but it jerked away from her outstretched hand, "Poor, poor, little colt, dear little colt—Grammie, may I have it?"

Grandmother looked thoughtful, "Its just a baby, and it will need a lot of care, someone who will watch over it and never forget feeding time."

"Oh Grammie, I can take care of it if you'll help me, honestly I can, I'll never, never forget, cross my heart!" Lise put her hands behind her back, went softly, slowly. The colt let her come very near, though his eyes rolled in a frightened way until she stood quite still. "See," whispered Lise.

"All right," said Grandmother.
"He needs you—you can be a stepmother to him."

"No!" Lise rejected the title almost angrily, but in a minute she stopped frowning. "What time is feeding time?"

"Now," said Grammie, "Let's go ask Mary for some milk."

In the kitchen, Mary already had a shallow pan of milk on a corner of the stove, and she was washing a bottle.

"You knew," said Lise, but Mary only smiled. She tested the milk with her wrist, and showed Lise how—not hot, not cold, just barely warm. Mary poured the milk into the bottle and got a black rubber nipple from a drawer to cap the top. Lise was delighted, just like a baby's bottle! She held the bottle close, wrapped in a cloth, and they hurried back.

He was standing just as they had

left him, all alone in a corner of the rail fence. It was hard not to frighten him, but Lise knew how this time. They went in quiet cat steps until Grandmother eould slip her arm over his neck and Lise put the bottle under his nose. He tossed his head away, and curled his lip in a frightened snort. She tried again and again. "Here little colt, here baby colt, don't be afraid, little colt.' Then with a push the nipple went in his mouth and he was sucking greedily, his head up, long wobbly legs spread. His eyes rolled back, and little drops of milk stood on the hairs under his chin. It was wonderful! Lise's arm ached from holding the bottle so high, but she would not let Grammie take it.

Every once in a while he stopped and looked about him. At last he was through and would not take the bottle again. He bobbed his head up and down, took a few steps, and then collapsed into the clover.

Lise sat down in the grass, too, and thought about a name for him. After a while Ed, the hired man, came bringing a huge armful of shiny yellow straw for a bed. They spread it in the corner and Ed gently lifted the colt onto it. Lise asked him about the name. He stuck a straw between his teeth and reflected.

"Well, there's Blackie and names like Dick or Bill—never was much of a hand at naming things. Maybe— Black Beauty."

It was the best Ed could do, and Lise was polite, "Those are very good names, but I shall have to think it over for a while."

When Lise asked her, Mary was not much help either. Grandmother said there was a very famous horse named Pegasus, but that was such a long name for a little colt, and after all they couldn't call him Peggy.

That night watching the stars through her round window, Lise thought of a name, "Wee Willie Winkie." She called it softly to herself, "Wee Willie Winkie, "It was a good name for a little black horse. She squinched her eyes together and told Mommie

(Continued on Page 22)

Polling the Boudoir Buddies

(Continued from Page 6)

vines?" which left me sucking air.

We managed to find our way out of Alspaugh and alcobetically wandered into Bassett in quest of Third-floor Bassett Nellie, the holy quail. She was out with Al Rountree so we settled for Second-floor Suzy and made the campus-shaking discovery that the best-looking girls in most of the houses live in rooms 227 to 235, which is sure to make a liar out of somebody and start a rush on the rooming office. Since the floor plans of Giles, Pegram, and Bassett are identical, they appeared on the same page. By eonsultation, we find that Betsy Medlicott, Jane Sherrill, Snowy Ethridge, Bob Stepbach, (OOps! wrong chart.) Nancy Upshaw, Missy Johnston, Kay Goodman, Mary Nelson Feels, Beth Holeombe and..... (Print your name in space provided) . . . all live in different houses together! We also note that four girls sleep in a tent with two blue 100% virgin wool blankets, but the most astounding information (and we hope that the COGS will do something about this) was the discovery that one girl lives on the third story of a

While we are on the subject of tenement houses, did you know that 55 bath tubs serve the co-eds, that the corridors are six feet ten inches wide, or that Ann Fouch, voted "The Girl With Whom I Should Like to Room" by the 3rd platoon, Company B, Seetion 3, WACS, Camp Butner, has moved? Amazing! Elementary, my dear Watson, when one has access to our poll. You'll gasp when with passionate breath and smoldering typewriter, we divulge for the first time (Passed by OWI) that Joyce "Gunga'' Dean, Watertender, first class, was campused once for ten days which at compound interest at the rate of 6% per annum amounts to about \$0.001369. Pretty good money for a college girl, don't you think? Don't answer that! You'll be shocked when I add that Giles House Gertie

wardrobe trunk in the basement of

needs a piece of copper wire about two inches long for her bed heater and/or (I'm not sure which) a Duke Engineer,

While we're letting that sink in, we theoretically shall walk boldly through the corridor and out the side door of Bassett, and sidle into Brown the same way. (Just a secret ambition, of course.) Brown, not only had 76 signers to lead the rest, but also honses the girl whose ambition is "to get married and have Washington Duke stand up for me."—to which we innocently ask "Are best men that scarce?" and duck instinctively.

While the reader is still hysterical, a glance at our chart takes us to Jarvis and Aycock with only 22 names, including Little Miss Moffett and Joyce Jordan, girl interne. Room 118, Jarvis, makes the claim that "George Washington slept here." What night? Since we cannot get complete figures on these houses, we shall have to wait until something de-Meanwhile, will someone velops. please tell us how to recognize a Duke co-ed on Sunday? We may be found any afternoon in the Engineer's Dope Shoppe watching the raisins crawling over the cookies, and argning that the purity lights are only 99.44% pure.

Send *The* ARCHIVE Home

Dreams and Reality

Dreams are futile things to me, I can't believe the sight I see, Fantastic figures flying past They're hardly sure, they never last.

The strangest one of all these dreams, The biggest lie of all it seems, Came rushing past my muddled sight And flew away into the night.

I caught a glimpse of golden hair Of ruby lips and baby stare And then it faded into a blob Migosh—a co-ed who's not a snob!



Compliments

of

Duke University Stores

Owned and Operated for Your Convenience by

Duke University

公

We Appreciate
Your Patronage!

Duke University Store

Duke Hospital Store

Woman's College Store

The Haberdashery

23

J. M. MOORE, '32 Manager



The Black Man's Burden

(Continued from Page 11)

townspeople watched them leave. When each family went back to its breakfast or morning tasks, they all said the same thing in different ways, "The Browns would be so happy. Let us hope he wins. They are such good people."

The news reached the school first. Miss Smith had called up the principal and told him. The children were let out early to meet him. The entire town was out too. The principal had planned that. Anyone who had any form of a uniform were it to make the occasion seem more important. The Boy Scouts all had on their uniforms, and so did the American Legion.

Mrs. Brown cried when she heard the news. She was so proud.

"Joe, we must do something special for Jeff," she said to her husband. "A tree...he wanted one so much. Do you think we could?"

"Yes, I think he would like that best." Big-Joe took seventy-five cents from the wooden box under the counter. "I'll take care of it," he said.

Jeff was quiet during the ride back to Middleville. He was cold and tired, and crept close to Miss Smith. He would never forget the sudden fear which had almost overwhelmed him when they had called out his name, nor would he forget the happiness which had surged over him when he had been presented the Gold Cup. He held it in his hand now, watching the rays of the sun come in the car windows making the cup glisten.

As Miss Smith drove slowly through the town Jeff saw the people all out welcoming him. He felt like a great hero. Even the high-school band in red uniforms were there. When he came in sight of The Variety Shop he saw in the doorway a beautiful Christmas tree decorated with colored balls. Now Jeff was like everyone else. The children were pushing up ahead of the older people shouting praises to Jeff. Bill was there and

he came close to Jeff smiling, "I knew you would win. Didn't I say you would?" Jeff knew he had never been so happy.

It was during the first few weeks in January that the snow left the ground, leaving the fields a dull brown and making the trees look sadly naked. All was not well with the usually carefree, simple people of Middleville. They had heard the rumors of the trouble in Riverside—the trouble in the factories between the colored and the white people.

A colored man had pushed a white woman and her baby in front of an oncoming car during the four o'clock shift. They had both been killed. It had been an accident, of course. Instantly the story had grown and spread. Before the Negro had time to plead his case other white factory workers had fatally wounded him. Then they had burned his little shaek on the edge of town. In that way the race riot started. It was the whites against the blacks.

Always before Middleville had kept out of the affairs of Riverside, but now it was different. Several of the men from the little town had gone into the factory. Like a long arm, the feeling toward the eolored people reached out and touched almost everyone in Middleville. The age-old race prejudiee which had come down through generations now appeared strongly.

In a few days the first story had grown and other rumored incidents had sprung up. The other children began to look at Jeff curiously. He had always been different from them in color, but they had never particularly noticed him. Now they looked at him in a new way. They tried to think of other things which were different about him.

It seemed strange for Jeff to go home alone, and not to have anyone talk to him. He felt like he had been bad and he was being punished. Punished for something he did not understand. Usually they all rushed out of school together making lots of noise. Now it was quiet.

His mother and father asked him (Continued on Page 18)

Buy more

UNITED STATES WAR BONDS

— your first line of defense



As a patriotic American, you'll be proud to wear Airmaid "Victory" Stockings.

To conserve limited rayon stocks, these lovely hose are made with fine textured, long-lasting cotton welts and cotton reinforced feet. To add beauty and snag-resistance, the rayon yarn in Airmaids is twisted more turns than required by our Government for Grade A hosiery.

ECKERD'S DRUG STORE

122 W. Main Street

FANCY ICES

SHERBETS

PHONE L-963

☆

"Ice Cream Specialists"

DURHAM ICE CREAM CO.

(Incorporated)

FAST FROZEN

"BLUE RIBBON" ICE CREAM

"Today It's Thrifty to Buy Quality"

☆

Durham, North Carolina

BLOCKS

PUNCH

The Black Man's Burden

(Continued from Page 16)

if everything was going well at school and he assured them that it was. His parents had trouble too. Not many people had come into The Variety Shop lately.

Jeff did not laugh much any more. He had the feeling that he would like to run away from everybody. Even ghosts and elves in the woods would be better than the cold, blank stares which the children gave him. Worse than a stare was the way so many of them would not even look him in the eye. Bill still smiled at him, but even he did not talk to Jeff.

One day a strange young man from Riverside stood in front of the Round Robin Inn talking to some of the men and women of the town. It was after lunch and Jeff was going back to school. As he neared the group he heard the young man say, "You should see the trouble they've been having over there. It started in the factory. The niggers . . , always starting something. They think they're as good as we are. If we don't watch out they'll be bossing us all around. Did you hear about the nigger who killed three women and their children? But we got him for it. They can't outwit us. You better watch out around this place. I hear there's a little swine who won some kind of a cup. What's the idea of letting a nigger try to get ahead of your kids?"

As Jeff walked by all their eyes turned to watch him. They looked at him as if he were some strange animal instead of a boy who had lived in Middleville all his life and a boy whom they used to like.

Other people went up and listened to the tales which the strange young man had to tell. The children on their way to school heard things about the terrible colored people too.

This afternoon was worse than any of the other days. Even Miss Smith would not call on him. He raised his hand after every question, but she paid no attention to it.

After the other children had been dismissed Jeff walked up to Miss Smith's desk and asked her why she did not like him.

She looked at him for several moments, with narrowed eyes. Finally she said, "I dismissed school, Jeff. Go home."

In front of the school the boys and girls were waiting for Jeff. As he walked down the steps one of the older boys stuck out his foot and tripped him. Jeff fell down, and picked himself up slowly while the others shouted and laughed, jumping up and down.

They chased him to the end of the play ground. They hit him with their fists and threw stones at him, all the time shouting "Dirty nigger." They shouted one word they had heard the strange young man use in front of the Round Robin Inn, "Swine." Jeff stood there quietly, numbed, letting them hurt him until they grew tired of it. Then he slipped away through the gate. He turned back and looked at them just once.

He ran through woods and over hills. He finally fell sobbing to the ground. He must be terribly, terribly bad to have everyone hate him so, to keep people away from his parents' store. The grass was cold and damp and made him feel better. He could not stay there. They would be after him again. The children, the ghosts, and the elves. . . . He must run as fast as he could. He ran through more woods—the woods which used to frighten him because he thought elves and ghosts lived in them. Now even ghosts and elves would be better than children who hated him. He ran faster as he imagined he heard people chasing him. He fell over stones, stumps, and gave little crys of pain as he scratched his arms and legs on blackberry bushes. He panted as he ran up the big hill. Over the hill was the river. He could rest down there and hide in the tall grass. But now he must keep rmming-running, staggering down the hill. He must not stop yet. He must not get tired. He ran along the edge of the river. Jeff stumbled on a rock and fell headlong into the water. He was too exhausted to get up.

Back in the school yard the boys and girls were still wandering around restlessly. Bill, who had stayed in school came outside. Not seeing Jeff he asked, "Where is he? Where is Jeff?"

They shook their heads and stared at him.

"It's not true what they say about him," he shouted. He threw his books on the ground and started running.

All of a sudden they realized what they had done. They followed Bill. Through the woods and over hills they ran shouting, "Jeff, Jeff, where are you?"

Their voices echoed throughout the hills and valleys.

Bill saw him first and ran falling to the water's edge. He took the brown hand in his and tried to pull him np.

"He's dead," he said. "He's dead."

The woods and fields were quiet now. Four of the older boys carried him. They carried him back to town and down the main street.

Everyone whispered, "He's dead. Jeff's dead."

They passed the crowd, not seeming to notice the grown-np people there. Miss Smith cried out and tried to reach him, but the children would not let her get near him. The crowd did not try to touch the children. They could not. The children walked on, carrying Jeff.

One woman covered her eyes with her hands. "What have we done? Who will tell the Browns...his poor mother and father? Oh, God forgive us. They were such good people...."

Tasty Bake Shop

"Next Door to Big Star"

Pies Cakes Cookies Doughnuts Special Orders



Printing styles and the frend in type faces are constantly changing, but Service and High Quality are unvarying in the production of all printing in our large plant.

We have been growing for 57 years . . . serving the manufacturing, trades, education, and professional leaders in North Carolina and the South.

PRINTING
PUBLISHING
BOOK BINDING

THE SEEMAN PRINTERY
INCORPORATED
DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

JOKES?

JOKES?

Soliloguy

(Apol. to Dorothy Parker)

I saw you smile one evening,
We met. I felt so flat;
You saw that I was gullible,
(You took a chance on that)
You conquered over endless odds,
I gave my love to you;
You came, you saw, you conquered,
But damn you, you graduated!

Ross Hill: How about a little kiss, girlie?

Angel Farmer: No, I have seruples. Ross Hill: Well, that's all right; I've been vaccinated.

Give a woman an ineh, and she thinks she's the ruler.

He: May I have this dance? She: Certainly, if you can find a partner.

--Log.

Mother: "Sally, you certainly took long enough to say good night to that young man."

Sally: "Well, Mom, when a young man takes a girl to the movies, the least she can do is let him kiss her good night."

Mother: "But daughter, I thought he took you to a night club this evening."

Sally: "He did."

Co-ed's war cry—"Two arms, two arms; fall in!"

My love have flew; him done me dirt; I did not knew him were a flirt.

To you unschooled, oh let I bid,
Do not be fooled as I was did!
He have came, he have went,
He have left I all alone,
He can never came to I
I can never went to he
Woe are I—it cannot was!

Knock, knock, knock.
Saint Peter—"Who's there?"
Voice outside—"It is I."
Saint Pete—"Hell with ya'. We have enough English instructors in

here now."

—Old Line.

TRUE LOVE

I love you with a heartache, I love you with a sigh, I love you till the end of time Ah, this will never die.

That is . . . I think I love you.

"Don't be downhearted," said the steward to the suffering passenger. "Seasickness has never killed anyone."

"Don't say that," moaned the stricken one, "it's only the hope of dying that has kept me alive so far!"

g that has kept me alive so fa

Cherchez Le Frosh

When they've fixed you up With your first date And they've warned you, "Now, don't be late," And you try to get Their advice On how to act, and if she's nice; And they leer at you With a knowing grin And insinuate "She's homely as sin." So the days pass Until the night-Then you wait your heart a flutter, For the gal— Your legs like butter, And wondering if She'll be the booby prize All evening— And, then surprise! You find she's the Belle of the ball, And you dance with her once, And, darn it, that's all. (Ain't it life?)

"What did you do when her dress started coming off?"

"I helped her out as best I eould."
—Froth.

Kissing a girl is just like opening a bottle of olives—the first may eome hard, but it's a eineh to get the rest.

From la France zair vuz vunce ze young man

Zat got fraish on ze beach at ze Cannes

Zaid ze Mademoiselle,

"Eh! Monsieur! Vote ze hell!
Stay away from vair eet ees not suntan!"

-Frivol.

"And there I was, cast away on a desert island with a lovely woman."

"What did you do for food?"

"I'll be darned if I remember."

Tweet Tweet was a little bird, He sat upon a railroad track, One day a train ran over him, And then guess what— Shredded Tweet.

-Log.



JOKES?

JOKES?

It Says Here

To flirt is very wrong;

I don't.

Wild youths chase women, wine and song;

I don't.

I kiss no girls not even one;

I don't know how the things is done; You wouldn't think I have much fun. I don't.

She: "When we get married I'm going to cook, sew, darn your socks and lay out your pipe and slippers. What more can any man ask than that?"

He: "Nothing, unless he is evilminded."

A shoulder strap is a piece of ribbon placed so as to keep an attraction from becoming a sensation.

-Yale Record.

Lawyer—Why didn't you seream as soon as he touched you?

Old Maid—I didn't know he wanted my money.

A small boy was harrying to school, and as he hurried, he prayed, "Dear God, don't let me be late—please God, don't let me be late." Then he happened to stumble and said, "You don't have to shove."

-Caveman.

A peacock is a gorgeous bird, but it take a stork to deliver the goods.

A traveling salesman was handed a message from his wife, which read as follows: "Twins arrived tonight. More by Mail."

Rushing to the telegraph office, the salesman replied: "If any more arrive by mail, send them to the dead-letter office."

-Froth.



"So I Told The Prof. What I Thought Of Physics."

It seems that one of the employees of Henry Ford dreamed that Henry died. He dreamed that he saw the black easket being borne by six of Henry's oldest and most faithful employees. As the casket came by, Henry raised up, looked around, and offered the following suggestion:

"If you would put rollers under this easket, you could lay off five men."

—Banter.

"What did your girl wear to the Beaux Arts Ball?"

"She wore a paper dress."

"What did you do after the dance?"

"Oh, we went on a tear."

-Wataugan.

If fleas are fleas because they flee, And flies are flies because they fly, Bees must be bees because they be!

"Sorry, madame, but licenses are issued only when your form is filled out properly."

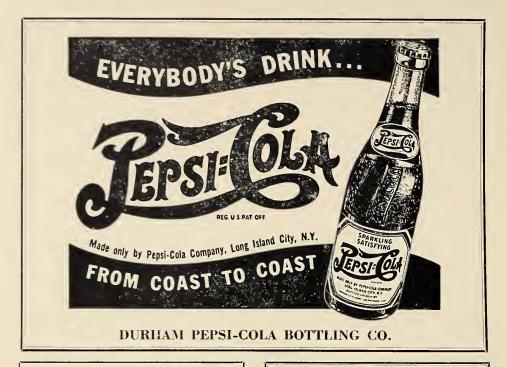
"Why, I like your nerve, sir. We can get married no matter what I look like."

-Frotle.

He (as his wife is packing): "I really don't think you ought to wear that bathing suit, Helen."

She: "But dear, I have to. You know how strict they are at the beaches."

-Battalion.



You're Always Welcome

WALGREEN'S

Stationery
Calling Cards
Invitations

Get them done at

Durham Printery, Inc.

210 May Street



Through the Gate

(Continued from Page 15)

about it. But somehow this time that wasn't enough. She got out of bed and ran down to the parlor where Grammie sat in a big soft chair reading. "I have the name now," she said.

Grandmother pushed up her glasses and looked up.

"I'm going to call him Wee Willie Winkie!"

"That is a lovely name," Grandmother said, "You must begin to call to him in the morning so he will learn it too."

Lise blew a kiss and ran back to bed.

She told Wee Willie the next morning, whispering the name in his ear, and he shook his head and nuzzled against her shoulders as if it were a very fine name indeed.

Willie grew stronger and stronger and soon trotted about as though he were sole owner of the orchard plot. In a few weeks he discovered there were other things in the world to eat besides milk—lovely green things, grass and clover. Lise even found him testing the blue morning-glory that wound round the fence rail. That evening when she went out to the orchard, she found the gate swinging open. Her heart began to thump. She ran in and called, but there came no long-legged black shape running toward her. Lise flew through the orchard, over the grass and the long shadows, calling "Willie! Willie!" but he was not there.

White-faced, she ran back to the house. "Grammie, Wee Willie's gone—it's my fault, it's all my fault. I didn't hook the latch, and now he's gone."

Grandmother held her close and called to Mary that Ed should go search. Lise struggled, "I've got to go too." But Grandmother wouldn't hear of it; it was getting dark now.

Lise began to cry, long strangling sobs—he would never come back, never, never. Something happened happened to everything she loved. Mommie was gone. Daddy and Peter loved Michele now. All the pain and fear and hate locked within her came pouring out in half-coherent phrases. Grandmother holding Lise in her arms, sat and rocked and patted and listened.

After a while she grew still, and she and Grandmother sat together, watching the twilight slowly deepen till all the room was dark within, and only the wide window showed the deep, deep blue of evening sky.

They heard the back door open and Ed's heavy step. Lise jumped up as Ed's deep voice called in, "He's all right; just found him down the road a piece, pulling at some clover. Put him in the pasture up behind the barn; he's getting too big for the orchard plot anyhow."

Lise ran upstairs and from her window she could see a dark shape moving in the upper pasture. Suddenly everything was as it should be. When she went down again, she and Grammie had a long talk about Mommie not wanting Daddy to be lonely now, and about Peter's still being just a baby and needing a mother.

One morning Lise discovered a ladder at the back of the barn leading up to the hay loft above. She elimbed up and sat down by the open loft door and looked over the green fields to the blue hills beyond. She could see her grandmother in the door yard digging with her trowel. "Hellooo!" Lise yelled and Grandmother looked up to wave. The pigeons in the loft flapped their wings at the noise and some flew eircling away, their wings flashing in the sunlight. "It's beautiful, beautiful, beautiful," she sang solftly to herself. "I love it, I love the whole world. I love the sun and the sky and the trees and the pigeons and Grammie and Peter and Daddy. I think I shall write Daddy a letter. I'll write it this morning.'

Grandmother thought the letter a wonderful idea and brought Lise a sheet of paper and a sharp pencil. Writing took a long time and the lines went rather uphill, but it was really a very fine letter. Grandmother listened to it and then said, "Aren't you going to say 'Hello' to Michele?"

Should Auld Acquaintance

(Continued from Page 7)

and I could see the swell of her breasts as she put on her coat. My hands trembled as I went through Joe's pockets to make sure he didn't get rolled. He only had a buck fifty, so I left it.

The rain had stopped and we walked a little slowly down the street. She asked, "You a friend of Joe's?"

"Well, he's a Marine," I said. I didn't like Joe. It was hard not to touch her. "I'll take you home," I said. "Let's see if we can find a cab."

"A fat chance," she said, "on New Year's Eve."

"Yeah, fat chance," I agreed.

But we found one on his way back from a call and got in. She gave the driver the address and we started. I pulled her to me and kissed her hard. For an instant she was stiff, then her lips parted and her body was soft against mine.

She pulled away and said, "Second house on the left." When the cab stopped, she said, "Are you coming in?"

"Yes," my voice was hoarse. She walked ahead while I paid the cab. While I felt for some change I heard her heels on the walk, the porch, heard her key in the lock. I turned around as the cab drove away. She had turned on a light and was stand-

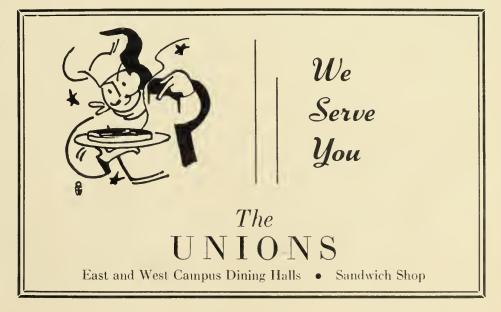
ing in the doorway, waiting. I walked up the steps and across the porch into the little room. She closed the door and turned to face me. I said, "Is there anyone here?" and she shook her head. I stood very close to her, not touching her yet. Knowing the age old sense of power—now it was in my power to take her or not. I bent my head. "Darling, darling. . . ."

She swayed against me. I felt the swell of her breasts as her arms went around my neck.

A tiny intense blue pinpoint of flame was born. It mounted gradually, unsteadily. Now flickering, now flaring up brightly. Gradually but surely it rose until for one instant it burned with a violent, blinding incandescence, then sank slowly again to nothing.

"I'll call you," I said. The rain had stopped entirely now, and a few stars were out. It was cold and I walked fast. No eabs now; I'd have to walk to the campus. As I passed a streetlamp I looked at my watch—12:02. Just then from town I heard bells and whistles and faint car horns. "My God," I said, "1944. My God, New Year's Eve."

In the middle of the next block light streamed from the window of a house. "A party," I thought, hearing shouts and music. As I passed they sang "Auld Lang Syne." "My God," I said, "New Year's Eve." I felt dizzy and cold and there was an uneasy ache in the pit of my stomach.



Through the Gate

(Continued from Page 23)

Lise didn't answer and went off to her room to change her dress and put on her second best hat with ribbons so she and Grammie could drive down to the post office at the crossroads and mail the letter. Lise was ready with the hat tied under her chin before Grandmother had finished writing. She decided to run out to show the letter to Wee Willie and pick a bluebell to press inside.

When she leaned over the pasture fence, Willie snorted in surprise and galloped off a little way, looking back at her warily. Ed weeding in the garden, looked up and leaned on his spade. "Gness he don't know his stepmother in her 'go-to-meetin' bonnet."

Lise felt an almost angry hurt burn in her cheeks. "Willie," she called. She threw off her bonnet, and stretched out her hands. "Willie!" He came then, trotting over in a thud of hooves to poke his nose in her hand. Lise lay her cheek against his and stroked his velvety nose. Then she picked up her hat and letter and went back to the honse. She found the pencil and wrote across the bottom of the page, "R.S.V.P. Please say 'Hello' to Michele." She put in the wilting bluebell and licked the envelope. "Ready, Grammie."

July passed and the wild roses faded; daisies grew white in the long grass. A blue haze came to hang over the hills and in the corner of the pasture golden-rod and purple-blue asters bloomed. Lise gathered a great plumy armful and took them in to her Grandmother. As she went back out, she heard Grammie saying something to Mary about sharing things again. She didn't quite hear, but it didn't matter: she knew Grammie was pleased.

Then one day when Grammie came back from the post office, she brought one of Father's long white envelopes and a letter that said school would be starting soon, that Lise must come home again. Daddy, Peter, Michele, were coming up on Thursday to take her back.

Thursday was hot with a damp,

sickening heat that dragged in one's footsteps and took one's breath. The sky was brilliantly blue except for a long bank of high-piled clonds in the east that loomed wider and wider across the sky as morning turned into noonday.

After lunch Lise and Grammie sat in the cool parlor watching and waiting. Lise had her hair dampened and combed into neat braids and she had put on her white ruffled dress. When they saw the car by the gate, she flew out the door and ran pell-mell into her father's arms. "Daddy, Daddy, I'm so glad to see you! Peter, Peter, how big you are! Hello, Michele."

Daddy kissed her and Michele smiled, but Peter looked at her soberly. "You're fat!" he said.

"Oh, I know," Lise didn't care. They all went back into the house. As they sat in the parlor, the clouds moved over the sun, and with a sudden furious rush of wind and a rumbling peal of thunder, the rain came.

They talked. Michele asked about Willie, and Lise answered politely. Michele said they would have to go shopping when they got back and get Lise lots of new fall clothes. Then the conversation went on without Lise. She sat thinking about going back: she hated to leave but it would be fun buying new clothes. Michele always got pretty things. She looked pretty today in her green dress. As the talk went on in the room and the rain fell outside, she grew bored and sleepy.

After Michele had gone out, Grammie said, "Wouldn't you like to show Michele the garden and your horse?"

It wasn't a question. Lise thought, "I can just go out and say 'Good-bye' to Wee Willie." "All right," she said and went out through the back screen. She walked over the grass bowed down with the weight of the rain and didn't even notice how the wet came in through her sandal straps. Good-bye to Willie, good-bye, good-bye. How could she tell him? Then she heard the noise, a strange sound of pawing hooves. She ran along the high hedge of rose bushes until she could see into the pasture

and there stopped short with a cry of fright. In the corner under the elm, Willie stood, his head through the fence, pinned by a fallen rail and a heavy branch. He must have been standing under the elm during the rain and had poked his head through the fence for a tempting clump of purple clover when the sudden blast of wind came that wrenched and broke the great branch. Before he could pull his head back, the bough must have fallen and knocked down the rail to pin him there. He pawed at the turf, from his throat came a horrible, gasping, strangling sound.

Michele was ahead of her, running over a few feet from him. When she reached Willie, she bent, her feet set as though she pushed. Then quickly she picked up an old fence post laid by the corner for future repairs and swung it high. In that moment with Michele's slender body arched against the dark sky, the heavy club ready to crush down above Wee Willie's head, in that photographic second, all Lise's black and terrifying suspicions swept over her again. Her warning scream froze in her throat, "Willie, Look out!" Her feet flew over the grass.

As she ran, the post fell with a dull blow that dislodged the heavy weight of the elm branch. It slipped over the fence, flinging a shower of drops from its leafy branches. Michele shoved and lifted, the rail came up and Willie was free! He drew his head back and shook it fiercely, and with a childish snort of fear wheeled to gallop across the pasture.

Lise felt dizzy with the sudden release from terror, with the swift rush of joy, as Willie ran free. She climbed to the fence and waved. "Willie, Willie." Tears rolled down her cheeks. Then she remembered Michele again. There weren't any words for it; she went over and stood before her. "Thank you! Oh, thank you!" She couldn't say any more. Michele smiled beautifully. She put her arm across Lise's shoulder and they leaned against the fence, watching Wee Willie race across the pasture, neck arched, his fuzzy tail high, against the bank of fleeing storm clouds.

Duh Doity Toitle

A doity little toitle; a funny lookin's sqoit, Whose shell fit like a goidle as he lay here in duh doit. He lays dere on duh voige of duh drink, eatin' voimin, And onna slightest oige he gives out wid his soiman.

Dere was onee a toitle goil who was quite a little floit, And her name was Amy Poil and she really done me doit.

Now, I'm a hoily, boily, soily guy what plays duh hoit goity,

And I never thought 1'd fall for a goil das was so floity.

l never thought a goil what always follerd fashun Wid her tail up inna coil could arouse such poiple pashun.

Den she spoke a tender woid and I knew I could not avoit My fate euz' when I hoid, I was stricken quite inoit.

Now tub make his tender voise all dub shorter and aloit, I'll make it radder toise when I tell how I was hoit.

When I saw dub lovely coive of her shell I felt dub oige Den one day I got dub noive and we was tub hear dub weddin' doige.

I even changed my shoit and I felt duh tender soige As I washed off all duh doit cuz' I was on duh voige, of a moige.

Well she left me in duh loich, waitin' wid duh county cloik,

Left me standin' inna choich, jus feelin' like a joik.

Now I'm here this assoit dat goils ain't woith dub doith, Between dub woith and dub moith, My name ain't Hoiman,

If I lie when I tell all duh goils tuh go tuh Hell, I'd rather sit here and eat voimin. I ain't no chump.

Return

When they come back again and all the street ls loud and quick against the throbbing drum, I shall not lean from window watching close. To see if you be one of those who come.

For if you come at all, you will not strut Between tall buildings where confetti flutters Or where the stamping people mob the curbing And children wave their banners in the gutters. Silent your coming as I weed the walk And dust the cracks that crowd upon the stair; And when I've put the supper dishes out, I'll turn and find you waiting quiet there.

Your coming will be gentle as your living; Your peaceful nobleness from where you stand Will cry above the shonting and the tributes, As I kneel low to kiss your bleeding hand. . . .

> —Edith A. Chelimer. Ayeock



The AIC TO THE TW. LIBRARY CO. II. N. C. C.



No Hed, Not Much Tale

We've got a magazine here: it's called the Archive. Maybe someone told you once that it is the oldest literary publication in the South. That might not mean anything to you, we don't see why it would actually. Maybe we could interest you by telling you something else about it. For instance, it occupies two offices on Publications Row, both equipped with good, comfortable conches. The Row is comfortably crowded with good-looking co-eds, which might vaguely interest you.

Formerly the Archive was a literary mag, and a magazine called the Duke 'n' Duchess took eare of the humor. This year due to paper shortage, etc., the two magazines were combined and what you have in your hands is the result.

The point of all of this is that it isn't the easiest thing on earth to put out a magazine if we don't know what you want. Also, it always helps to have a "staff" or a reasonable facsimile, so what about it?

We are particularly fond of artists in any way, shape or form; illustrators, cartoonists, anyone that wheels a pen, writers, anyone who wants to do some work. It's fun, and it is a good way to catch onto the hang of this place; plus that, you could help us put out a magazine you'd like. Drop down to Q09. We've rolled out the red mat, and have dusted off the "welcome" sign. Just waiting.

The Cover

Ray Lopez, V-12 student and promising commercial cartoonist, is responsible for the cover on this month's mag. We asked Ray to give us a good pen drawing on the general theme of March—the lion and the lamb—or any such stuff, and you have seen the result. We believe the lamb with the exquisite legs is definitely a new touch, but Ray isn't the only one who has thought of the Marines as lions before—they've been



STAFF

EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS:

Bill Gillen

Ann Fountain

Missy Johnston

Bill Buchanan

Loring Fountain

Jackie Lewis

Walter Scott

Dot Hyland

Austin Knight

Sandy Tecklin

Frank Bliss

Ray Lopez

Jim Perry

Dee Gentner

Business Assistants:

Mary Nelson Freels

Peggy Heim

Peggy Bacon

Newton Angier

doing a pretty good job proving they're kings of the jungles these days.

You've seen Ray's eartoons in the Archive and the *Chronicle* before. You'll be seeing more of them.

On the April Issue

Next month—or rather this month, because it will be April when this issue comes off the press—we will bring to you something new in the way of the Archive. From the full-page cover to the final ad, the April Archive will be dripping with all the things you like: beauty queens (wait until you see the Duehess of the Month picture of Kay Goodman!); coeds pursuing their normal routine: swimming, playing tennis, golf, even sunbathing; an article on men and women who have seen frontline action in this war; good jokes, and a very special surprise which we can't let out of the bag now.

You have by now heard a lot of pale stories about the Archive. You have read in the *Chroniele* various letters and columns condemning the staff, and you have heard comments from all over the eampus. This magazine has suffered the heaviest criticism in its history during the past few months.

You are the people we want to please. You—the students who read the publication. We don't mind the stabs in the back from the Engineers—we get them every so often—it's the general campus opinion, East and West, that we aim to please. We have not heard much criticism from you. We have considered your suggestions and have tried to give you what you want.

Now we want to ask something of you. We want to know just exactly what you think. You have the magazine in your hands and you are the judge. It won't take much of your time to write a post card or a letter. Give us the works! If you think the magazine stinks, say so! If you think it could be improved, tell us how.

Our Post Office box number is 4665, and our office is in House Q, Room 09.

You're Always

Welcome

at

WALGREEN'S

The
Best
Ice
Cream
Bar
In
Town

UNIVERSITY FOUNTAIN

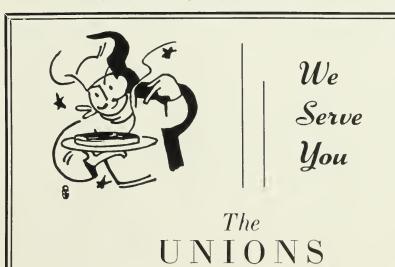
1007 West Main Street

Southern Dairies Ice Cream

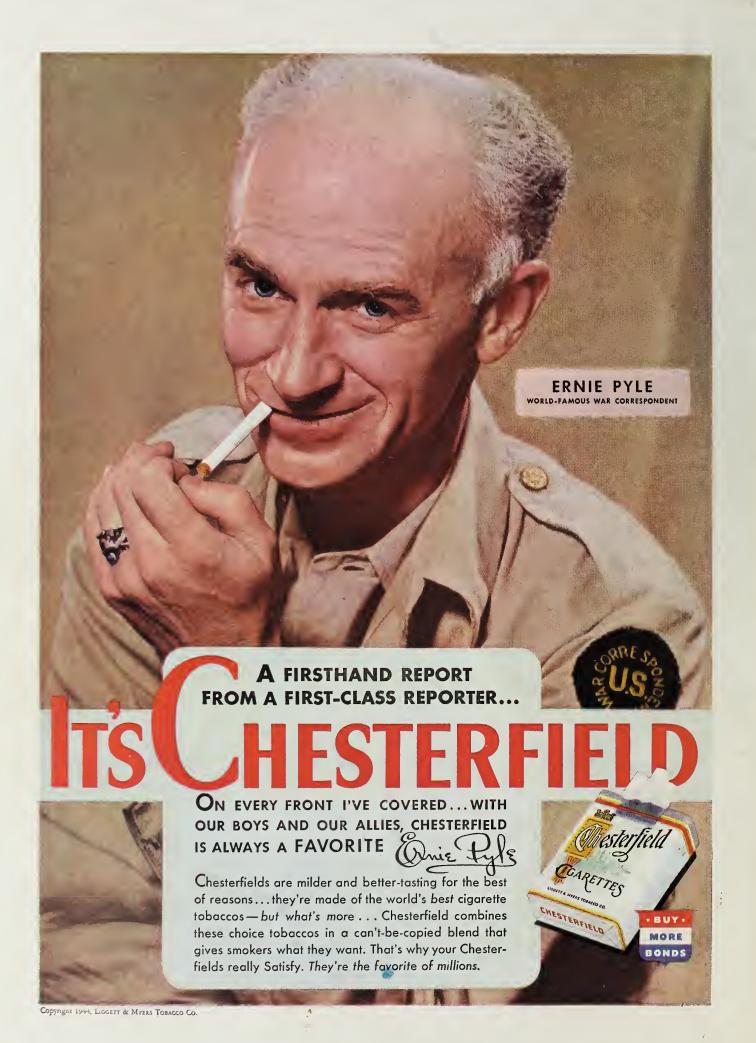
Saga of Two Civilians

By Joanie Seidenman

I knew two Duke boys long ago About whom, readers, you should know. Their motto was "civvies at any cost"; Permit me to tell you how they lost. Jeff and Ed regarded frequent sad scenes Of their buddies leaving for Air and Marines. Said Jeff: "These fellows who go to the Armed Forces Are nuts—I shall make a metamorphis." And Edward replied "you've got something Jeff; I, myself, shall become a professional 4F. I tell you pal with a little 'savvy' We can beat the army and the navy." And so the two of them began Each with a different but well-laid plan. Now Jeff was a Romeo of no mean fame Accustomed each week to a different "flame." "Yet" said he, "I will marry, give up independence And quickly as possible get some dependants." At once he took a stroll in the park And married a girl who looked nice—in the dark! Now our Edward remodeled his well-built chassis He acquired a lump and horned rimmed glasses. He ceased to tread the common sod And confined his every thought to God. There was nothing about our Ed alive Except for a dash of Chenille number five. "My profs won't let me go, you bet." Said he, "1'm now an essential esthete." But though the two covered up fore and aft Uncle Sammy saw through and caught both in the draft. Now, Jeff has no dough for drinks or bets His wife smokes all the cigarettes And he finds in the glare of the African sun That "technique" and black magic are not one. While Ed fulfills his esthetic ambition By rhythmic expelling of ammunition.



East and West Campus Dining Halls • Sandwich Shop





Three Aprils

By M. L., '46

It was April
Under a dark tree
Laced with moonlight,
And I wore

A bit of white wisteria In my hair . . .

You went away

And April was
Remembered sweetness.

When I had worn
A bit of April
In my hair.

It will be April
When you come to me
Again:
It will be lilacs.
Wet wisteria,
And warm spring rain.
We'll walk the stars

And I will wear

A small star on my finger,
Upon a slim gold band . . .

A bit of April
On my hand.

A year from April
There will be
Soft-falling stars
And cool
Spring wind;
And I will borrow
Fine-spun moonlight
For a wedding veil . . .
And it will be
April always
In my heart.

COVER BY
BILL GILLEN



STAFF

EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS:

Bill Gillen

Merlyn McClure

Ann Fountain

Missy Johnston

Bill Buchanan

Loring Fountain

Jackie Lewis

Walter Scott

Dot Hyland

Austin Knight

Sandy Tecklin

Frank Bliss

Ray Lopez

Jim Perry

Dee Gentner

Business Assistants:

Mary Nelson Freels

Peggy Heim

Peggy Bacon

Newton Angier

EAST MEETS WEST

at the

Tavern

For Fine Food Amid
Pleasant Surroundings,
Visit

The Tavern

in the

Washington Duke Hotel

THE ARCHIVE

VOLUME LVII

STATE WALL

April, 1944

NUMBER 7

In This Issue

By Olive Sherertzpage	2
Sprig of Oak By Henry A. Simonspage	5
A Saucer of Salt By Mary Snow Ethridgepage	6
On Open Letters By Sniveloid, Ph.Dpage	8
Duchess of the Monthpage	9
The Cantata By Frances Wrightpage	10
SEEING IN THE DARK By Loring Fountainpage	11
In the Springpage	12
Cobbler—1944 Style By Emily Andersonpage	14
Jokes? Jokes? Jokes?page	20

STAFF

BUD PETERSON, Editor
Snow Ethridge, Coed Editor
Dirck Arrowsmith, Associate Editor
Did Dunphey, Art Editor

BOB COWIN, Business Mgr.
Charlie Donze, Circulation Mgr.
Audrey Hance, Coed Bus. Mgr.
Dottie Groome, Advertising Mgr.

A Monthly Literary Magazine Published by the Students of Duke University, Durham, North Carolina

The publication of articles on controversial topics does not necessarily mean that the Editor or the University endorses them.

Notice of Entry: "Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917. Authorized December 4, 1924."

Entered as second-class mail matter at the Postoffice at Durham, N. C.

SIAU WONG

By OLIVE SHERERTZ

A little waif, who lost his mother in the death from the skies, finds a new world when he discovers the rare roundheaded fighter. Another endless day in the war in China.

Shau Wong scrambled up the tree biehind Lee-tsu and dropped after him into the bamboo grove on the other side of the high iron fence. He flattened his small face against the bars and looked up and down the street they had left. There was only a rickshaw puller shuffling idly along the uper end of the street, his wrists resting on the up-tipped shafts of his vehicle, which appeared to roll along behind him of its own accord.

But for this once, the street was leserted. No person had seen them. They were safe, now, in this place where trees and flowers grew, as if it were a part of the country and did not belong to the great city of noise and dirt and many people.

It was here that the rich came to walk. Siau Wong had seen them often, dropping their ten cent pieces into the slit in the queer iron gate that turned only for those who had no better use for their money. And he had wondered what strange places lay beyond the long entrance way with its border of trees and bright beds of flowers. They had passed the gate that day, he and Lee-tsu, who had said with lond scorn for the people going in that he himself knew of a much better way of entering, a place where no money had to be dropped into a hole.

Siau Wong bent over and scooped up some of the black earth that felt so queer to his bare, tough little feet. It was of a softness and dampness that surprised him, and the smell of it gave him a good feeling that he did not understand.

"O—yoh! Sa meh-zz? What thing is it?" he cried in half-frightened surprise. Lee-tsu saw the little brown insect that had crawled out of the earth in Siau Wong's hand, and

reached out quickly to take it for himself.

"Stupid one! Have you never seen a cricket? Ai-yah!—a two-tailed male it is." He squatted, suddenly, and Siau Wong could see his eyes becoming big with astonishment. "Look there—a round head it has! This one is indeed a fighter! Before the coming of the flying machines and the great death, we went into the countryside each spring to search for zaytsih such as this one. The old man of the village told us that should we find a round-headed one it was certain to be a great champion." He laughed loudly. "And now it is in the city that I find one!"

"I would look at it again," Siau Wong said, "for I saw no round head on it."

"Here, blind one. Have you no

"Ouh—its head is round, as you said. If it is so great a fighter, then, I can surely sell it."

"Fool, it is mine. You would have thrown it away. Give it to me."

"I myself found it, and I shall sell it." Siau Wong retorted. Find another if you would have one."

"Zuh! Pig of a thief! Lee-tsu kicked angrily at the earth, overturning leaves and stones. Tsu-lu, if there is another to be found here it will be a three-tailed female that can neither fight nor sing."

Siau Wong opened his hands a little to examine his new possession, and laughed aloud at the smallness of it. "Speaker of blind talk," he scoffed; "I must remember to sell your tale with the cricket. A fight between two of these would surely raise much dust and noise. A terrible thing to watch, it must be."

Lee-tsu opened his mouth to reply,

but no words came, and for the space of a moment he stood in dumb astonishment. On the flattened spot where a stone had been was a small brown thing, so like the earth in color that one might have looked and never seen it there. Then in one swift movement he squatted and cupped his hands about it. It was indeed a two-tailed one, and not a female as he had feared, for its head was angular. He wished now that he had not spoken like a fool of the value of round-headed crickets.

"Look there—the one of yours has no round head," Siau Wong exulted. "Let us have a great battle now; it will be something to see!"

"Stupid empty head! These crickets do not fight on the ground. A tub is necessary; a bowl, at least. And surely we have great numbers of them,"

"There is a rice bowl on Bubbling Well Road," Sian Wong told him. "The blind beggar woman will not know it is gone."

Lee-tsn pulled two bamboo leaves from a young tree. "For tickling them we can use these." He pointed to the hairs on the leaf tips. "It is necessary to tickle a cricket to anger him" he added in a tone of superiority. "Come along, tzu-lu; I would see if round heads are such great fighters."

The hot sun was reflected so brightly in the grayish white curve of the rice bowl that Siau Wong was forced to narrow his eyes to mere slits as he watched his cricket. He sat back firmly on his heels, his left hand pressed against the high brick wall that bordered the sidewalk, while with the other he clutched the bamboo leaf. rubbing its tip hairs against the sides of his cricket. He was but vaguely

aware of the passing people; they were for him only a multitude of moving feet and legs.

"Do my old eyes deceive me? Is it . . . indeed . . . a round-headed fighter that you have there?"

It was an old voice, deep and a little shaky, perhaps, but it cut through the noise of the street as a heavy knife sinks into bread. The sound of it startled Siau Wong, and he looked up quickly. The man was bent almost double, and his beard was white and long. His gnarled hands, one over the other, rested on his cane. Surely this is the oldest one I have seen, Siau Wong thought. His eyes, only, are not old; they are hot as the sun. He could see by the richness of the man's gray silk gown, the carved gold head of his cane, and the great jade ring on his thumb that

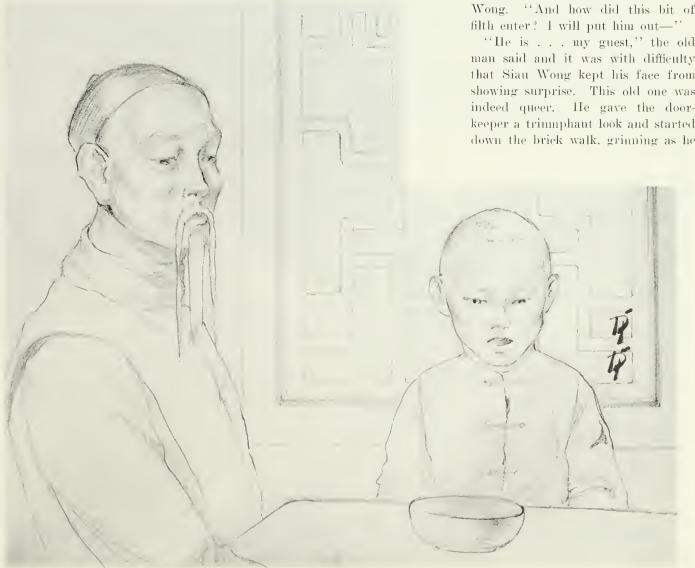
this man was one of the rich, the very rich. He could perhaps, sell the cricket to him for a large sum.

He picked his cricket earefully out of the bowl and stood up to show the man its round head. "This one is a fighter of fighters," he declared boldly. "Never have I seen such a champion," he added, kicking Lee-tsu who was on the point of making a scornful remark. The old man did not see the kick. He did not see Lee-tsu or his cricket. His whole gaze was fixed in burning concentration on the cricket in Siau Wong's hand. Then, slowly, he seemed to become aware of Siau Wong himself.

"You," he said. "Come with me." It was a command. And having given it he turned his back and started away. Siau Wong stared after him for a moment in puzzled astonishment. Then he gave the rice bowl a push with his foot. "Return it to the blind beggar woman. Ouh—1 would like to see the rage she is in by this time." He grinned at Leetsu impishly and ran off after the old one who was walking with slow steps down the street.

The old man stopped before a heavy wooden doorway set in the wall, and Siau Wong heard at once the rattling of bolts being drawn back. Then the door creaked on its hinges, as with age and rust, and swung slowly open to admit them. He stepped over the high door sill and looked about him, deciding that surely he had never seen so strange a place. The doorkeeper was bowing to the old man. He was old, also, and very fat, and his movements were pouderous and slow. "Lao Yah," he said with great respeet. He looked, then, at Siau Wong. "And how did this bit of filth enter? I will put him out—'

man said and it was with difficulty that Siau Wong kept his face from showing surprise. This old one was indeed queer. He gave the doorkeeper a trimmphant look and started down the brick walk, grinning as he



heard the muttered enrses of the ancient servant.

All was green in this place, cool and very quiet: Siau Wong felt a little frightened by the stillness of it. There were many trees; never had he seen so many in one place together. They were large, and very old. Their branchs met and formed a green roof over this quiet place, throwing a lace pattern of sunlight and shadow on the walk, and on the gray stone lions that gnarded it. They passed over a bridge made from a single slab of curved stone, and Siau Wong saw flashes of red and gold in the water beneath it. He thought of how round his small sister's eyes would grow when he told her of these queer colored fish: and also of the oddly shaped rocks with ferns and moss growing between them, and the clear water that splashed over them in so many little streams and waterfalls. This was indeed a place of wonders. Why should the rich, he thought, drop their ten cent pieces into a hole in order to walk in a public garden if their own gardens were as this one.

He followed the old man through a round stone gate and saw that the walk circled a larger pool than the others, the surface of it almost covered with great, round green leaves. Sian Wong stared in amazement; surely he had never seen such plants as these growing on the river. Beyond the pool was an old house, long and low, with a spirit wall before the main entrance. But his eyes left the house quickly for there was a thing of much greater interest on the far left of the pool.

It was a place where the earth rose until it was higher, even, than the house, and there was a path leading up it to a very small, square building—a little house open on all sides, and with a pointed roof and up-turned roof corners. He remembered the up-turned corners of the temple on Big Horse Road, but surely that was twenty times as large. Perhaps, he thought, it was this old one's private temple, and yet there was no wooden god within it. It was the strangest thing in this place of strangeness.

The old man skirted the spirit wall.

and following him, Sian Wong found himself in what seemed almost to be a little onter court. A square of ground between the spirit wall and the main doorway of the house was paved with flat stones, and on them, in the shadow of the spirit wall, was a row of small brown pots.

A servant came out of the house. "Bring an empty one," the old man told him, motioning with his chin toward the pots. When it was brought, he lifted the lid and held it out to Siau Wong. "Put in your cricket," he said. "Do you not know that sunlight will harm it?"

Siau Wong opened his hand and looked down at the little brown insect in surprise. He had forgotten, almost, that he was holding it. He dropped it into the pot and it ran into a clay box that was small as a Chinese matchbox, and open at each end. Siau Wong pointed to it. "What is that thing?" he asked.

"It is his bed," the old one answered "he runs beneath it in order to hide. You see, you have frightened him,"

The old man put the lid on the pot and set it with great gentleness in front of the others. Then he ordered a table and two stools to be brought and placed by the pool, and ealled, also, for two bowls of tea. He sat down very carefully and bent over his cane. "Sit," he commanded, and Siau Wong did so automatically, realizing only after he was perched upon the stool that this old one, who was doubtless a great man and very rich, intended to permit him to drink tea with him, as if he had been his equal. His mouth dropped open, and he would have jumped off the stool, but at this moment he saw the disapproval on the servant's face. He spat, then, in the servant's direction and straightened on his stool. I will wager that pig has never drunk tea with this old one, he thought.

The old man lifted his bowl of tea, and drank. Then he bent his head, and when he spoke his voice was low and very deep.

"My life has been long, and I have seen many things. Much was once mine that now is lost to me. I had four sons . . . the little foreigners have sent them into the spirit world before me. There was a time . . . before this day of republies and other such stupidities . . . a time of peace and leisure . . . when the custom of keeping and fighting erickets was respected—as it should be. A noble sport it was . . . the prince himself trained fighting crickets . . . but the gods failed to bless him . . . for never did he have in his possession a roundheaded one. Only three such have I seen . . . one I had . . . it was in Peking that I found it . . . and it was with that one that I defeated the prince's champion . . . a thing which brought me much prestige. It is buried in a little silver eoffin . . . in my garden here . . .and each spring I have gone to search for other round heads near its grave. I had thought that never would I see one again . . . and then . . . but a week ago . . . I found one there. Already it has killed the best of my fighters, but there is no sport in such matches. I would see a great fight . . . such a fight as I had thought these eyes would never see again. . . . ''

The voice of the old man eeased, and he sat silent, staring at the ground. Then he lifted his head, and Sian Wong saw the fieree intensity in his sunken eyes. Lee-tsu had not invented the tale, then, for this old one had certainly spoken the truth. He shut his mouth hastily and swallowed. "The—the cricket of mine—" he stammered; "I would see such a fight myself."

"Tai-nyung," the old man called. The servant approached and stood waiting. "Bring the zay-tsih bung and the rat bristle goads." The servant disappeared, and returned in a few minutes carrying a flat-bottomed wooden tub with intricate carvings upon its sides. This he set on the table, and laid beside it two small sticks. Sian Wong saw that in the ends of each a rat's bristle had been inserted. He thought of the bamboo leaves and laughed within himself.

"Bring now . . . the two roundheaded fighters," the old man ordered, and there was a little unsteadi-

(Continued on page 19)

Sprig of Oak

By HENRY A. SIMONS

The Archive presents its first viguette: a touching little drama of life—complete on this page.

THE LIGHT, spring breeze was slow-ly swinging the bedroom door shut. It clicked together with a noise that sounded loud in the little room. The soldier in the chair by the window half-rose and swung his head toward the sound, but a moment later he sat down again and slowly turned his blind eyes forward.

"I will get used to it in a while," he thought. "I will get to know whether they are coming into the room or going out."

The room in which the soldier sat was a small bedroom about twelve feet square. It was a room which had held the life of a boy growing into a man, and it showed its sears. There was a sturdy, maple bed in one corner, and a battered mahogany bookcase beside it within arm's reach. In front of the wide open window was a faded green leather easy chair in which the boy sat. There was an inkstained, scratched, roll-top desk beside a second window. A large oak tree grew outside of this window, its new-green leaves whispering softly when the slight breeze blew.

"I wonder if it's still there. The branch by the window."

His hand found the window sill and reached ont, groping for the branch of the oak tree he knew was just ontside. His knuckles struck against the branch and he grabbed it. As he closed his moist palm around it, he



could feel the strong, rough bark scraping his hand. He felt a thrill he had not known before. Running his hand down the bough until he found a cluster of the new spring leaves, he tore off one and brought his hand back through the window. With the tips of his blunt, callonsed fingers he began to study the leaf.

Running his finger around the leaf he felt the points, tender and green-feeling to the touch. He felt the slick flat of the leaf with the tiny, marvelous veins just under the surface. Moisture oozed against his thumb tip when he cut through the membrane with his thumbnail. There would be a clean, crescent of light shining through the ineision, he knew. Suddenly there welled up in him a terrible longing to see the hole his thumb had pushed through the leaf.

The clean perfume of the little leaf was in his nostrils. "How beautiful

it is," he said to himself. "I had not noticed before. In the dooryard fronting an old farm-house... stands the hilae bush... with heart-shaped leaves of rich green... with the perfume strong I love, with every leaf a miracle—and from this bush in the dooryard, with heart-shaped leaves of rich green, a sprig with its flower I break." Very true," he smiled to himself.

He crumpled the leaf in his fist and threw it out of the window. Wearily, he stood up, pushing with his wet palms against the cool leather arms of the chair. Standing uncertainly with his feet wide apart he called loudly, "Mother! Come and help me, I want to go downstairs. Please help me." And the only sounds in the silent room were his mother's auxious footsteps on the stairs and the soft rustle of the oak tree outside the window.

A SAUCER OF SALT

By MARY SNOW ETHRIDGE

He didn't know who she was when he fell in love with her, and then the Scott millions came between them. Would he follow in his grandfather's steps or give up everything for her?

TIM SCOTT steered the car expertly to the gate of the mill where the whistle for the change of shifts had just blown. He enjoyed watching the workers pour out of the buildings, wiping the sweat from their faces. and talking. In a few minutes his grandfather would be ready to leave the small building adjoining the mill, which housed the executive offices of the Scott Manufacturing Company. Tim glanced at the mill before pulling the ear up to meet his grandfather, who was just emerging from the gates. He felt a small wave of exultation at the thought that someday he would own all of the Scott mills as well as most of the property in Laurel Hills. The old man had certainly not done badly for himself. He brought the car to a sharp halt and reached over to open the door for his grandfather.

"Hi, Sambo. I've just been admiring all of your sweet property."

Sam Scott settled his heavy body into the seat and glanced fondly at his grandson. "Your property; that is what von were thinking . . . you can't fool me. But not, young man, until I'm good and dead, and I hope by the good Lord I live long enough to teach you how to handle it." He swept his big hand toward the passing scenery and continued "Yes, Tim. it is sweet. To have built something out of nothing is good. I've known all of my life what I wanted and I've always gotten it. The only thing worth knowing these days is knowing how to get what you want. It isn't easy, but the reward is sweet. By the way. Tim, when do you want to start work?"

Tim turned the car into Cotton

Avenue and started slowly down the wide street. He liked driving his grandfather home in the late afternoon; it was the best chance they had to talk. They never had talked very much though; Tim wondered if most families did. Thinking about starting to work, he did suppose that by all rights a month's vacation was long enough. He had been home a month from college, and yet he didn't want to start work quite yet. Still, any hesitation might upset his grandfather who had been waiting for years for him to start learning all of the cotton mill business. All of the dreams of Sam Scott were tied up in him; he knew that. In fact his grandfather was talking about it right now. He was looking at Tim with a quizzical look on his face, and after stroking his chin for a moment said "Boy, I don't want to rush you; don't think I'm trying to, but I don't know how long I'll be around to show you the ropes. Ever since you came to live with me when your father and mother died, you've been my white hope; not just my grandson, but someone to carry on the Scott name, and to keep building to all I've started. Cotton mills aren't an easy thing to run, Tim. You work with a lot of ignorant cattle, and you have to be shrewd. You have genius, and you could do it. I know you're young and want to have a good time; you shall. I shan't tie you down. I want you to have fun, and just give me a few hours each day. What do you say?"

"I want to begin, so now is as good a time as any, I suppose. It's a deal, Sambo. I'll work for you part of the time, and the rest I shall play. By the way, I've met a cute gal since I've been home; one of the working masses. She thinks that I'm one of the idle rich, and is so repulsed by me that it fascinates me strangely."

"What is her name and where does she work? Not in one of the mills, I hope."

"Is that a niee thing to say? I might say that you don't have the best of taste in the women you hire."

"My fine grandson, I don't hire any woman for what she looks like, only for how much work she can do and how cheaply she'll do it."

"Well, to drop your taste in femmes; mine is better. This one works for your dear friend Lawson of the Journal; a she newshound. Her name is Loyd James. She is darned attractive and independent as they come."

"I have no desire to meet your friend with that peculiar name; the fact that she works for Lawson prejudices me against her immediately." Sam Scott spoke with bitterness; he hated Lawson and his Journal because it was the one thing in Laurel Hills that he had always wanted to get control of and never been able to. Lawson had enough money and cunning to hold out against him. "As a matter of fact, I hate the whole damn journalistic profession; bunch of busybodies, always sticking their noses into other people's business."

"Don't get so heated Sambo, and anyway, Miss James has a particularly lovely nose,"

Tim turned the car into the drive that led to the large white house that Sam Scott had built for his bride. There was nothing beautiful about it; it was a large, massive, ostentatious looking thing. Sam had been proud of this house, and still was. It represented his first large success.

"Sambo, I'm going out to dinner.

I'll come home in time to tuck you in bed."

"Don't be so smart alecky. I suppose you're going out with that girl with a man's name. All right Tim, but don't forget our bargain."

Sam Scott got out of the car and stood on the veranda as the car moved away. That boy; he is too much like his father for comfort. Sam often thought about his son John, and wondered if he would ever have changed had he lived. John had been a great disappointment to him. He had been married to one of the daughters of a fine old Georgia family, but he had never been happy, nor had he suceceded in making his wife happy. He had refused to have anything to do with the mills, living off of the money his mother had left him. When Sam thought of John's stupidity about the mills, he felt a hurt much deeper than the thought of John's death had ever cansed. He had felt that John was dead anyway when he had broken with him about the mills. John had traveled nervously, and Tim had been in sehool when his father and mother were killed in an automobile accident. Sam had raised Tim ever since, and he was the only thing except the mills that he cared about. He had worked for him all of these years, securing his position so that the boy or any other Scott would never want or need anything. Sam remembered a little about what it was to want, though it had been a long time ago.

Tim drew up in front of the Journal building and settled back and lit a cigarette. This will be a shock to her, he thought. He had made a game of chasing Loyd James for the last month since he had seen her at the Club, neatly poised on the end of the diving board. She had cut the water like some bright shining thing, and he couldn't take his eyes off of her. When she climbed out of the pool, she took off her cap and shook her dark hair in the sun. It had brilliant copper lights in it, and he felt that he could stare at her forever. Finally he asked someone who she was. He was given not only her name but vital statisties; twenty-one, just graduated from some good college, from some place

up-north. What Tim couldn't understand was what such talent should be doing in Laurel Hills. This town was fine for someone who owned it, but why should this girl work on a small paper down here in a town no one had ever heard of except people in the cotton business. He had a desire to ask her, and the first opportunity he had was the next Saturday night at the Club where he had dropped in to see if any friends were there. He was standing at the bar when he heard a low deep laugh that he knew belonged to Loyd James. She was playing the slot-machines lined up against the oposite wall. She was with Rick Small who was a childhood friend of Tim's, so he wandered over to watch. She was more beautiful close up than at a distance and he looked at each feature of her face to memorize it: large hazel eves with thick black lashes, and eyebrows that cut her white skin neatly, long straight nose, stubborn ehin, and a wide generous month. Rick finally noticed him standing there and stuck out his hand.

"Tim! When did you blow that institution they had you locked in?" "The first of the week. The old town looks good; the scenery, I notice has improved."

Loyd had turned and looked at him. She smiled and then at Rick who looked at them both and finally decided to introduce them.

"Loyd, this is Tim Scott. Tim, Loyd James. He's all right; really not as harmful as he looks."

"Not of The Scotts?" Her smile had faded and there was a tone of sarcasm in her voice.

"Yes." Tim met her eyes steadily and for a moment he couldn't recognize what he saw there. Suddenly he realized that it was contempt. Why should this girl feel contempt for him? money was no reason for anyone to look at you in such a way.

"Well, it was nice meeting you. Rick, I'm ready to go back upstairs." She turned and started up the stairs and Rick looked at Tim and shrugged his shoulders and followed her. Tim stood holding his drink and feeling confused.

Later in the evening when he was

high enough he went upstairs to the outdoor terrace and cut in on Loyd. She greeted him coldly and he had a wild desire to ask why she had looked at him so peculiarly, and why this tenseness in her body when he held her, but he couldn't say anything. He just pressed his cheek into her hair and didn't talk at all.

He soon found that she had been taken in by all of his crowd, and everywhere he went she was always there. She usually arrived late and left early because she worked hard, which seemed to be a subject of much discussion among the girls in his erowd. She was frigidly polite to him, and when he asked her for a date, she explained that she had to work.

One afternoon when she walked out of the Journal building, he had been standing there and had grabbed her by the arm and rushed her to the car at the cmb. She got in without a word; as the usual loafers and local gossips were loitering outside reading the Journal scoreboard, she was afraid of making a scene. Tim had started the car and she said "Please take me home." Tim didn't answer; he drove out toward the city limits and when they were outside of town he pulled the car over to the side of the road and stopped. He turned and looked at her. There was no langhter in her eyes; she looked tired. He was determined to carry this off with a flare; he had rehearsed it that way, so he assumed an air of mock gravity.

"Young lady, I am a young man, fresh out of college. I have excellent character references and clean, pure habits. I have no diseases and have no vices. I have never bitten a dog or done anything newsworthy, but at times have been told that I was slightly annusing. No girl in town seems frightened that dating me will ruin her reputation. My dear Miss James, what is your trouble?"

Loyd smiled in spite of herself. "Mr. Scott, I have nothing against you. I would rather not date you and I still have a right to my own opinion even though your grandfather

(Continued on page 16)

A PHILOSOPHICAL TREATISE ON OPEN LETTERS TO PEOPLE

By SNIVELOID, Ph.D.

Listen my children and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of an Engineer.
'Twas on the fifteenth of April in forty-four—
And there's hardly a stoodent alire no more
Who has forgot that fateful day and year....

THE NIGHT was dark! when "Gert" Roumbush drew his black cloak around his shoulders, and slipped silently from under his flat rock in the basement of Epgate dormitory.2 He padded silently across the road, his web feet scarcely making any noise on the pavement. He took a seat on the inter-campus bus, and was whisked swiftly westward. Making his way like a shadow through the intricate maze of arches and passageways, he arrived at Publications Row. Slipping an envelope fruitively from under his cape, he glanced first one way, then the other, and then deftly slipped the mysterious missive under the door of the Chronicle office. His diabolical scheme accomplished, he departed, leaving an odor of overripe pumpkins hanging heavy on the night air.

The next morning. Charlie Grade-ham.³ the editor, opened the letter. "Ah ha!" he screamed, "Something to fill up the editorial page. Maybe I won't have to use Bob Rieket's Asphysiation column this week."

And so it was printed.

And then distributed,

A number of copies went to Pegrem, where "Moist" Dean read it. She smiled a toothy smile of satisfaction. "Whirl" Poole read it, and passed it without comment to her sister "Cess" Poole.⁵ Bill Chapel read it to

"Gory" Charlotte, who was busily engaged polishing her A.T.O. pin. But it meant nothing to them. And it was read in Alspaugh, too. Bea Trigger read it to Dom Buckle, who was playing to her in the parlor on his sax with his eyes elosed. Tom Maeklestuff read it while waiting for Leggy Fissure to come down. Betty Joool read it to blonde Bill Chiller, her Rotecv ehampion. In fact, all East read it. Glorious Feetmire read it, Sahara Jordan, Pesty Smith, and Crane MeDonald read it. Hairy Wooten, Nine Museles, Hell N. Kindler, Marryin' Pierson, Emily Andhersin, and "Limp" B. Hinds all saw it.



IVELOID DE D

as is usually the custom.

2 any similarity between actual persons or places, etc. . . .

* Grade-Mark what's the difference?

* his geneaology was traced. The above spell-

5 you can draw straws for the names, girls.

Epgate dormitory read it and rejoiced. Duck Doyle and Meal MeGuire rejoiced. Gert Rounbush smiled benevolently at all passers-by.

And it was read over in house D too. R. J. Floomingzoom, editor of the DOOK DULLFUME, read it. He threw down the paper and screamed lustily, "I'M NOT an engineer—I'm NOT, I'M NOT, I'm REALLY not! He tore his wavey brown hair, enraged by the insult.

And gentle reader, Bud Peterout, Archive mentor, read it. His eyes flashed fire, and he breathed brimstone through his nose. His hair stood up.⁶ He strode up and down his office smoking O.P.⁷ cigarettes. He peeled

Duchess of the Month

Miss Kay Goodman Class of '46

a banana with his feet and munched it vigorously as he hung from the chandelier by his tail. He brooded, he sulked. He picked banana seeds from his teeth with a nail file. He was angered.

Then, he too wrote a letter. And SUCH a letter. MY! He outdid himself. He went hog-wild.

Gradeham published that letter too. He must have been desperate for something to fill up space. He elapped his fat, pudgy hands together in exclamations of profound joy and eestasy upon receiving so juicy a morsel.

And so it goes, dear reader, . . . Some people use a pen name, and some don't. Some get mad, and some don't. Me, I'm just Sniveloid and I got no ax to grind. I'm at peace with the world. That is, until someone writes an open letter to Sniveloid in the Chronicle.

⁶ with the tonic he uses, that ain't impossible.

7 O.P., other people's.



THE CANTATA

By FRANCES WRIGHT

The people who moved in the apartment next door were just another curious family—until

Tr seems a long time ago. It has not been so long, really, but the years have made a difference. I remember because it was a discovery and an awakening.

We lived in an apartment. I mainly remember that to enter the living room you stumbled down steps. It was a great shock to visitors, the steps lurking there, and they usually looked up in hurt surprise that you had not warned them. But aside from our traps for the unwary, there is left to remember only the warmth achieved by the over-diligent janitor and the soundlessness of foot-steps in the deep rugs.

We had neighbors named Langarosse and they were, from the first, objects of great speculation. They were strange, dark people who did not have welcoming looks on their faces. He played incessantly on a grand piano, the most impressive of their possessions. We inspected their things as they moved in and then we found the first evidences of their incredible extravagances and their incredible poverties: a great plain bed with broken springs, a fragile white marble bust, which they cautioned must be handled with care. To us, busts were things passed on to you by relatives who didn't want them, and you kept them until you were able to find someone else not in a position to refuse the gift. We did not understand these people, un-

"Perhaps they will be cultural," said my mother. Being cultural, to her, covered a multitude of sins.

And Father, in general, disapproved of changes.

"Damned nuisance. What happened to the Bradys? Perfectly satisfactory. the Bradys." Father had

been a friend of Mr. Brady's, They were both inveterate putters-aroundthe-house and would spend hours happily immersed in the whys and wherefores of an ailing light switch. Father did not think Mr. Langarosse showed signs of such promise. For, Father is a self-styled "rugged engineer''—the two words were inseparable with him and after he learned of the man's peculiar addiction to music, he almost shuddered with visible disgust on passing him. Unfortunately this was happening frequently. They blundered into each other in the dark corridors. Each would back away, muttering under his breath, and Father was infuriated because the man would utter great mouthfuls of indistinguishable sound in another language. Looking back, I think that Mr. Langarosse was a very wise man and that it was better so.

It was Mother's idea that we call on them.

"After," she said, "we are neighbors."

Being confronted with this irrefutable fact, the rest of the family yielded. I was appalled and fascinated at the thought of such a visit. I had had several glimpses of Mr. Langarosse, and I must have given somewhat the effect of a bird charmed by a snake. I followed him to his rooms usually, and, at the door, he would turn and say, "Shoo!" very much as he would to an annoying little dog. I promptly obeyed.

Mrs. Langarosse, her lavish form enveloped in a flowered apron, ushered us in. The bust was in a place of honor among the shabby furniture. The sagging bottomed chairs and the couch, like the brokenspringed bed, gave the impression of having been bounded on, assailed, and generally subjected to unkind treatment. We were presented to Mr. Langarosse, then sat down gingerly.

"What do you do, Mr. Langarosse?" Father has a habit of starting acquaintances by eliciting such information.

"Do?" Mr. Langarosse said blankly. Father obviously did not think this an intelligent response.

"You know-work at."

"Oh," Mr. Langarosse beamed and nodded his bald head fringed with black curls. "Now it is a eantata."

Mother eame to the rescue.

"How-niee."

Mr. Langarosse began again. "As the saying goes—a little wine for the stomach's sake. Wine for our guests, Maria."

Maria heaved herself up from where she sat and breathing hard, set out for the kitchen.

When she came back—

"Very fine wine," he said lovingly. "It has come a long way, this wine. Not so, little one?" He spoke to Maria. Father looked at her two-hundred pounds.

"Yes, Beau Sejour."

"My wife has called our home fatuously, and hopefully, you understand, by that name. She has called it the beautiful stay. Ah, you do not often find such grapes or such wine as we had—"

He handed Father and Mother the slender-stemmed glasses. Father's criterion of a man is his drink. Scotch and soda, preferably. Pink Ladies and such concoctions he humored for Mother, swearing she chose them for the name only—which she did, in fact. But Father had been under a strain in the past moments and the offer of wine was an unfortunate gesture.

On the way home, Father turned to Mother.

"Maggie, do you really know what a cantata is?" he asked in a harried fashion.

"Why, it's some sort of music, dear. Yes, I'm sure it is."

He looked baffled.

I think perhaps the Langarosses talked to me because they were strangers and because they did not fear being misunderstood by a child or, for that matter, being understood too well. I, with beautiful disregard for any limits between where I lived and where they lived, wandered in and out, quite happy at being ignored.

One day Mr. Laugarosse said, "Some day I will write a tune for yon—a little tune like a music box tinkle." Only it turned out to be full of odd jerks and discords.

"It isn't like me," I said defiantly. "It's like a grasshopper."

"No. It is you," he said with certainty.

"No." I was equally positive.

"Well," he said, considering, "maybe it's both. Maybe it's you and the grasshopper and the insect noises you hear at night. That's the trouble with my mnsic. It gets out of hand."

l could understand that and was satisfied.

Mrs, Langarosse had a blue powder box with golden peacocks on it, I remember. The scent of the powder was suffusing in the heat so that it penetrated the whole apartment. The piano with its machine-gun fire of notes etched against the silence of the living-room that always seemed halfdarkened. These are the things I remember.

Then suddenly one day, the Langarosses were happy, and everything was all right. Mr. Langarosse was dashing about distractedly, and Mrs. Langarosse was laughing, her flesh shaking with merriment. Even as far as our apartment the rejoicing was apparent.

Upon being questioned, I announced, matter-of-factly to my family, "Their uncle has died."

There was more, of course; for

when I went back, Mrs. Langarosse had covered her plump, pleasant face with her hands and was sobbing, while Mr. Langarosse comforted her.

"There, little one, it's all right now. We are going home, little cabbage."

"And it will be the same?"

"Yes. Yes. Why not? Mon Dieu, he was slow to die. He was a hardy one."

"Do you remember how they sang on the street-cars? I wonder if they still sing?"



Seeing in the Dark

By Loring Fountain

I raise my weary eyes to the heavens. It's dark, very dark.

The stars shine as silver spikes,

Holding up the deep velvet canopy. I breathe deeply,

Feeling my soul enlarge with every breath.

My eyes, blinded by daily existence, The petty thoughts and motions of living,

Suddenly see.

I feel reborn.

"Surely. They will sing, I promise you."

"I have liked it here. You know that," she sniffled noisily. "But the money is so thick," she said with distaste, "and there's so little sun here."

"They are leaving," I scurried across the hall to report at home.

We had not thought the woman was beantiful. We had not thought any thing of the sort. Yet, somehow, we began to see the slow gracionsness, the wide generous smile like sun lying on a field. We would probably never have known this but for the miracle

of Mr. Langarosse's seeing it and knowing it. He came over, no longer able to contain himself, to tell us of their departure.

"We do not like to leave you," he said politely, but he did not sound as if he hated to leave. He sounded jubilant.

"My uncle has died. He was a very strong man, but it was his heart in the end. A very thwarted man, my nucle. He was determined to make of me a soldier. In my youth, of course."

He shrugged apologetically, "Madam, I was not made for a soldier, le bon Dieu knows. Then Maria. It was not a strategic marriage. But she makes a man feel at peace with himself. You have noticed it? We have managed very well. Maria comes from a frugal people. We were cut off without a penny, as you would say."

They had inherited, as far as we could understand, a chateau in not very good repair and the acres around it. They had inherited the earth. The bust was carefully crated again. The night before they left was an occasion for celebration. Perhaps we were not the proper people with whom to celebrate, being without the gift of abandon as they knew it, but they were strangers in a strange land and we had to.

The wine was produced again. We sat around on packing cases among the black, many-labelled trunks. I do not think Father was happy at first, but he was being philosophical about it. As the evening went on he even grew convivial enough to start a rendition of "Mademoiselle from Armentieres," though he was much startled at the elaborate leaps on the keyboard which Mr. Langarosse took in accompanying him. Mr. Langarosse would poise himself above a note and dive like an eagle on its prey.

Mr. Langarosse played his concerto in honor of the occasion, succeeding somehow in imitating a whole orchestra, his hands and feet and voice all furiously busy. He was a dynamic man of inexhaustible energy. I think

(Continued on page 24)

In the Spring

... a young man's fancy—but this time we're going to talk about a young woman's fancy in spring. When April comes along and the sun starts to turn the campus green again, the gals get out of the library and out into the open. Or if it's raining (as is usually the custom in Durham in spring) there's still the women's gym and a good drill in badminton form. With such form as this around, is it any wonder that in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of LOVE?





COBBLER-1944 STYLE

By EMILY ANDERSON

We take you now to a fashionable shoe shop, and let you look into the salesman's mind. You will find there a little sadness, a little happiness, and a lot of everyday living.

Display windows fixed—chairs arranged—better empty that ash tray—Ah! nine o'clock, there goes the buzzer—the glass doors open—tah dah! fanfare—Get ready boys, here they come, the vushed feet of a new day.

"Yes, madam, step right this way, and what can I do for you this morning? Black patent leather—and what size, please? Probably tens—what a horse! She must have at least two hundred and fifty pounds tucked under that Spencer. Size sevenhmum, yes, madam. Size seven, oh, yeah, well anything to please—better take out some nines just in case-Boxes, boxes, boxes—here they are horse shoes! How are these, madam? Try the left foot first, please. There, and do they feel all right? The toes pinch—well try these—Now how are they! If you'll walk around-opps! careful—Yes, ha, ha! Patent leather is slippery-And will there be any thing else today?" Hooray, first eustomer-first sale-I'm definitely on the ball.

Oh, oh, kids "And what would you like to see, madam? Some shoes for Joey-sit right over here my little man. My isn't he a handsome boy? Never saw a more repulsive looking brat, but it's all in the business. What color does he want? Brown—uo, white—no brown—white? I wish you two would get together. High white oxfords-yes, madam, I think we have just what you're looking for. Now put your foot on this measure, young man, while I see what size you wear. Yes, madam, he has fine looking feet. Yes, exercise certainly does keep them trim same old line-but that's life! And here we are—try these on—oofff! Oh, no. madam, he didn't hurt me. If this kid kicks me in the forehead

once move, grrr! There ought to be a law against putting shoes on kids before they're ten years old. Just think how many shoe mens' lives would be saved. Now, is that all right? Yes, Joey, speak up, like your mother says —we haven't got all day. They seem to fit—maybe we'd better look at them under the machine over here. Put your feet in those little holes, Joey, and look through this tube. No, it won't hurt. Madam, really, there isn't anything for him to cry about. This machine merely X-rays his foot, and we can see how the shoes fit. If he'll keep still a moment—Oh, for heaven's sake, keep the brat quiet. Well, I'm afraid it won't work if he wiggles—but madam, I—O.K., don't get so huffy. What that kid needs is the sole of a slipper applied to his sweet, little posterior-Ho hum, well, two down-and how many to go?

Ah, now here comes something that might prove interesting—blondes, blondes—and glimpse those legs, hmmm! "Yes, Mam, right this way —sit on this row. Cute, little green pumps with bows? Yes, I think we can take care of you. And How! Put your foot on the measure. Ah, sometimes I begin to appreciate the joys of being a shoe salesman. Size 5 and a half, any particular material? Suede? All right. dum ti dum, do ti do, tra la! cute, little green shoes and here we are. Why don't you try them both ou? Look in that mirror-Yes, they are most becoming-what, brown leather, toeless—yes, I'll look. Try the left first—well, they both fit well—why not buy them both? Black? Anything to please a blonde. Spike heels? As it happens, some just arrived this morning. Now where did they put that new shipment? Heh,

Charlie! What did Mike do with this morning's stock? Way back there—ugh! Where's the ladder? If I don't break my ucek, everything will be fine. Hand me the pick, Charlie, I can't quite reach 'em. Ouch! Oh well, a shoe box or two on my head is a mere triffle. Here they are, Miss. I'm sure they're just what you want. Oh, I can fix that they only need a little breaking in. You'd rather have the brown ones. Well, of course, anything you like. Yes, that will be \$7.95 and ration stamp eighteen. You forgot your book! I'm sorry, Miss, but you see we aren't allowed to sell without the stamp. Yes, it's too bad. Good morning. Wouldn't you know-huh! you never can tell about blondes.

"Yes, sir—brown and white, nines—right this way—and how do they feel? \$8.65. You can have them wrapped at the counter. Thank you. That's what I like—strong, masculine figure—snappy, efficient—somebody who can make up their mind—think of all the trouble it saves me.

Hmmm, the matronly type and what will it be for you today, Madam? Yes, we have a wide variety of oxfords, just be seated—eeek! No, I didn't see that whistle there, I'm sorry, some child must have left it. What size, please?

"Go away, sonny, you bother me."

"What were you saying, Madam? Oh yes, with silk laces, we have—"

"What do you want, kid? Get a drink of water over there next to the purse counter."

"Here is our newest style in that shoe, Madam. It's—"

"What! You again—look here, kid, where's your mother? Well, go see her. I'm busy."

"Try the other one, Madam."

"Heh, kid, come back here with that shoe horn—put it down."

"Just walk in them, Madam, I'll be right back."

"Heh, you—give me that note book. I'm not going to chase you all over the store. Onch! He tripped me, the little—.

"Yes, Mam, I'll be right with you."

"No, I'm not hurt, but Madam, will you please look after your little boy; I have a customer and—."

"Be there in a moment, Madam—and how do they feel?

"Oh for—what do you want now, kid—a whistle? Well, here—go blow!"

"Step over to the stocking counter, Madam, and the sales girl will help you. Now what's she giving me those icy stares for—just like I'd done something—huh!

Ray, rah, rah—Central High. "What can I do for you, girls? Red and white saddle shocs—yes, we have plaid laces. Oh, Johnny took out Mary last night, and Sally was green with enry-Well, well! There, how are they? Yes, they do seem large, but we don't have any more red in your size. Blue? I'll look. And Jim didn't bring Sue home till one-thirty last night—tish! tish! Here, try them on—I'll get the laces. What color? Green and yellow—IImmm, probably to match that purple skirt and red sweater-Oh, to be sixteen again!

"Just sit here, Madam—yes, it is difficult shopping these days; crowded stores you're telling me. Hmm, I guess it is hard to find things nowadays-And what do you-but could I show—Well, I suppose with all the new people in town it does make a difference—but what do you—No, I haven't been there lately. The service used to be—yes, that's true— Well, with all the war workers they really don't have the supplies—but what did you eeck! what a wind bag! Yes, this is a shoe store—no, we don't sell aspirin. But I wish I had one right now.

Ah, a mother and daughter combo, And which one of you can I serve today? Some high heels, she says, with that gleam in her young eyes—probably her first pair. Yes, Main, we have a medium heel. Oh, go on, let the kid break her arches on some spike heels, if she wants to. Here are some practical casuals, but these toeless, heelless are also very attractive. Yes, the girl says, they're for Mary Ellen's party, her ensign brother is coming home, and she wants to look

sophisticated. Yes, Madam, both pairs fit well. Yes, she could wear the low ones for church—well, they would be more sensible. Which do I think? If it's for a party these really are more dressy, and they aren't too high. The heels are reinforced and Gee, the kid looks as if she wanted to hug me. Chalk up one good deed for the day.

Hail to the Navy!—first uniformed nurse I've seen in a long time. "And what will it be for you, Miss? Brown oxfords—Look at her fingering those green pumps—probably thinking about way back when. She certainly would look cute in 'em—little feet and—well, maybe that's what she's fighting for—the right to wear green pumps again. Here are the oxfords, Miss,"

"Whew! another day's over. Someone ought to invent a revolving chair for shoe elerks—but now home for a peaceful evening—Good-bye feet!"

"After a busy day there's nothing like standing up all the way home on a crowded bus. Get off my foot, you lug head! Ohhh, my toes! Ah, here's my stop. Now where did I put that key? — there — Heh, Margaret, I'm home! Umm, smell the food! Now for a nice, quiet evening with the paper and a sweet pipe—oh luxury!"

"What's that, Margaret? Oh, Junior just got a new pair of shoes, and they've made blisters on his toes, and will I look at them?"

Send

Flowers

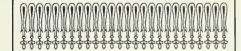
And make sure they're from

Montgomery's Florist

"Flowers for All Occasions"

Phone R-161

Opposite Washington Duke Tayern



Compliments

of

Duke University Stores

Owned and Operated for Your Convenience by Duke University

 $^{\ }$

We Appreciate
Your Patronage!

公

Duke University Store

Duke Hospital Store

Woman's College Store

The Haberdashery

₹.

J. M. MOORE, '32 Manager



A Saucer of Salt

(Continued from page 7)

seems to control everything else in Laurel Hills."

"Ouch, on behalf of my grandfather, Look, let's make a deal, llave dinner with me, and if you are still dead set against me after I fill you full of fried chicken, I'll take you home. You're a gambler... what do you say?"

She looked at him intently for a moment and finally laughed.

"All right, this once, but I warn you I eat a lot."

They drove out to a small farm house that made a specialty of serving chicken dinners and sat out on the wide ontdoor porch, which served as a dining room, and talked. Tim didn't mention the earlier reference to his grandfather; he was conscious of how Lawson and the Journal felt about him. He asked Loyd what she was doing in Laurel Hills, and she said she was doing some reporting and also a series of articles. They had fun together and after dinner neither of them mentioned going home. They drove over the clay hills and talked about the people they knew. They talked only of small things; Loyd wouldn't talk much about herself or her family, or any more about her work than she had told him. Sometimes Tim could feel Loyd's eyes on him, searching his face, and if he turned to look at her, she'd quickly drop her gaze.

It became a regular habit for Tim to meet her outside of the Journal when she was through work. One night he took her home and when they walked slowly to the door and he stopped her and put his hand on her shoulders. They stood and looked at each other a moment before she walked into his arms. Suddenly she broke away from him, "Tim, I can't see you any more."

He pulled her back to him and rubbed his cheek against her hair. "Not until tomorrow night; horrible, isn't it? Do you know Loyd, that I've fallen in love with . . ."

Loyd covered his month quickly with her shaking fingers,

"Tim, I'm as serions as I can be. I should have stopped seeing you a long time ago, but I was selfish. This is the last time. I mean it."

"Look, darling, if you want to play; say so. I'll start chasing you all over again, and this time I'll be more inspired."

"Tim, I'm not joking. Don't try to see me any more; it won't be any use."

"Why? Is there someone else?"

"Don't be silly."

"It seems that you are the one that is being silly. If there's not another man bigger than I am, I refuse to take you seriously. Goodnight, my love. I'll see you tomorrow."

He shoved her in the door and turned and bounded down the steps whistling. He didn't think seriously about it again until the next night. He went by the Journal office, and she had already left for the day. He called her home, but she wasn't there; he spent an hour searching the club and calling up all of their friends, but he couldn't find her. Finally, he gave up feeling that if she wanted to play, he'd let her for a while. After seveval days of not seeing her, he began to feel that it wasn't such a game after all. He had tried repeatedly to get in touch with her, but couldn't. Today he had lunched with Rick Small who had mentioned that he was picking up Loyd at six-thirty to go to a cocktail party, and Tim had persnaded him to let him pick her up

In a moment Loyd came out of the Journal building and Tim got out of the car to meet her. She looked be-wildered for a moment when she didn't see Rick's car, and when she saw Tim, she stood looking at him blankly.

"Hi! I promise I won't kidnap you. Rick said to tell you be couldn't make it so I'll drive you to the Clarks." He took her arm and steered her toward the car. "It seems that the only way that I can get you to ride with me is to high-jack you off the main street. It is your fear of scenes; Miss James, yon're inhibited." He laughed and put her in the car.

"Tim, I think I speak clearly. Do I have to draw you a diagram to make you understand that I don't want to see you again?"

"No diagrams are necessary, Loyd, Where would you like to go to celebate our engagement?"

Tim turned and looked at her. For a moment he thought he saw a small smile on her face, but it was gone as quickly as it came.

"Tim, I'm leaving tomorrow morning. I'm through with my work and I'm going away."

"Loyd, I swear to you I don't know what this is all about, and if I did, I'd do my damudest to straighten it out. I think that you are in love with me, and I know I'm in love with yon. A guy just can't let a woman he loves as much as I love you walk out of his life without a damn good reason. The way I feel about you, there is no reason that would be good enough to warrant my letting you walk out on me. Believe it or not, I've been through a mild case of hell in the last week, trying to figure out why, when I know at least you like me, you avoid me as if I were the carrier of a great disease."

When he finished his last sentence, Loyd laughed bitterly. "Tim that is exactly what you are; the carrier of a great disease."

"What in God's name are you talking about?"

"Since you demand an explanation, I'll have to give you one. I suppose that I owe you one. Take me back to town and we'll go to the Journal office. I have something to show you."

When they reached the Journal building, Tim followed Loyd up a small flight of stairs to the Editorial Room. She led him to a small room off of Jason Lawson's office which was empty.

"You needn't be afraid that anyone will see you in the enemy camp at this time of day. This part of the building is deserted."

She sat down at the small desk and pulled out a large folder which held a manuscript. Tim sat across the desk and stared at the folder which she held out to him. He didn't take it and finally she changed her mind and put it on the desk before her and spread her hands over it.

"Tim, before I start, I'd like you to know that against every will of my own, I fell in love with you. You represent to me all that is dispicable and in spite of that I love you. Sometimes I am horrified at myself and then I know the whole thing is funny. All that I am going to tell you is not easy for me, but I think at the moment you are innocent and that your hands are clean. You know comparatively little about the Scott mills, and so you are not the one that the blame can fall upon.

"Perhaps I can begin best by telling you about myself. My real name is Loyd James Stuart. The name, Stnart, probably means nothing to you at all, but it meant something to your grandfather and in a different way a great deal to your father. My father, James Stuart was your father's elosest friend. He and John Scott went through eollege together and years later fought in the war together. After the war John Scott persuaded my father to come here and go to work in the mills with him. Father was married, and I was a child, and he needed a job badly. He had always been interested in the sonth and in eotton mills, so he came. After father had been here a while, he began to take an interest in the conditions of the workers. made from five to twelve dollars a week. Your grandfather had thrown together a row of houses, constituting a mill village; the exact same houses that the workers live in today. They were paid less money on the pretext that the rest of their supposed salaries went to all sort of welfare work for their own good. Father was concerned and he talked to John Scott, who began to feel the same way that he did. They tried to draw up a plan only for betterment of the workers. I don't know if they fully realized that the fault lay in the whole management or not. They tried to talk to Sam Scott, but he threw them out. Father talked to Jason Lawson, and he asked him to come and work for him. They had no concrete plan, but Father went to Mr.

Lawson and they started a campaign to try and work out the worker's problem. To teach him a lesson, your grandfather hired a couple of men to tar and feather him, and then to run him out of town. My father died as a result of it.

Loyd paused for a moment and looked at Tim. His face was expressionless. She got up out of her chair and started pacing the floor. "Perhaps now it is clearer why I am here. All of my life I have followed your grandfather's mills and prayed that we would see enough progress in them to pay for my father's death. Frankly I feel that your grandfather is a murderer, not only of my father but of thousands of men, women and chil-

dren. Have you ever been into a mill house, Tim? They are dirty; every person who lives in them are parasites, feeding on each other. The houses have no running water, no bathrooms, no sanitation of any kind. I have seen them in their filthy eramped houses . . . ehildren dying of malnutrition, women standing around helpless, knowing nothing to do for them but to put a saucer of salt on their stomachs, which they think will keep them from becoming bloated. The mills are worse; filled with obsolete machinery, dangerous machinery, that endangers every person that uses it. The workers are the lowest seale workers in the country; management is the poorest. It is





stupid and outdated, but it makes money for people like your grandfather. You want to know what this has to do with me. Tim, there is coming to this part of the South an industrial war. It has already swept through the Carolinas. So far your grandfather has been shrewd enough to keep it away. Despite him, it will come, Tim. If anything I might write could hasten it. I'm willing to write and shout myself dry. It's not just against your grandfather, but against every person of his kind who murders and would try to smother the innate dignity and decency of a man."

Tim got up and stumbled blindly out of the door. All of the things that Loyd had said kept pounding against his brain. This is some Goddamned freakish nightmare. word murderer kept striking against his brain and bouncing off. It reminded him of once when he had taken gas and every sound came in a series of three . . . murderer . . . murderer . . . murderer. She hadn't meant it; she wasn't talking about his grandfather. Sambo was smart and clever, but there was nothing cruel about him. Tim kept thinking of when he had been a child: Sambo would lie down on the floor beside him and read to him, or play with him. He had always been kind. This woman was a fool; a Goddamned fool. Not Sam: she didn't mean it.

He walked on through the night, forgetting his car in front of the Journal. He tried desperately to think, but his mind was so confused that he wanted to scream and beat his head on something to clear it. I won't think; I won't let thought enter my head . . , this will drive me crazy . . . Sambo killing Stuart. She is crazy . . , all of the damn world is.

He walked for hours and finally his mind cleared to the point where he knew that he had to see Sam. I've got to talk to him . . . I know he'll explain everything . . . the mills . . . the workers . . . Stuart. Sam could explain . . . it was only an accident that Loyd's father had been killed . . . the workers, as Sam had once said, they couldn't know what they wanted . . . they had to be told.

When Tim reached his house he stopped for a moment at the gates. There was a light in the library; his grandfather must be working. He turned and started to walk away from the house, then suddenly turned and started running up the drive toward the house. He ran to the door and opened it. He was scared; he knew that was silly because Sam could explain it. When he got to the door of the library he pansed for a moment and then knocked very deliberately. He turned the handle and walked into the room.

Sam looked up from his desk. "Come in boy. Home so early? This is a treat. I'm through work. Let's have a night-cap. If you'll fix it, I'll finish these papers."

Tim walked over to the liquor tray and poured two drinks. This is good; I don't have to say anything yet. He siphoned the water into the glasses and watched it spray the liquor on the sides of the glasses. He walked over and put the glasses down on the table and stood looking into the fire. I've got to pull-myself together. I ean't just blurt out a lot of words. He has got to understand me and help me. He must know that I don't believe these things. I just want to hear him say they aren't true.

Sam walked over to the table and picked up his drink and joined Tim by the mantle. "Your health, Son."

Tim murmired "Thank you. Sir, could I talk to you? It is very important." He stopped for a moment not knowing where to begin. This was hard. "Sambo, what is the real story behind James Stuart?"

"Stuart! Where did you hear about him? He was just an agitator and a red. He tried to organize my mills in 1919. Your father brought him home, and I was good to him. He tried to stab us in the back. Why, Tim?"

"Because, Sambo, I'm in love with his daughter."

Sam stared at him fixedly. Tim seemed to find a feeling of strength from his gaze. He went on, "She told me a lot of things that I don't understand; about the conditions of

the workers, and how you have kept them down. I don't believe. . . . "

Sam hadn't taken his eyes off of Tim's face. "This is a lot of Goddamned nonsense. Forget it. It happened years ago. Tim, you couldn't be in love with this girl,"

"But I am; that is what is so hard."

"You are talking like a raving idiot. I don't want to hear any more about it. There will never be any organization in my mills as long as I. . . ." Sam in a second realized that it wasn't as simple as it looked. He felt all of the battles he had ever gone through well up inside of him. This young fool didn't believe this rot. If he must fight another battle, he would; against the last living Scott. "Tim, what did this girl tell you!"

Tim repeated all that he had remembered of what Loyd had said . . . about her father . . . mill . . . machinery . . . village; everything she said poured out of him and he felt as if something inside of him had burst and it wouldn't stop. When he had finished his grandfather was staring at him. Suddenly he threw back his head and laughed.

"Tim, I suppose that you are old enough to know the facts of life. I have coddled you from your eradle to now. Well, you're a man now or at least an excuse for one, so I'm going to quit coddling you." Sam saw a look of doubt on his grandson's face, and Tim kept shaking his head from side to side as if trying to avoid a blow.

"First, about James Stuart; his death was an accident for which I'm not one bit sorry. I've had a hard life, Tim. I worked like hell to get where I am now. I had really begun to pull in money when Stuart started trying to pull his fool trick. He wasn't going to do that Tim . . . no one could. You have to be smart to get anywhere in the world. The people that work in the mills aren't really human beings. They are machines; that is all that they know and they are happy. The sooner that you learn that the plain fact of living isn't easy, the sooner you'll be worth

anything. All of living is one matter of dog bite dog, and I've gotten my bite in first. You are one damn fool if you don't realize it. I've built up something wonderful here. It is yours, a world of your own if you'll get all of this missionary blood out of your veins. Your father was a damn fool, and I can't stand to see you turn into one. He was a friend of Stuarts and he quit me when Stuart died. Well, I've never felt any regret at your father's death, because he wasn't a man worthy of the Scott name. He was spineless and didn't have the guts to stand up to the bunch of mealymouthed people who always complain about the labor problem. God! there is no problem except what a bunch of communists think up. They won't get within shooting distance of me.'

Tim heard Sam's voice raised to an excited pitch, abusive and deafening. Tim knew he had to move; he wanted to strike his grandfather, but he felt rooted to the floor. Suddenly he felt a surge of shame for being in the same room with this man that he didn't know at all. His shame gave him strength and he walked slowly toward the door, hearing his grandfather's incoherent shouts.

Sam Scott stopped shouting when he heard the front door close. He walked over to the windows and stood loking out over the lights of Lanrel Hills. On the other side of town he could see the lights from the Scott Mills... the night shift.

Siau Wong

(Continued from page 1)

ness in his voice. The servant went off, shaking his head. This was indeed a strange business—that his master should match his champion against a street waif's cricket. He could not understand it.

When the two brown pots were placed upon the table, the old man uneovered them, almost with reverence; and lifting the crickets gently he placed them facing each other in the tub. Siau Wong watched to see the manner in which he held his goad and rubbed it against the sides of his cricket. There was no difficulty in



We Serve You

$\begin{array}{c} \textit{The} \\ \mathbf{UNIONS} \end{array}$

East and West Campus Dining Halls • Sandwich Shop

Your Heads Are Needed In Our Business

We Have a Modern Shop With Six First-Class Barbers

DROP IN

UNIVERSITY BARBER SHOP

"Where Friends Meet For Better Service"

telling that this old one had great skill in such things.

Feeling his awkwardness, Siau Wong began to use his own goad. Then, with a suddenness that startled him, both crickets moved. There was a small sound, and another. They moved again—only an inch apart they

(Continued on page 22)



Stationery
Calling Cards
Invitations

Durham, N. C.

Get them done at

Durham Printery, Inc.

210 May Street

A Quality Variety

of

CORSAGES

and

FLOWERS

Can Be Found

at

CLAUDE HULL

Florist

215 Mangum Street

Tel. R-194

FANCY ICES

SHERBETS

PHONE L-963

T

"Ice Cream Specialists"

DURHAM ICE CREAM CO.

(Incorporated)

FAST FROZEN

"BLUE RIBBON" ICE CREAM

"Today It's Thrifty to Buy Quality"

1

Durham, North Carolina

BLOCKS

PUNCH

Be Ready For Inspection!

Have

Your

Clothes

Cleaned

at

Duke University Laundry

The Best in

Laundry

and

Dry-Cleaning

Service

JOKES?

Oh, mother, may I go out to swim?
Why not, my darling daughter,
You're so damned near naked anyway
You'd look better in the water.
—Bored Walk.

"Daddy and I won't be home tonight, Johnny," said Mother. "Do you want to sleep alone or with Nursie?"

Johnny (after some deliberation): "What would you do, daddy?"

-Log.

"I gave my girl a wonderful present last night."

"I gave mine a wonderful past."

For a whale of a good time, we suggest you call on the fisherman's daughter.

The ship's first officer told a deck hand to go below and break up a erap game. In about an hour the sailor returned.

"Did you break up the game?" asked the officer.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what in thunder kept you so long?"

"I only had three bucks to start with, sir."

A policeman brought in a negress. The desk sergeant scowled and roared at her:

"Liza, you've been brought in here for seduction!"

"Dat's fine," beamed Liza, "You can start right now."

When a certain member of our armed forces had to appear in court last week, he stated his ease thusly: "But your honor, I'm a Marine." To which the Judge answered: "Ignorance is no excuse."

-Shot & Shell.

JOKES?

JOKES?

It Says Here

"What has more fun than people do?"

"Rabbits."

"Do you know why?"

"Because there are more rabbits than people."

"Do you know why?"

"Because rabbits have more funthan people do."

Soph: Did you take chloroform? Frosh: No, who teaches it?

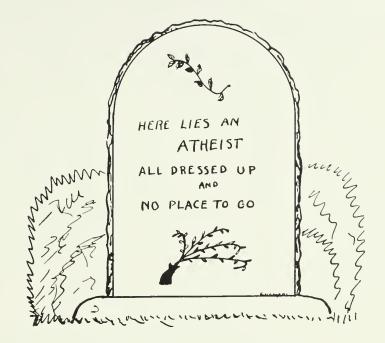
An old Negro preacher was explaining to his congregation the difference between faith and knowledge.

"Now, my brethren," he said, "hit's like this. Dar's Brudder Jonsing sittin' on de front seat wid Sister Jonsing and de five litle Jonsings. She knows deys her chillen—dat's knowledge. He believes deys his chillen—dat's faith."

-Yellow Jacket.



No, my room-mate isn't in, but I'm not doing anything.



And the old maid said, "Don't put *Miss* on my tombstone when I am gone, for I haven't missed as much as you think I have."

A. You'll have to hand it to Venus De Milo when it comes to eating.

B. Why?

 Λ . How else could she eat?

She: I'm perfect. He: I'm practice.

"Do co-eds really like conceited men better than others?"

"What others?"

The Buccaneer.

KA: Honey, would you mind if I kissed yo' all?

Gal: Ain't my lips enough?
--Minn. Technolog.

"What is the tactful way for a girl's father to let her boy friend know it's time to leave?"

"He may casually pass through the room with a box of Wheaties."

Dogs in Siberia are the fastest in the world, the lecturer said, because the trees are so far apart. Two small children were in adjacent beds at the hospital. Said one to the other: "I'm a girl, what are you?"

"I'm a boy."

"But you look like a girl."

"I'm a boy. Wah! Wait until the nurse leaves and I'll show you."

Finally when they were alone he shyly lifted the covers. "See," he said, "Blue booties."

 $-Rammer\ Jammer.$

A sweet young gal breezed into a florist shop and looked around the shelves for something she wanted.

Then she saw an old chap puttering around a plant in the corner, and went over to him.

"Have you any passion poppy?" she asked.

The old boy looked up in surprise.

"Gol ding it!" he exclaimed. "You just wait till I get through prunin' this lily!"

-Rammer Jammer.

Harold: Oh, my darling, I crave to hold you close. I crave to hug you. I crave to kiss you!

Joyce: Oh, a crave man!

Siau Wong

Continued from page 19)

were now—and the chirping sounds grew londer. The old man put down his goad, and watching him, Siau Wong laid his down also. There was a quick movement, and for a moment he could see only a small brown heap, twisting and turning, and then the fighters were apart. He could see that one of his cricket's legs hmng limp and useless, and wondered if he would need the goad to make him advance again. There was another quick movement of brown, however, and once more he saw the twisting heap. In this manner the fight went on, and at each drawing back of the fighters another leg hung limp, or was torn off completely.

The movements grew slower, and there were no more brown flashes. The old man had risen to his feet. The knuckles of his hands, gripping his cane, were white,

His cricket had lost four legs now, and the fifth was half torn off. The old one's fighter had three legs, still, but his head hung at a strange angle. Yet, once more, each moved toward the other-with a pitiful, crippled slowness that was terrible to see. Farther, a little farther they moved only an inch apart they were now, as they had been at first. Watching them. Siau Wong felt a sickness within him, a sickness he had not felt since the day the flying machine dropped death on his mother-and she had lain dying in the mud of the street. They were an inch apart, still, and suddenly he knew that they would not move again, even as his mother had not moved. He wanted to turn his eyes away, but he could not do so.

The old man sat down slowly, slowly—as if a great and terrible tiredness was upon him. His voice, when he spoke, was very old. "Never... have I seen ... such a fight ... as this one was. I have known conrage ... in men. Now I have seen it ... in such small things ... as these."

The servant who had disappeared, returned now, bearing a lacquer tray

on which were two small silver boxes and a spade. Silently he set it down, and lifting the mangled bodies he put them one by one into the boxes. He brings a silver coffin for my cricket also, Siau Wong thought. Perhaps it was as great a fight as this old one wished to see. The servant took the two goads and the tub, and left his master and the small ragged one still sitting silent on their stools.

The shadows were long on the flagstones, and Siau Wong shivered in the gathering twilight. A faint splash came from the pool, and the croak of a frog broke the stillness. The sound of it seemed to awaken the old man. He turned his head and saw the gleam of silver in the dying light. He rose and nodded toward the tray. "Bring them," he said, and led the way down another walk, a smaller one that Siau Wong had not noticed before.

They came to a grove of young bamboos, and a spot between two stones where nothing grew. It was darker now, and it was with difficulty that Siau Wong distinguished the small mound that was there. placed the tray on the ground beside it, knowing the thing that the old one would have him do. When he had dug two holes, he put the little silver coffins within them, and covered them over with earth. He squatted for a moment, then, beside the three small mounds, and looking up saw the great yellow ball of the moon, hanging so low that it touched the garden wall.

"Siau Chiah-suh," the old man said, "I have need of someone to care for my crickets. There is a bed for you in my servant's quarters. Food, also, there is in plenty." A bed, Sian Wong thought; I could not sleep on so soft a thing. Yet there would be warmth in winter, and dryness when rain fell. Much food could I eat here, also; meat, even, perhaps.

Then suddenly in the stillness of the moonlit garden be heard the sounds of the street, faint yet exciting, sounds that called to him and seemed to set the blood running in his veins again. "Many thanks, Lao Yah," he said, "but I have much to do—out

there." He jerked his chin in the direction of the wall.

"Go then," the old man said, "but return when it is spring again. I would come to this place with you, to look for round heads near these graves. Koh-nei-guh-foh—1 am depending upon your luck."

"I will come," Siau Wong said, and then, for the first time in his life, he bent his body in a small, quick bow. He turned and ran through the darkness of the garden, until he reached the wall. He found a tree and climbed it, and dropped to the sidewalk on the other side.

Siau Wong sat still on the eement for a moment, blinking in the cheerful brightness of the street lights. He sniffed the good smell of gasoline, and listened happily to the noise of cars and buses, of bicycle bells and rickshaw horns, and the talk of people passing. He realized he was hungry, and seeing two American marines aeross the street, he got up and darted through the busy traffie. A huge bus screeched almost to a stop as he ran in front of it, and the driver shouted curses at him. "Pig, rice barrel, sucuong-der!" Siau Wong yelled back at him. He gained the sidewalk and ran along beside the foreign soldiers, holding up one grimy hand and grinning at them. "No pa-pah no mommah no whis-kih so-dah!" he ehanted.

"No whisky soda? Get a load of that, Red! He hasn't got any whisky soda."

"Seems happy enough about it," the red-haired one said. "First cheerful little beggar I've seen." "Hey, kid, how about Scotch'n ryegot any of that?"

"Scotcha-rih, scotcha-rih!" Siau Wong chanted, still holding up his hand

"Okay, kid, you win," the tall one said. He dug into his pocket and tossed him a dime. Siau Wong caught it deftly and ran off to buy a hot fried rice cake and some twisted ynr-zah-whey. Tomorrow he would go ont to the river and find his father's boat. It would be good to see Mei-mei's eyes grow round with wonder when he told her of the strange things he had seen.



Printing styles and the trend in type faces are constantly changing, but Service and High Quality are unvarying in the production of all printing in our large plant.

We have been growing for 57 years . . . serving the manufacturing, trades, education, and professional leaders in North Carolina and the South.

PRINTING
PUBLISHING
BOOK BINDING

THE SEEMAN PRINTERY INCORPORATED DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

The Cantata

(Continued from page 11)

in that moment Father began to have respect for him; for it was an achievement that Father himself was so obviously incapable of. He even went so far as to give Mr. Langarosse a few tips on the stock market. Of course this necessitated Mother's taking Mr. Langarosse aside to warn him about Father's confidences and predictions which seemed invariably to turn out disastrously, but nevertheless Mr. Langarosse understood Father's good intentions.

They were in high spirits that night, the Langarosses. They talked of home, reminding each other:

"There are the two organs, one at each end of the church so that they echo each other. The midnight mass at Christmas there; there is nothing like it," Mr. Langarosse said.

"The vineyard slopes from a hill," Mrs. Langarosse continued, as if it were an often repeated tale and she knew her cues well.

"I thought we should never pick those violets in the fields of St. Gervais." she said.

We came to understand that neither the violets nor the fields were real to them.

"My wife." Mr. Langarosse said affectionately, "once she has seen Sarah Bernhardt play. She was only a child, but she has the line—we will never pick those violets—it is—how shall I say?" he spread out his hands. "a symbol. Maria is attached to the old things."

They urged food upon us—strong cheese, candied chestnuts, a small baked chicken. We were all very sad at parting. Even Mrs. Langarosse's voice, her low, quiet, clear voice, was regretful. She may have been middleaged and fat but she had a lovely voice.

"It has been a long wandering, Jean," she said when my parents had left and looked at him with troubled eyes.

"Yes. But like the Greek warrior who kissed earth and was renewed, I turn to you, Maria." She smiled at him. I tiptoed home very quietly.

Some one had to see them off. We could not let them go without the proper fluttering of handkerchiefs in the breeze. It was awkward as is the way with farewells. We stood around, not quite sure what to say, everyone with fixed smiles. What was there to say? We had known them only briefly, after all.

"The place will seem empty without you," Mother said in a feeble effort.

"You're sure you've got everything?" Father asked.

"Yes, yes," they agreed distractedly.

Mr. Langarosse was visibly much moved. Father patted him on the back wordlessly. Either there was so much to say or so little, I am not sure which. We were a bunch of inadequate people standing in a railroad station.

"We will think of you," Mrs. Langarosse began.

Then the train was upon them, and they were gathering together their bags and innumerable newspaperwrapped parcels. Mr. Langarosse was agitated, sure they would miss the train.

They stood on the platform and we kept calling injunctions to one another now that the train overwhelmed the sound of our voices. In the last moment as they pulled away, Mr. Langarosse thrust a brownwrapped bottle, which he had forgotten up until now, into Father's hands. Father held it with concealed repugnance.

"I say to myself, we must not forget and leave without giving you the wine," Mr. Langarosse yelled through the gaspings and stutterings of the train. He had put his arm around Mrs. Langarosse's waist, bracing her. They both were waving frantically to ns. Their ugly, transfigured faces looked down on us.

Now I do not pretend to know about love, except that it is probably simple because people expect it to be very complicated. But I remember still Mr. Langarosse's arm around his wife's waist.

Father said savagely,

"Well, we're rid of that infernal playing."

Then he did a thing odd for him. I had not seen him do such a thing for a long time. He reached for Mother's hand and held it tightly.

You're
Always
Welcome
at

Since 1925

Johnson - Prevost * * * Dry Cleaning Company

1002 West Main St.

Telephones

Office - - F-6451

Plant - - X-1206



On the left: Sarah Clarkson, featuring a Flora two-piece linen dress, highly tailored, and embroidery trimmed. Cool, crisp, wearable through warm Spring and Summer months.

On the right: Nancy Baumgartner, wearing a Susan Shane original twopiece linen crash, cardigan open neck, lace trimmed, and novelty button arrangement. Wide pleat front with gored back skirt. Ideal for that easy live-in feeling from now until Fall.

Above, as well as many other nationally advertised frocks, featured exclusively by Durham's Smartest Women's Store.

ROBBIN'S





Three Aprils

By M. L., '46

It was April
Under a dark tree
Laced with moonlight,
And I wore
A bit of white wisteria
In my hair...
You went away
And April was
Remembered sweetness,
When I had worn

A bit of April In my hair.

It will be April
When you come to me
Again:
It will be lilacs.
Wet wisteria,
And warm spring rain.
We'll walk the stars
And I will wear
A small star on my finger,
Upon a slim gold band . . .
A bit of April
On my hand.

A year from April
There will be
Soft-falling stars
And cool
Spring wind:
And I will borrow
Fine-spun moonlight
For a wedding veil . . .
And it will be
April always
In my heart.

COVER BY BILL GILLEN



STAFF

Editorial Assistants:

Bill Gillen

Merlyn McClure

Ann Fountain

Missy Johnston

Bill Buchanan

Loring Fountain

Jackie Lewis

Walter Scott

Dot Hyland

Austin Knight

Sandy Tecklin

Frank Bliss

кау Lopez

Jim Perry

Dee Gentner

BUSINESS ASSISTANTS:

Mary Nelson Freels

Peggy Heim

Peggy Bacon

Newton Angier

EAST MEETS WEST

at the

Tavern

For Fine Food Amid
Pleasant Surroundings,
Visit

The Tavern

in the

Washington Duke Hotel

THE ARCHIVE

VOLUME LVII

SILIT WONG

April, 1944

Number 7

In This Issue

By Olive Sherertzpage	2
Sprig of Oak By Henry A. Simonspage	5
A Saucer of Salt By Mary Snow Ethridgepage	6
On Open Letters By Sniveloid, Ph.D page	8
Duchess of the Monthpage	9
The Cantata By Frances Wrightpage	10
SEEING IN THE DARK By Loring Fountainpage	11
In the Spring page	12
Cobbler—1944 Style By Emily Andersonpage	14
Jokes? Jokes? Jokes?page	20

STAFF

BUD PETERSON, Editor
Snow Ethridge, Cocd Editor
Dirck Arrowsmith, Associate Editor
Did Dunphey, Art Editor

BOB COWIN, Business Mgr.
CHARLIE DONZE, Circulation Mgr.
AUDREY HANCE, Coed Bus. Mgr.
DOTTIE GROOME, Advertising Mgr.

A Monthly Literary Magazine Published by the Students of Duke University, Durham, North Carolina

The publication of articles on controversial topics does not necessarily mean that the Editor or the University endorses them.

Notice of Entry: "Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917. Authorized December 4, 1924."

Entered as second-class mail matter at the Postoffice at Durham, N. C.

SIAU WONG

By OLIVE SHERERTZ

A little waif, who lost his mother in the death from the skies, finds a new world when he discovers the rare roundheaded fighter. Another endless day in the war in China.

State Word scrambled up the tree behind Lee-tsu and dropped after him into the bamboo grove on the other side of the high iron fence. He flattened his small face against the bars and looked up and down the street they had left. There was only a rickshaw puller shuffling idly along the uper end of the street, his wrists resting on the up-tipped shafts of his vehicle, which appeared to roll along behind him of its own accord.

But for this once, the street was leserted. No person had seen them. They were safe, now, in this place where trees and flowers grew, as if it were a part of the country and did not belong to the great city of noise and dirt and many people.

It was here that the rich came to walk. Sian Wong had seen them often, dropping their ten cent pieces into the slit in the queer iron gate that turned only for those who had no better use for their money. And he had wondered what strange places lay beyond the long entranee way with its border of trees and bright beds of flowers. They had passed the gate that day, he and Lec-tsu, who had said with loud scorn for the people going in that he himself knew of a much better way of entering, a place where no money had to be dropped into a hole.

Siau Wong bent over and scooped up some of the black earth that felt so queer to his bare, tough little feet. It was of a softness and dampness that surprised him, and the smell of it gave him a good feeling that he did not understand.

"O yoh! Sa meh-zz? What thing is it?" he cried in half-frightened surprise. Lee-tsu saw the little brown insect that had crawled out of the earth in Siau Wong's hand, and

reached out quickly to take it for himself.

"Stupid one! Have you never seen a cricket? Ai-yah!—a two-tailed male it is." He squatted, suddenly, and Siau Wong could see his eyes becoming big with astonishment. "Look there—a round head it has! This one is indeed a fighter! Before the coming of the flying machines and the great death, we went into the countryside each spring to search for zaytsih such as this one. The old man of the village told us that should we find a round-headed one it was certain to be a great champion." He laughed loudly. "And now it is in the city that I find one!"

"I would look at it again," Siau Wong said, "for I saw no round head on it."

"Here, blind one. Have you no eyes?"

"Ouh—its head is round, as you said. If it is so great a fighter, then, I can surely sell it."

"Fool, it is mine. You would have thrown it away. Give it to me."

"I myself found it, and I shall sell it," Siau Wong retorted. Find another if you would have one."

"Zuh! Pig of a thief! Lee-tsu kicked angrily at the earth, over-turning leaves and stones. Tsu-lu, if there is another to be found here it will be a three-tailed female that can neither fight nor sing."

Siau Wong opened his hands a little to examine his new possession, and laughed aloud at the smallness of it. "Speaker of blind talk," he scoffed; "I must remember to sell your tale with the cricket. A fight between two of these would surely raise much dust and noise. A terrible thing to watch, it must be."

Lee-tsu opened his mouth to reply,

but no words eame, and for the space of a moment he stood in dumb astonishment. On the flattened spot where a stone had been was a small brown thing, so like the earth in color that one might have looked and never seen it there. Then in one swift movement he squatted and cupped his hands about it. It was indeed a two-tailed one, and not a female as he had feared, for its head was angular. He wished now that he had not spoken like a fool of the value of roundheaded crickets.

"Look there—the one of yours has no round head," Siau Wong exulted. "Let us have a great battle now; it will be something to see!"

"Stupid empty head! These crickets do not fight on the ground. A tub is necessary; a bowl, at least. And surely we have great numbers of them."

"There is a rice bowl on Bubbling Well Road," Siau Wong told him. "The blind beggar woman will not know it is gone."

Lee-tsu pulled two bamboo leaves from a young tree. "For tickling them we can use these." He pointed to the hairs on the leaf tips. "It is necessary to tickle a cricket to anger him" he added in a tone of superiority. "Come along, tzu-ln; I would see if round heads are such great fighters."

The hot sun was reflected so brightly in the grayish white curve of the rice bowl that Siau Wong was forced to narrow his eyes to mere slits as he watched his cricket. He sat back firmly on his heels, his left hand pressed against the high brick wall that bordered the sidewalk, while with the other he clutched the bamboo leaf, rubbing its tip hairs against the sides of his cricket. He was but vaguely

aware of the passing people; they were for him only a multitude of moving feet and legs.

"Do my old eyes deceive me? Is it . . . indeed . . . a round-headed fighter that you have there?"

It was an old voice, deep and a little shaky, perhaps, but it cut through the noise of the street as a heavy knife sinks into bread. The sound of it startled Siau Wong, and he looked up quickly. The man was bent almost double, and his beard was white and long. His gnarled hands, one over the other, rested on his cane. Surely this is the oldest one I have seen, Sian Wong thought. His eyes, only, are not old; they are hot as the sun. He could see by the richness of the man's gray silk gown, the carved gold head of his cane, and the great jade ring on his thumb that

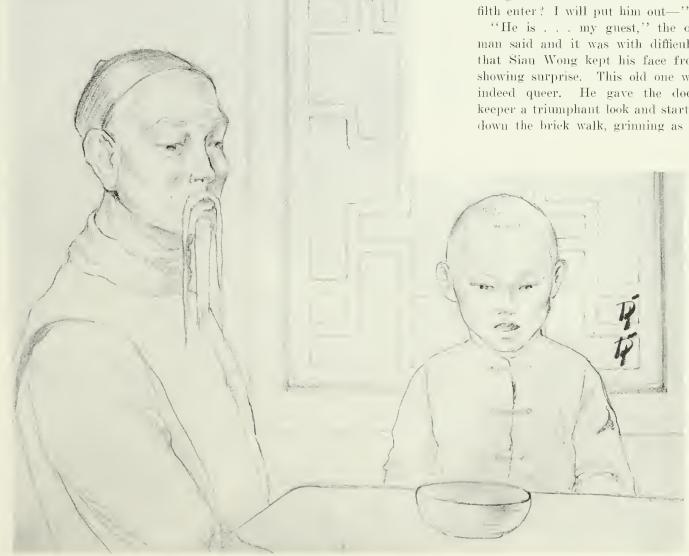
this man was one of the rich, the very rich. He could perhaps, sell the cricket to him for a large sum.

He picked his cricket carefully out of the bowl and stood up to show the man its round head. "This one is a fighter of fighters," he declared boldly. "Never have I seen such a champion," he added, kicking Lee-tsu who was on the point of making a scornful remark. The old man did not see the kick. He did not see Lee-tsu or his cricket. His whole gaze was fixed in burning concentration on the cricket in Siau Wong's hand. Then, slowly, he seemed to become aware of Siau Wong himself.

"You," he said. "Come with me." It was a command. And having given it he turned his back and started away. Siau Wong stared after him for a moment in puzzled astonishment. Then he gave the rice bowl a push with his foot. "Return it to the blind beggar woman. Ouh—I would like to see the rage she is in by this time." He grinned at Leetsu impishly and ran off after the old one who was walking with slow steps down the street.

The old man stopped before a heavy wooden doorway set in the wall, and Siau Wong heard at once the rattling of bolts being drawn back. Then the door creaked on its hinges, as with age and rust, and swung slowly open to admit them. He stepped over the high door siH and looked about him, deciding that surely he had never seen so strange a place. The doorkeeper was bowing to the old man. He was old, also, and very fat, and his movements were ponderous and slow. "Lao Yah," he said with great respect. He looked, then, at Siau Wong. "And how did this bit of filth enter? I will put him out—''

"He is . . . my guest," the old man said and it was with difficulty that Siau Wong kept his face from showing surprise. This old one was indeed queer. He gave the doorkeeper a triumphant look and started down the brick walk, grinning as he



heard the muttered curses of the ancient servant.

All was green in this place, cool and very quiet; Sian Wong felt a little frightened by the stillness of it. There were many trees; never had he seen so many in one place together. They were large, and very old. Their branchs met and formed a green roof over this quiet place, throwing a lace pattern of sunlight and shadow on the walk, and on the gray stone lions that guarded it. They passed over a bridge made from a single slab of enryed stone, and Siau Wong saw flashes of red and gold in the water beneath it. He thought of how round his small sister's eyes would grow when he told her of these queer colored fish; and also of the oddly shaped rocks with ferns and moss growing between them, and the clear water that splashed over them in so many little streams and waterfalls. This was indeed a place of wonders. Why should the rich, he thought, drop their ten cent pieces into a hole in order to walk in a public garden if their own gardens were as this one.

He followed the old man through a round stone gate and saw that the walk circled a larger pool than the others, the surface of it almost covered with great, round green leaves. Siau Wong stared in amazement: surely he had never seen such plants as these growing on the river. Beyond the pool was an old house, long and low, with a spirit wall before the main entrance. But his eyes left the house quickly for there was a thing of much greater interest on the far left of the pool.

It was a place where the earth rose until it was higher, even, than the house, and there was a path leading up it to a very small, square building—a little house open on all sides, and with a pointed roof and up-turned roof corners. He remembered the up-turned corners of the temple on Big Horse Road, but surely that was twenty times as large. Perhaps, he thought, it was this old one's private temple, and yet there was no wooden god within it. It was the strangest thing in this place of strangeness.

The old man skirted the spirit wall.

and following him. Siau Wong found himself in what seemed almost to be a little outer court. A square of ground between the spirit wall and the main doorway of the house was paved with flat stones, and on them, in the shadow of the spirit wall, was a row of small brown pots.

A servant came out of the house. "Bring an empty one," the old man told him, motioning with his chin toward the pots. When it was brought, he lifted the lid and held it out to Siau Wong. "Put in your cricket," he said. "Do you not know that snnlight will harm it?"

Siau Wong opened his hand and looked down at the little brown insect in surprise. He had forgotten, almost, that he was holding it. He dropped it into the pot and it ran into a clay box that was small as a Chinese matchbox, and open at each end. Sian Wong pointed to it. "What is that thing?" he asked.

"It is his bed," the old one answered "he runs beneath it in order to hide. You see, you have frightened him."

The old man put the lid on the pot and set it with great gentleness in front of the others. Then he ordered a table and two stools to be brought and placed by the pool, and called, also, for two bowls of tea. He sat down very carefully and bent over his cane. "Sit," he commanded, and Sian Wong did so automatically, realizing only after he was perched upon the stool that this old one, who was doubtless a great man and very rich, intended to permit him to drink tea with him, as if he had been his equal. His mouth dropped open, and he would have jumped off the stool, but at this moment he saw the disapproval on the servant's face. He spat, then, in the servant's direction and straightened on his stool. I will wager that pig has never drunk tea with this old one, he thought.

The old man lifted his bowl of tea, and drank. Then he bent his head, and when he spoke his voice was low and very deep.

"My life has been long, and I have seen many things. Much was once mine that now is lost to me. I had four sons . . . the little foreigners have sent them into the spirit world before me. There was a time . . . before this day of republies and other such stupidities . . . a time of peace and leisure . . . when the eustom of keeping and fighting crickets was respected—as it should be. A noble sport it was . . . the prince himself trained fighting crickets . . . but the gods failed to bless him . . . for never did he have in his possession a roundheaded one. Only three such have I seen . . . one I had . . . it was in Peking that I found it . . . and it was with that one that I defeated the prince's champion . . . a thing which brought me much prestige. It is buried in a little silver coffin . . . in my garden here . . .and each spring I have gone to search for other round heads near its grave. I had thought that never would I see one again . . . and then . . . but a week ago . . . I found one there. Already it has killed the best of my fighters, but there is no sport in such matches. I would see a great fight . . . such a fight as I had thought these eyes would never see again. . . . "

The voice of the old man eeased, and he sat silent, staring at the ground. Then he lifted his head, and Siau Wong saw the fierce intensity in his simken eyes. Lee-tsu had not invented the tale, then, for this old one had certainly spoken the truth. He shut his mouth hastily and swallowed. "The—the cricket of mine—" he stammered; "I would see such a fight myself."

"Tai-nyung," the old man called. The servant approached and stood waiting. "Bring the zay-tsih bung and the rat bristle goads." The servant disappeared, and returned in a few minutes carrying a flat-bottomed wooden tub with intricate carvings upon its sides. This he set on the table, and laid beside it two small sticks. Siau Wong saw that in the ends of each a rat's bristle had been inserted. He thought of the bamboo leaves and laughed within himself.

"Bring now . . . the two roundheaded fighters," the old man ordered, and there was a little unsteadi-

(Continued on page 19)

Sprig of Oak

By HENRY A. SIMONS

The Archive presents its first vignette: a touching little drama of life—complete on this page.

The LIGHT, spring breeze was slowly swinging the bedroom door shut. It clicked together with a noise that sounded loud in the little room. The soldier in the chair by the window half-rose and swung his head toward the sound, but a moment later he sat down again and slowly turned his blind eyes forward.

"I will get used to it in a while," he thought. "I will get to know whether they are coming into the room or going out."

The room in which the soldier sat was a small bedroom about twelve feet square. It was a room which had held the life of a boy growing into a man, and it showed its scars. There was a sturdy, maple bed in one corner, and a battered mahogany bookease beside it within arm's reach. In front of the wide open window was a faded green leather easy chair in which the boy sat. There was an inkstained, scratched, roll-top desk beside a second window. A large oak tree grew outside of this window, its new-green leaves whispering softly when the slight breeze blew.

"I wonder if it's still there. The branch by the window."

His hand found the window sill and reached out, groping for the branch of the oak tree he knew was just outside. His knuckles struck against the branch and he grabbed it. As he closed his moist palm around it, he



could feel the strong, rough bark scraping his hand. He felt a thrill he had not known before. Running his hand down the bough until he found a cluster of the new spring leaves, he tore, off one and brought his hand back through the window. With the tips of his blunt, calloused fingers he began to study the leaf.

Running his finger around the leaf he felt the points, tender and green-feeling to the touch. He felt the slick flat of the leaf with the tiny, marvelons veins just under the surface. Moisture oozed against his thumb tip when he cut through the membrane with his thumbnail. There would be a clean, crescent of light shining through the incision, he knew. Suddenly there welled up in him a terrible longing to see the hole his thumb had pushed through the leaf.

The elean perfume of the little leaf was in his nostrils. "How beautiful

it is," he said to himself. "I had not noticed before. 'In the dooryard fronting an old farm-house... stands the lilac bush... with heart-shaped leaves of rich green... with the perfume strong I love, with every leaf a miracle—and from this bush in the dooryard, with heart-shaped leaves of rich green, a sprig with its flower I break.' Very true." he smiled to himself.

He crumpled the leaf in his fist and threw it out of the window. Wearily, he stood up, pushing with his wet palms against the cool leather arms of the chair. Standing uncertainly with his feet wide apart he called loudly, "Mother! Come and help me, I want to go downstairs. Please help me." And the only sounds in the silent room were his mother's auxious footsteps on the stairs and the soft rustle of the oak tree ontside the window.

A SAUCER OF SALT

By MARY SNOW ETHRIDGE

He didn't know who she was when he fell in love with her, and then the Scott millions came between them. Would he follow in his grandfather's steps or give up everything for her?

TIM SCOTT steered the car expertly I to the gate of the mill where the whistle for the change of shifts had just blown. He enjoyed watching the workers pour out of the buildings. wiping the sweat from their faces, and talking. In a few minutes his grandfather would be ready to leave the small building adjoining the mill, which housed the executive offices of the Scott Manufacturing Company. Tim glanced at the mill before pulling the car up to meet his grandfather, who was just emerging from the gates. He felt a small wave of exultation at the thought that someday he would own all of the Scott mills as well as most of the property in Laurel Hills. The old man had certainly not done badly for himself. He brought the car to a sharp halt and reached over to open the door for his grandfather,

"Hi. Sambo. I've just been admiring all of your sweet property."

Sam Scott settled his heavy body into the seat and glanced fondly at his grandson. "Your property; that is what you were thinking . . . you can't fool me. But not, young man, until I'm good and dead, and I hope by the good Lord I live long enough to teach you how to handle it." He swept his big hand toward the passing scenery and continued "Yes, Tim, it is sweet. To have built something out of nothing is good. I've known all of my life what I wanted and I've always gotten it. The only thing worth knowing these days is knowing how to get what you want. It isn't easy, but the reward is sweet. By the way, Tim, when do you want to start work?"

Tim turned the car into Cotton

Avenue and started slowly down the wide street. He liked driving his grandfather home in the late afternoon; it was the best chance they had to talk. They never had talked very much though; Tim wondered if most families did. Thinking about starting to work, he did suppose that by all rights a month's vacation was long enough. He had been home a month from college, and yet he didn't want to start work quite yet. Still, any hesitation might upset his grandfather who had been waiting for years for him to start learning all of the cotton mill business. All of the dreams of Sam Scott were tied up in him; he knew that. In fact his grandfather was talking about it right now. He was looking at Tim with a quizzical look on his face, and after stroking his chin for a moment said "Boy, I don't want to rush you; don't think I'm trying to, but I don't know how long I'll be around to show you the ropes. Ever since you came to live with me when your father and mother died, you've been my white hope; not just my grandson, but someone to carry on the Scott name, and to keep building to all I've started. Cotton mills aren't an easy thing to run, Tim. You work with a lot of ignorant cattle, and you have to be shrewd. You have genius, and you could do it. I know you're young and want to have a good time; you shall. I shan't tie you down. I want you to have fun, and just give me a few hours each day. What do you say?"

"I want to begin, so now is as good a time as any, I suppose. It's a deal, Sambo. I'll work for you part of the time, and the rest I shall play. By the way, I've met a cute gal since I've been home; one of the working masses. She thinks that I'm one of the idle rich, and is so repulsed by me that it faseinates me strangely."

"What is her name and where does she work? Not in one of the mills, I hope."

"Is that a niee thing to say? I might say that you don't have the best of taste in the women you hire."

"My fine grandson, I don't hire any woman for what she looks like, only for how much work she can do and how cheaply she'll do it."

"Well, to drop your taste in femmes; mine is better. This one works for your dear friend Lawson of the Journal; a she newshound. Her name is Loyd James. She is darned attractive and independent as they come."

"I have no desire to meet your friend with that peculiar name; the fact that she works for Lawson prejudices me against her immediately." Sam Scott spoke with bitterness; he hated Lawson and his Journal because it was the one thing in Laurel Hills that he had always wanted to get control of and never been able to. Lawson had enough money and cunning to hold out against him. "As a matter of fact, I hate the whole damn journalistic profession; bunch of busybodies, always sticking their noses into other people's business."

"Don't get so heated Sambo, and anyway, Miss James has a particularly lovely nose,"

Tim turned the ear into the drive that led to the large white house that Sam Scott had built for his bride. There was nothing beautiful about it; it was a large, massive, ostentatious looking thing. Sam had been proud of this house, and still was. It represented his first large success.

"Sambo, I'm going out to dinner.

I'll come home in time to tuck you in bed.''

"Don't be so smart alecky. I suppose you're going out with that girl with a man's name. All right Tim, but don't forget our bargain."

Sam Scott got out of the car and stood on the veranda as the car moved away. That boy; he is too much like his father for comfort. Sam often thought about his son John, and wondered if he would ever have changed had he lived. John had been a great disappointment to him. He had been married to one of the daughters of a fine old Georgia family, but he had never been happy, nor had he succeeded in making his wife happy. He had refused to have anything to do with the mills, living off of the money his mother had left him. When Sam thought of John's stupidity about the mills, he felt a hurt much deeper than the thought of John's death had ever caused. He had felt that John was dead anyway when he had broken with him about the mills. John had traveled nervously, and Tim had been in school when his father and mother were killed in an automobile accident. Sam had raised Tim ever since, and he was the only thing except the mills that he cared about. He had worked for him all of these years, securing his position so that the boy or any other Scott would never want or need anything. Sam remembered a little about what it was to want, though it had been a long time ago.

Tim drew up in front of the Journal building and settled back and lit a eigarette. This will be a shock to her, he thought. He had made a game of chasing Loyd James for the last month since he had seen her at the Club, neatly poised on the end of the diving board. She had cut the water like some bright shining thing, and he couldn't take his eyes off of her. When she climbed out of the pool, she took off her eap and shook her dark hair in the sun. It had brilliant copper lights in it, and he felt that he could stare at her forever. Finally he asked someone who she was. He was given not only her name but vital statistics; twenty-one, just graduated from some good college, from some place

up-north. What Tim couldn't understand was what such talent should be doing in Laurel Hills. This town was fine for someone who owned it, but why should this girl work on a small paper down here in a town no one had ever heard of except people in the cotton business. He had a desire to ask her, and the first opportunity he had was the next Saturday night at the Club where he had dropped in to see if any friends were there. He was standing at the bar when he heard a low deep laugh that he knew belonged to Loyd James. She was playing the slot-machines lined up against the oposite wall. She was with Rick Small who was a childhood friend of Tim's, so he wandered over to watch. She was more beautiful close up than at a distance and he looked at each feature of her face to memorize it: large hazel eves with thick black lashes, and eyebrows that cut her white skin neatly, long straight nose, stubborn chin, and a wide generous mouth. Rick finally noticed him standing there and stuck out his hand.

"Tim! When did you blow that institution they had you locked in?"

"The first of the week. The old town looks good; the scenery, I notice has improved."

Loyd had turned and looked at him. She smiled and then at Rick who looked at them both and finally decided to introduce them.

"Loyd, this is Tim Scott. Tim, Loyd James. He's all right; really not as harmful as he looks."

"Not of The Scotts?" Her smile had faded and there was a tone of sarcasm in her voice.

"Yes." Tim met her eyes steadily and for a moment he couldn't recognize what he saw there. Suddenly he realized that it was contempt. Why should this girl feel contempt for him? money was no reason for anyone to look at you in such a way.

"Well, it was nice meeting you. Rick, I'm ready to go back upstairs." She turned and started up the stairs and Rick looked at Tim and shrugged his shoulders and followed her. Tim stood holding his drink and feeling confused.

Later in the evening when he was

high enough he went upstairs to the outdoor terrace and cut in on Loyd. She greeted him coldly and he had a wild desire to ask why she had looked at him so peculiarly, and why this tenseness in her body when he held her, but he couldn't say anything. He just pressed his cheek into her hair and didn't talk at all,

He soon found that she had been taken in by all of his crowd, and everywhere he went she was always there. She usually arrived late and left early because she worked hard, which seemed to be a subject of much discussion among the girls in his crowd. She was frigidly polite to him, and when he asked her for a date, she explained that she had to work.

One afternoon when she walked out of the Journal building, he had been standing there and had grabbed her by the arm and rushed her to the ear at the eurb. She got in without a word; as the usual loafers and local gossips were loitering outside reading the Journal scoreboard, she was afraid of making a scene. Tim had started the car and she said "Please take me home." Tim didn't answer: he drove out toward the city limits and when they were ontside of town he pulled the car over to the side of the road and stopped. He turned and looked at her. There was no laughter in her eyes; she looked tired. He was determined to earry this off with a flare; he had rehearsed it that way, so he assumed an air of mock gravity.

"Young lady, I am a young man, fresh out of college. I have excellent character references and clean, pure habits. I have no diseases and have no vices. I have never bitten a dog or done anything newsworthy, but at times have been told that I was slightly amusing. No girl in town seems frightened that dating me will ruin her reputation. My dear Miss James, what is your trouble?"

Loyd smiled in spite of herself. "Mr. Scott, I have nothing against you. I would rather not date you and I still have a right to my own opinion even though your grandfather

(Continued on page 16)

A PHILOSOPHICAL TREATISE ON OPEN LETTERS TO PEOPLE

By SNIVELOID, Ph.D.

Listen my claidren and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of an Engineer.

'Twas on the fifteenth of April in forty-fourAnd there's hardly a stoodent alive no more
Who has forgot that fateful day and year....

TIT HE NIGHT was dark! when "Gert" Ronnbush drew his black cloak around his shoulders, and slipped silently from under his flat rock in the basement of Epgate dormitory.2 He padded silently across the road, his web feet scarcely making any noise on the pavement. He took a seat on the inter-campus bus, and was whisked swiftly westward. Making his way like a shadow through the intricate maze of arches and passageways, he arrived at Publications Row. Slipping an envelope fruitively from under his cape, he glanced first one way, then the other, and then deftly slipped the mysterious missive under the door of the Chronicle office. His diabolical scheme accomplished, he departed, leaving an odor of overripe pumpkins hanging heavy on the night air.

The next morning, Charlie Gradeham,³ the editor, opened the letter. "Ah ha!" he screamed, "Something to fill up the editorial page, Maybe I won't have to use Bob Ricket's⁴ Asphysiation column this week,"

And so it was printed,

And then distributed.

A number of copies went to Pegrem, where "Moist" Dean read it. She smiled a toothy smile of satisfaction. "Whirl" Poole read it. and passed it without comment to her sister "Cess" Poole. Bill Chapel read it to

"Gory" Charlotte, who was busily engaged polishing her A.T.O. pin. But it meant nothing to them. And it was read in Alspaugh, too. Bea Trigger read it to Dom Buckle, who was playing to her in the parlor on his sax with his eyes elosed. Tom Macklestuff read it while waiting for Leggy Fissure to come down. Betty Joool read it to blonde Bill Chiller, her Rotecy champion. In fact, all East read it. Glorious Feetmire read it, Sahara Jordan, Pesty Smith, and Crane McDonald read it. Hairy Wooten, Nine Muscles, Hell N. Kindler, Marryin' Pierson, Emily Andhersin, and "Limp" B. Hinds all saw it.



Epgate dormitory read it and rejoiced. Duck Doyle and Meal McGuire rejoiced. Gert Rounbush smiled benevolently at all passers-by.

And it was read over in house D too. R. J. Floomingzoom, editor of the DOOK DULLFUME, read it. He threw down the paper and screamed lustily, "I'M NOT an engineer—I'm NOT, I'M NOT, I'm REALLY not! He tore his wavey brown hair, enraged by the insult.

And gentle reader, Bud Peterout, Archive mentor, read it. His eyes flashed fire, and he breathed brimstone through his nose. His hair stood up.⁶ He strode up and down his office smoking O.P.⁷ cigarettes. He peeled

Duchess of the Month

Miss Kay Goodman Class of '46

a banana with his feet and munched it vigorously as he hung from the chandelier by his tail. He brooded, he sulked. He pieked banana seeds from his teeth with a nail file. He was angered.

Then, he too wrote a letter. And SUCH a letter. MY! He outdid himself. He went hog-wild.

Gradeham published that letter too. He must have been desperate for something to fill up space. He elapped his fat, pudgy hands together in exclamations of profound joy and ecstasy upon receiving so juicy a morsel.

And so it goes, dear reader, . . . Some people use a pen name, and some don't. Some get mad, and some don't. Me, I'm just Sniveloid and I got no ax to grind. I'm at peace with the world. That is, until someone writes an open letter to Sniveloid in the Chronicle.

1 as is usually the custom.

 $^{^6}$ with the tonic he uses, that ain't impossible. 7 O.P., other people's.

² any similarity between actual persons or places, etc.

Grade-Mark what's the difference?

this geneaology was traced. The above spelling a correct

you can draw straws for the names, girls,



THE CANTATA

By FRANCES WRIGHT

The people who moved in the apartment next door were just another curious family—until

T \$11 Ms a long time ago. It has not been so long, really, but the years have made a difference. I remember because it was a discovery and an awakening.

We lived in an apartment. I mainly remember that to enter the living room you stimbled down steps. It was a great shock to visitors, the steps lurking there, and they usually looked up in hart surprise that you had not warned them. But aside from our traps for the unwary, there is left to remember only the warmth achieved by the over-diligent janitor and the soundlessness of foot-steps in the deep rigs.

We had neighbors named Langarosse and they were, from the first, objects of great speculation. They were strange, dark people who did not have welcoming looks on their faces. He played incessantly on a grand piano, the most impressive of their possessions. We inspected their things as they moved in and then we found the first evidences of their incredible extravagances and their incredible poverties: a great plain bed with broken springs, a fragile white marble bust, which they cantioned must be handled with care. To us, busts were things passed on to you by relatives who didn't want them, and you kept them until you were able to find someone else not in a position to refuse the gift. We did not understand these people, un-

"Perhaps they will be cultural," said my mother. Being cultural, to her, covered a multitude of sins.

And Father, in general, disapproved of changes.

"Damned muisance. What happened to the Bradys? Perfectly satisfactory, the Bradys." Father had

been a friend of Mr. Brady's. They were both inveterate putters-aroundthe-house and would spend hours happily immersed in the whys and wherefores of an ailing light switch. Father did not think Mr. Langarosse showed signs of such promise. For, Father is a self-styled "rngged engineer''-the two words were inseparable with him and after he learned of the man's peculiar addiction to music, he almost shuddered with visible disgust on passing him. Unfortunately this was happening frequently. They blundered into each other in the dark corridors. Each would back away, muttering under his breath, and Father was infuriated because the man would ntter great mouthfuls of indistingnishable sound in another language. Looking back, I think that Mr. Langarosse was a very wise man and that it was better so.

It was Mother's idea that we call on them.

"After," she said, "we are neigh-

Being confronted with this irrefutable fact, the rest of the family yielded. I was appalled and fascinated at the thought of such a visit. I had had several glimpses of Mr. Langarosse, and I must have given somewhat the effect of a bird charmed by a snake. I followed him to his rooms usually, and, at the door, he would turn and say, "Shoo!" very much as he would to an annoying little dog. I promptly obeyed.

Mrs. Langarosse, her lavish form enveloped in a flowered apron, ushered us in. The bust was in a place of honor among the shabby furniture. The sagging bottomed chairs and the conch, like the brokenspringed bed, gave the impression of having been bounded on, assailed, and

generally subjected to unkind treatment. We were presented to Mr. Langarosse, then sat down gingerly.

"What do you do, Mr. Langarosse?" Father has a habit of starting acquaintances by eliciting such information.

"Do?" Mr. Langarosse said blankly. Father obviously did not think this an intelligent response.

"You know-work at."

"Oh," Mr. Langarosse beamed and nodded his bald head fringed with black curls. "Now it is a cantata."

Mother came to the rescue.

"How-nice."

Mr. Langarosse began again. "As the saying goes—a little wine for the stomach's sake. Wine for our guests, Maria."

Maria heaved herself up from where she sat and breathing hard, set out for the kitchen,

When she came back—

"Very fine wine," he said lovingly. "It has come a long way, this wine. Not so, little one?" He spoke to Maria. Father looked at her two-hundred pounds.

"Yes, Bean Sejour."

"My wife has called our home fatuously, and hopefully, you understand, by that name. She has called it the beautiful stay. Ah, you do not often find such grapes or such wine as we had—"

He handed Father and Mother the slender-stemmed glasses. Father's criterion of a man is his drink. Scotch and soda, preferably. Pink Ladies and such concoctions he humored for Mother, swearing she chose them for the name only—which she did, in fact. But Father had been under a strain in the past moments and the offer of wine was an unfortunate gesture.

On the way home, Father turned to Mother.

"Maggie, do you really know what a cantata is?" he asked in a harried fashion.

"Why, it's some sort of music, dear. Yes, I'm sure it is."

He looked baffled.

I think perhaps the Langarosses talked to me because they were strangers and because they did not fear being misunderstood by a child or, for that matter, being understood too well. I, with beautiful disregard for any limits between where I lived and where they lived, wandered in and out, quite happy at being ignored.

One day Mr. Langarosse said, "Some day I will write a time for yon—a little time like a music box tinkle." Only it turned out to be full of odd jerks and discords.

"It isn't like me," I said defiantly, "It's like a grasshopper."

"No. It is you," he said with certainty.

"No." I was equally positive.

"Well," he said, considering, "maybe it's both. Maybe it's you and the grasshopper and the insect noises you hear at night. That's the trouble with my music. It gets out of hand."

I could understand that and was satisfied.

Mrs, Langarosse had a blue powder box with golden peacocks on it, I remember. The scent of the powder was suffusing in the heat so that it penetrated the whole apartment. The piano with its machine-gun fire of notes etched against the silence of the living-room that always seemed halfdarkened. These are the things I remember.

Then suddenly one day, the Langarosses were happy, and everything was all right. Mr. Langarosse was dashing about distractedly, and Mrs. Langarosse was langhing, her flesh shaking with merriment. Even as far as our apartment the rejoicing was apparent.

Upon being questioned, I announced, matter-of-factly to my family, "Their uncle has died."

There was more, of course; for

when I went back, Mrs. Langarosse had covered her plump, pleasant face with her hands and was sobbing, while Mr. Langarosse comforted her.

"There, little one, it's all right now. We are going home, little cabbage."

"And it will be the same?"

"Yes, Yes. Why not? Mon Dieu, he was slow to die. He was a hardy one."

"Do you remember how they sang on the street-cars? I wonder if they still sing?"



Seeing in the Dark

By Loring Fountain

I raise my weary eyes to the heavens. It's dark, very dark.

The stars shine as silver spikes.

Holding up the deep velvet canopy. I breathe deeply,

Feeling my soul enlarge with every breath.

My eyes, blinded by daily existence, The petty thoughts and motions of living,

Suddenly see.

I feel reborn.

"Surely, They will sing, I promise you."

"I have liked it here. You know that," she sniftled noisily, "But the money is so thick," she said with distaste, "and there's so little sun here."

"They are leaving," I scurried across the hall to report at home.

We had not thought the woman was beautiful. We had not thought any thing of the sort. Yet, somehow, we began to see the slow graciousness, the wide generous smile like sun lying on a field. We would probably never have known this but for the miracle

of Mr. Langarosse's seeing it and knowing it. He came over, no longer able to contain himself, to tell us of their departure.

"We do not like to leave you," he said politely, but he did not sound as if he hated to leave. He sounded jubilant.

"My nucle has died. He was a very strong man, but it was his heart in the end. A very thwarted man, my nucle. He was determined to make of me a soldier. In my youth, of course."

He shrugged apologetically, "Madam, I was not made for a soldier, le bon Dieu knows. Then Maria. It was not a strategic marriage. But she makes a man feel at peace with himself. You have noticed it? We have managed very well. Maria comes from a frugal people. We were cut off without a penny, as yon would say."

They had inherited, as far as we could understand, a chateau in not very good repair and the acres around it. They had inherited the earth, The bust was carefully crated again. The night before they left was an occasion for celebration. Perhaps we were not the proper people with whom to celebrate, being without the gift of abandon as they knew it, but they were strangers in a strange land and we had to.

The wine was produced again. We sat around on packing cases among the black, many-labelled trunks. I do not think Father was happy at first, but he was being philosophical about it. As the evening went on he even grew convivial enough to start a rendition of "Mademoiselle from Armentieres," though he was much startled at the elaborate leaps on the keyboard which Mr. Langarosse took in accompanying him. Mr. Langarosse would poise himself above a note and dive like an eagle on its prey.

Mr. Langarosse played his concerto in honor of the occasion, succeeding somehow in imitating a whole orchestra, his hands and feet and voice all furiously busy. He was a dynamic man of inexhaustible energy. I think

(Continued on page 21)

In the Spring

to talk about a young woman's fancy in spring. When April comes along and the sun starts to turn the campus green again, the gals get out of the library and out into the open. Or if it's raining (as is usually the custom in Ducham in spring) there's still the women's gym and a good drill in badwinton form. With such form as this around, is it any wonder that in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of LOVE?







COBBLER-1944 STYLE

By EMILY ANDERSON

We take you now to a fashionable shoe shop, and let you look into the salesman's mind. You will find there a little sadness, a little happiness, and a lot of everyday living.

Display windows fixed—rhairs arranged—better empty that ash tray—Ah! nine v'clock, there goes the buzzer—the glass doors open—tah dah! fanfare—Get ready boys, here they come, the unshad feet of a new day.

"Yes, madam, step right this way, and what can I do for you this morning? Black patent leather—and what size, please? Probably tens-what a horse! She must have at least two hundred and fifty pounds tucked under that Spenrer. Size sevenhimmin, ves. madam. Size seven, oh, yeah, well anything to pleuse-better take out some nines just in case-Boxes, boxes, boxes—here they are horse shoes! How are these, madam? Try the left foot first, please. There, and do they feel all right? The toes pinch-well try these-Now how are they? If you'll walk around—opps! careful—Yes, ha. ha! Patent leather is slippery-And will there be any thing else today?" Hooray, first customer-first sale-I'm definitely on the ball.

Oh, oh, kids "And what would you like to see, madam? Some shoes for Joey-sit right over here my little man. My isn't he a handsome boy? Never saw a more repulsive looking brot, but it's all in the business. What color does he want? Brown-no, white-no brown-white? I wish you two would get together. High white oxfords-yes, madam, I think we have just what you're looking for. Now put your foot on this measure, young man, while I see what size you wear. Yes, madam, he has fine looking feet. Yes, exercise certainly does keep them trim same old line-but that's life! And here we are—try these on—oofff! Oh, no, madam, he didn't hurt me. If this kid kicks me in the forehead onve more, grrr! There ought to be a law against putting shoes on kids before they're ten years old. Just think how many shoe mens' lives would be saved. Now, is that all right? Yes, Joey, speak up, like your mother says —we haven't got all day. They seem to fit—maybe we'd better look at them under the machine over here. Put your feet in those little holes, Joey, and look through this tube. No, it won't hurt. Madam, really, there isn't anything for him to cry about. This machine merely X-rays his foot, and we can see how-the shoes fit. If he'll keep still a moment—Oh, for heaven's sake, keep the brat quiet. Well, I'm afraid it won't work if he wiggles—but madam, I—O.K., don't get so huffy. What that kid needs is the sole of a slipper applied to his sweet, little posterior—Ho hum, well, two down-and how many to go?

Ah, now here comes something that might prove interesting—blondes, blondes—and glimpse those legs, hmmm! "Yes, Mam, right this way —sit on this row. Cute, little green pumps with bows? Yes, I think we can take care of you. And How! Put your foot on the measure. Ah, sometimes I begin to appreciate the joys of being a shoc salesman. Size 5 and a half, any particular material? Snede? All right. dum ti dum, do ti do, tra la! cute, little green shoes and here we are. Why don't you try them both on? Look in that mirror-Yes, they are most becoming—what, brown leather, toeless—yes, I'll look. Try the left first—well, they both fit well—why not buy them both? Black? Anything to please a blonde. Spike heels? As it happens, some just arrived this morning. Now where did they put that new shipment? Heh,

Charlie! What did Mike do with this morning's stock? Way back there—ugh! Where's the ladder? If I don't break my neek, everything will be fine. Hand me the pick, Charlie, I can't quite reach 'em. Ouch! Oh well, a shoe box or two on my head is a mere triffle. Here they are, Miss. I'm sure they're just what you want. Oh, I can fix thatthey only need a little breaking in. You'd rather have the brown ones. Well, of course, anything you like. Yes, that will be \$7.95 and ration stamp eighteen. You forgot your book! I'm sorry, Miss, but you see we aren't allowed to sell without the stamp. Yes, it's too bad. Good morning. Wouldn't you know-huh! you never ean tell about blondes.

"Yes, sir—brown and white, nines—right this way—and how do they feel? \$8.65. You can have them wrapped at the counter. Thank you. That's what I like—strong, masculine figure—snappy, efficient—somebody who can make up their mind—think of all the trouble it saves me.

Hmmm, the matronly type and what will it be for you today, Madam? Yes, we have a wide variety of oxfords, just be seated—eeek! No, I didn't see that whistle there, I'm sorry, some child must have left it. What size, please?

"Go away, sonny, you bother me."

"What were you saying, Madam? Oh yes, with silk laces, we have—"

"What do you want, kid? Get a drink of water over there next to the purse counter."

"Here is our newest style in that shoe, Madam. It's—"

"What! You again—look here, kid, where's your mother? Well, go see her. I'm busy,"

"Try the other one, Madam."

"Heh, kid, come back here with that shoe horn—put it down."

"Just walk in them, Madam, I'll be right back."

"Heh, yon—give me that note book. I'm not going to chase you all over the store. Ouch! He tripped me, the little—.

"Yes, Mam, I'll be right with you."

"No, I'm not hurt, but Madam, will you please look after your little boy: I have a customer and—."

"Be there in a moment, Madam—and how do they feel?

"Oh for—what do you want now, kid—a whistle? Well, here—go blow!"

"Step over to the stocking counter, Madam, and the sales girl will help you. Now what's she giving me those icy stares for—just like I'd done something—huh!

Ray, rah, rah—Central High. "What can I do for you, girls? Red and white saddle shoes—yes, we have plaid laces. Oh, Johnny took out Mary last night, and Sally was green with envy-Well, well! There, how are they? Yes, they do seem large, but we don't have any more red in your size. Blue? I'll look. And Jim didn't bring Sue home till one-thirty last night—tish! lish! Here, try them on—I'll get the laces. What color? Green and yellow-Hmmm, probably to match that purple skirt and red sweater-Oh, to be sixteen again!

"Just sit here, Madam—yes, it is difficult shopping these days; crowded stores you're telling me. Hmm, I gness it is hard to find things nowadays-And what do you-but could I show—Well, I suppose with all the new people in town it does make a difference—but what do you—No, I haven't been there lately. The service used to be-yes, that's true-Well, with all the war workers they really don't have the supplies-but what did you eeek! what a wind bag! Yes, this is a shoe store—no, we don't sell aspirin. Bul I wish I had one right now.

Ah, a mother and daughter combo. And which one of you can I serve today? Some high heets, she says, with that gleam in her young eyes—probably her first pair. Yes, Mam, we have a medium heel. Oh, go on, let the kid break her arches on some spike heets, if she wants to. Here are some practical casuals, but these toeless, heelless are also very attractive. Yes, the girl says, they're for Mary Ellen's party, her ensign brother is coming home, and she wants to look

sophisticated. Yes, Madam, both pairs fit well. Yes, she could wear the low ones for church—well, they would be more sensible. Which do I think? If it's for a party these really are more dressy, and they aren't too high. The heels are reinforced and Gee, the kid looks as if she wanted to hug me. Chalk up one good deed for the day.

Hail to the Navy!—first uniformed nurse I've seen in a long time. "And what will it be for you, Miss? Brown oxfords—Look at her fingering those green pumps—probably thinking about way back when. She certainly would look cute in 'em—little feet and—well, maybe that's what she's fighting for—the right to wear green pumps again. Here are the oxfords, Miss."

"Whew! another day's over. Someone ought to invent a revolving chair for shoe clerks—but now home for a peaceful evening—Good-bye feet!"

"After a busy day there's nothing like standing up all the way home on a crowded bus. Get off my foot, you lug head! Ohhh, my toes! Ah, here's my stop. Now where did I put that key? — there — Heh, Margaret, I'm home! Umm, smell the food! Now for a nice, quiet evening with the paper and a sweet pipe—oh luxury!"

"What's that, Margaret? Oh, Junior just got a new pair of shoes, and they've made blisters on his toes, and will I look at them?"

Send

Flowers

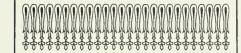
And make sure they're from

Montgomery's Florist

"Flowers for All Oceasions"

Phone R-161

Opposite Washington Duke Tayern



Compliments

of

Duke University Stores

Owned and Operated for Your Convenience by

Duke University

¥

We Appreciate
Your Patronage!

 $\stackrel{\wedge}{\approx}$

Duke University Store

Duke Hospital Store

Woman's College Store

The Haberdashery

 $\stackrel{\wedge}{\approx}$

J. M. MOORE, '32 Manager



A Saucer of Salt

(Continued from page 2)

seems to control everything else in Laurel Hills."

"Oneh, on behalf of my grand-tather, Look, let's make a deal. Have dinner with me, and if you are still dead set against me after I fill you full of fried chicken. I'll take you home. You're a gambler... what do you say?"

She looked at him intently for a moment and finally laughed.

"All right, this once, but I warn you I eat a lot."

They drove out to a small farm house that made a specialty of serving chicken dinners and sat out on the wide outdoor porch, which served as a dining room, and talked. Tim didn't mention the earlier reference to his grandfather; he was conscious of how Lawson and the Journal felt about him. He asked Loyd what she was doing in Laurel Hills, and she said she was doing some reporting and also a series of articles. They had fun together and after dinner neither of them mentioned going home. They drove over the clay hills and talked about the people they knew. They talked only of small things; Loyd wouldn't talk much about herself or her family, or any more about her work than she had told him. Sometimes Tim could feel Loyd's eyes on him, searching his face, and if he turned to look at her, she'd quickly drop her gaze.

It became a regular habit for Tim to meet her outside of the Journal when she was through work. One night he took her home and when they walked slowly to the door and he stopped her and put his hand on her shoulders. They stood and looked at each other a moment before she walked into his arms. Suddenly she broke away from him, "Tim, I can't see you any more."

He pulled her back to him and rubbed his cheek against her hair. "Not until tomorrow night; horrible, isn't it? Do you know Loyd, that I've fallen in love with . . ."

Loyd covered his mouth quickly with her shaking fingers.

"Tim, I'm as serious as I can be. I should have stopped seeing you a long time ago, but I was selfish. This is the last time. I mean it."

"Look, darling, if you want to play; say so. I'll start chasing you all over again, and this time I'll be more inspired."

"Tim, I'm not joking. Don't try to see me any more; it won't be any use."

"Why? Is there someone else?"

"Don't be silly."

"It seems that you are the one that is being silly. If there's not another man bigger than I am, I refuse to take you seriously. Goodnight, my love. I'll see you tomorrow."

He shoved her in the door and turned and bounded down the steps whistling. He didn't think seriously about it again until the next night. He went by the Journal office, and she had already left for the day. He called her home, but she wasn't there; he spent an hour searching the club and calling up all of their friends, but he couldn't find her. Finally, he gave up feeling that if she wanted to play, he'd let her for a while. After several days of not seeing her, he began to feel that it wasn't such a game after all. He had tried repeatedly to get in touch with her, but couldn't. Today he had lunched with Rick Small who had mentioned that he was picking up Loyd at six-thirty to go to a cocktail party, and Tim had persnaded him to let him pick her up

In a moment Loyd came out of the Journal building and Tim got out of the car to meet her. She looked be-wildered for a moment when she didn't see Rick's car, and when she saw Tim, she stood looking at him blankly.

"Hi! I promise I won't kidnap yon. Rick said to tell yon he couldn't make it so I'll drive yon to the Clarks." He took her arm and steered her toward the car. "It seems that the only way that I can get you to ride with me is to high-jack you off the main street. It is your fear of scenes; Miss James, you're inhibited." He laughed and put her in the car.

"Tim, I think I speak clearly. Do I have to draw you a diagram to make you understand that I don't want to see you again?"

"No diagrams are necessary, Loyd. Where would you like to go to celebate our engagement?"

Tim turned and looked at her. For a moment he thought he saw a small smile on her face, but it was gone as quickly as it came.

"Tim, I'm leaving tomorrow morning. I'm through with my work and I'm going away."

"Loyd, I swear to you I don't know what this is all about, and if I did, I'd do my damndest to straighten it out. I think that you are in love with me, and I know I'm in love with you. A gny just can't let a woman he loves as much as I love you walk out of his life without a danın good reason. The way I feel about you, there is no reason that would be good enough to warrant my letting you walk out on me. Believe it or not, I've been through a mild case of hell in the last week, trying to figure out why, when I know at least you like me, you avoid me as if I were the carrier of a great disease."

When he finished his last sentence, Loyd langhed bitterly. "Tim that is exactly what you are; the earrier of a great disease."

"What in God's name are you talking about?"

"Since you demand an explanation, I'll have to give you one. I suppose that I owe you one. Take me back to town and we'll go to the Journal office, I have something to show you."

When they reached the Journal building, Tim followed Loyd up a small flight of stairs to the Editorial Room. She led him to a small room off of Jason Lawson's office which was empty.

"You needn't be afraid that anyone will see you in the enemy camp at this time of day. This part of the building is deserted."

She sat down at the small desk and pulled out a large folder which held a manuscript. Tinn sat across the desk and stared at the folder which she held out to him. He didn't take it and finally she changed her mind

and put it on the desk before her and spread her hands over it.

"Tim, before I start, I'd like you to know that against every will of my own, I fell in love with you. You represent to me all that is dispicable and in spite of that I love you. Sometimes I am horrified at myself and then I know the whole thing is funny. All that I am going to tell you is not easy for me, but I think at the moment you are innocent and that your hands are clean. You know comparatively little about the Scott mills, and so you are not the one that the blame can fall upon.

"Perhaps I can begin best by telling you about myself. My real name is Loyd James Stuart. The name, Stnart, probably means nothing to you at all, but it meant something to your grandfather and in a different way a great deal to your father. My father, James Stuart was your father's closest friend. He and John Scott went through college together and years later fought in the war together. After the war John Scott persuaded my father to come here and go to work in the mills with him. Father was married, and I was a child, and he needed a job badly. He had always been interested in the south and in cotton mills, so he came. After father had been here a while, he began to take an interest in the conditions of the workers. made from five to twelve dollars a week. Your grandfather had thrown together a row of houses, constituting a mill village; the exact same houses that the workers live in today. They were paid less money on the pretext that the rest of their supposed salaries went to all sort of welfare work for their own good. Father was concerned and he talked to John Scott, who began to feel the same way that he did. They tried to draw up a plan only for betterment of the workers. I don't know if they fully realized that the fault lay in the whole management or not. They tried to talk to Sam Scott, but he threw them out. Father talked to Jason Lawson, and he asked him to come and work for him. They had no concrete plan, but Father went to Mr.

Lawson and they started a campaign to try and work out the worker's problem. To teach him a lesson, your grandfather hired a couple of men to tar and feather him, and then to run him out of town. My father died as a result of it.

Loyd paused for a moment and looked at Tim. His face was expressionless. She got up out of her chair and started pacing the floor. "Perhaps now it is clearer why I am here. All of my life I have followed your grandfather's utills and prayed that we would see enough progress in them to pay for my father's death. Frankly I feel that your grandfather is a murderer, not only of my father but of thousands of men, women and chil-

dren. Have you ever been into a mill house, Tim? They are dirty; every person who lives in them are parasites, feeding on each other. The houses have no running water, no bathrooms, no sanitation of any kind. I have seen them in their filthy eramped houses . . . children dying of malnutrition, women standing around helpless, knowing nothing to do for them but to put a saucer of salt on their stomachs, which they think will keep them from becoming bloated. The mills are worse; filled with obsolete machinery, dangerous machinery, that endangers every person that uses it. The workers are the lowest scale workers in the country; management is the poorest. It is





stupid and outdated, but it makes money for people like your grandfather. You want to know what this has to do with me. Tim, there is coming to this part of the South an industrial war. It has already swept through the Carolinas. So far your grandfather has been shrewd enough to keep it away. Despite him, it will come, Tim. If anything I might write could hasten it. I'm willing to write and shout myself dry. It's not just against your grandfather, but against every person of his kind who murders and would try to smother the innate dignity and deceney of a man."

Tim got up and stumbled blindly out of the door. All of the things that Loyd had said kept pounding against his brain. This is some Goddanned freakish nightmare. word murderer kept striking against his brain and bouncing off. It reminded him of once when he had taken gas and every sound came in a series of three . . . murderer . . . murderer . . . murderer. She hadn't meant it: she wasn't talking about his grandfather. Sambo was smart and clever, but there was nothing cruel about him. Tim kept thinking of when he had been a child; Sambo would lie down on the floor beside him and read to him, or play with him. He had always been kind. This woman was a fool; a Goddamned fool. Not Sam: she didn't mean it.

He walked on through the night, forgetting his car in front of the Journal. He tried desperately to think, but his mind was so confused that he wanted to scream and beat his head on something to clear it. I won't think: I won't let thought enter my head . . . this will drive me crazy . . . Sambo killing Stuart. She is crazy . . . all of the damn world is.

He walked for hours and finally his mind cleared to the point where he knew that he had to see Sam. I've got to talk to him . . . I know he'll explain everything . . . the mills . . . the workers . . . Stuart. Sam could explain . . . it was only an accident that Loyd's father had been killed . . . the workers, as Sam had once said, they couldn't know what they wanted . . . they had to be told.

When Tim reached his house he stopped for a moment at the gates. There was a light in the library; his grandfather must be working. He turned and started to walk away from the house, then suddenly turned and started running up the drive toward the house. He ran to the door and opened it. He was scared; he knew that was silly because Sam could explain it. When he got to the door of the library he paused for a moment and then knocked very deliberately. He turned the handle and walked into the room.

Sam looked up from his desk. "Come in boy. Home so early? This is a treat. I'm through work. Let's have a night-cap. If you'll fix it, I'll finish these papers."

Tim walked over to the liquor tray and poured two drinks. This is good; I don't have to say anything yet. He siphoned the water into the glasses and watched it spray the liquor on the sides of the glasses. He walked over and put the glasses down on the table and stood looking into the fire. I've got to pull myself together. I can't just blurt out a lot of words. He has got to understand me and help me. He must know that I don't believe these things. I just want to hear him say they aren't true.

Sam walked over to the table and picked up his drink and joined Tim by the mantle. "Your health, Son."

Tim murmured "Thank you. Sir, could I talk to you? It is very important." He stopped for a moment not knowing where to begin. This was hard. "Sambo, what is the real story behind James Stuart?"

"Stuart! Where did you hear about him? He was just an agitator and a red. He tried to organize my mills in 1919. Your father brought him home, and I was good to him. He tried to stab us in the back. Why, Tim?"

"Because, Sambo, I'm in love with his daughter."

Sam stared at him fixedly. Tim seemed to find a feeling of strength from his gaze. He went on, "She told me a lot of things that I don't understand; about the conditions of the workers, and how you have kept them down. I don't believe. . . . ''

Sam hadn't taken his eyes off of Tim's face. "This is a lot of Goddamned nonsense. Forget it. It happened years ago. Tim, you couldn't be in love with this girl,"

"But I am; that is what is so hard."

"You are talking like a raving idiot. I don't want to hear any more about it. There will never be any organization in my mills as long as 1...." Sam in a second realized that it wasn't as simple as it looked. He felt all of the battles he had ever gone through well up inside of him. This young fool didn't believe this rot. If he must fight another battle, he would; against the last living Seott. "Tim, what did this girl tell you?"

Tim repeated all that he had remembered of what Loyd had said . . . about her father . . . mill . . . maeltinery . . . village; everything she said poured out of him and he felt as if something inside of him had burst and it wouldn't stop. When he had finished his grandfather was staring at him. Suddenly he threw back his head and laughed.

"Tim, I suppose that you are old enough to know the facts of life. I have coddled you from your eradle to now. Well, you're a man now or at least an excuse for one, so I'm going to quit coddling you." Sam saw a look of doubt on his grandson's face, and Tim kept shaking his head from side to side as if trying to avoid a blow.

"First, about James Stuart; his death was an aeeident for which I'm not one bit sorry. I've had a hard life, Tim. I worked like hell to get where I am now. I had really begun to pull in money when Stuart started trying to pull his fool triek. He wasn't going to do that Tim . . . no one could. You have to be smart to get anywhere in the world. The people that work in the mills aren't really human beings. They are machines; that is all that they know and they are happy. The sooner that you learn that the plain fact of living isn't easy, the sooner you'll be worth

anything. All of living is one matter of dog bite dog, and I've gotten my bite in first. You are one damn fool if you don't realize it. I've built up something wonderful here. It is yours, a world of your own if you'll get all of this missionary blood out of your veins. Your father was a damn fool, and I can't stand to see you turn into one. He was a friend of Stuarts and he quit me when Stuart died. Well, I've never felt any regret at your father's death, because he wasn't a man worthy of the Scott name. He was spineless and didn't have the guts to stand up to the bunch of mealymouthed people who always complain about the labor problem. God! there is no problem except what a bunch of communists think up. They won't get within shooting distance of me.'

Tim heard Sam's voice raised to an excited pitch, abusive and deafening. Tim knew he had to move; he wanted to strike his grandfather, but he felt rooted to the floor. Suddenly he felt a surge of shame for being in the same room with this man that he didn't know at all. His shame gave him strength and he walked slowly toward the door, hearing his grandfather's incoherent shouts.

Sam Scott stopped shouting when he heard the front door close. He walked over to the windows and stood loking out over the lights of Laurel Hills. On the other side of town he could see the lights from the Scott Mills...the night shift.

Siau Wong

(Continued from page 1)

ness in his voice. The servant went off, shaking his head. This was indeed a strange business—that his master should match his champion against a street waif's cricket. He could not understand it.

When the two brown pots were placed upon the table, the old man nucovered them, almost with reverence; and lifting the crickets gently he placed them facing each other in the tub. Siau Wong watched to see the manner in which he held his goad and rubbed it against the sides of his cricket. There was no difficulty in



We Serve You

$\stackrel{The}{\mathrm{U}\ \mathrm{N}\ \mathrm{I}\ \mathrm{O}\ \mathrm{N}\ \mathrm{S}}$

East and West Campus Dining Halls • Sandwich Shop

Your Heads Are Needed In Our Business

We Have a Modern Shop With Six First-Class Barbers

DROP IN

UNIVERSITY BARBER SHOP

"Where Friends Meet For Better Service"

telling that this old one had great skill in such things.

Feeling his awkwardness, Siau Wong began to use his own goad. Then, with a suddenness that startled him, both erickets moved. There was a small sound, and another. They moved again—only an inch apart they

(Continued on page 22)



DURHAM COCA-COLA BOTTLING CO.

Durham, N. C.

Stationery
Calling Cards
Invitations

Get them done at

Durham Printery, Inc.

210 May Street

A Quality Variety

of

CORSAGES

and

FLOWERS

Can Be Found

at

CLAUDE HULL

Florist

215 Mangum Street

Tel. R-194

FANCY ICES

SHERBETS

PHONE L-963

17

"Ice Cream Specialists"

DURHAM ICE CREAM CO.

(Incorporated)

FAST FROZEN

"BLUE RIBBON" ICE CREAM

"Today It's Thrifty to Buy Quality"

17

Durham, North Carolina

BLOCKS

PUNCH

Be Ready For Inspection!

Have

Your

Clothes

Cleaned

at

Duke University Laundry

The Best in

Laundry

and

Dry-Cleaning

Service

JOKES?

Oh, mother, may I go out to swim?

Why not, my darling daughter,
You're so damned near naked anyway
You'd look better in the water.

—Bored Walk.

"Daddy and I won't be home tonight, Johnny," said Mother. "Do you want to sleep alone or with Nursie?"

Johnny (after some deliberation): "What would you do, daddy?"

-Log.

"I gave my girl a wonderful present last night."

"I gave mine a wonderful past."

For a whale of a good time, we suggest you eall on the fisherman's daughter.

The ship's first officer told a deck hand to go below and break up a erap game. In about an hour the sailor returned.

"Did you break up the game?" asked the officer.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what in thunder kept you so long?"

"I only had three bucks to start with, sir."

A policeman brought in a negress. The desk sergeant scowled and roared at her:

"Liza, you've been brought in here for seduction!"

"Dat's fine," beamed Liza, "You can start right now."

When a certain member of our armed forces had to appear in court last week, he stated his ease thusly: "But your honor, I'm a Marine." To which the Judge answered: "Ignorance is no excuse."

-Shot & Shell.

JOKES?

JOKES?

It Says Here

"What has more fun than people do?"

"Rabbits."

"Do you know why?"

"Because there are more rabbits than people."

"Do you know why?"

"Because rabbits have more fun than people do."

Soph: Did you take chloroform? Frosh: No, who teaches it?

An old Negro preacher was explaining to his congregation the difference between faith and knowledge.

"Now, my brethren," he said, "hit's like this. Dar's Brudder Jonsing sittin' on de front seat wid Sister Jonsing and de five litle Jonsings. She knows deys her chillen—dat's knowledge. He believes deys his chillen—dat's faith."

-Yellow Jacket.



No, my room-mate isn't in, but I'm not doing anything.



And the old maid said, "Don't put Miss on my tombstone when I am gone, for I haven't missed as much as you think I have."

A. You'll have to hand it to Venus De Milo when it comes to eating.

B. Why?

A. How else could she eat?

She: I'm perfect. He: I'm practice.

"Do co-eds really like conceited men better than others?"

"What others?"

—The Buccancer.

KA: Honey, would you mind if I kissed yo' all?

Gal: Ain't my lips enough?
— Minn. Technolog.

"What is the tactful way for a girl's father to let her boy friend know it's time to leave?"

"He may casually pass through the room with a box of Wheaties."

Dogs in Siberia are the fastest in the world, the lecturer said, because the trees are so far apart. Two small children were in adjacent beds at the hospital. Said one to the other: "I'm a girl, what are you?"

"I'm a boy."

"But you look like a girl."

"I'm a boy, Wah! Wait until the murse leaves and I'll show you."

Finally when they were alone he shyly lifted the covers. "See," he said, "Blue booties."

-Rammer Jammer,

A sweet young gal breezed into a florist shop and looked around the shelves for something she wanted.

Then she saw an old chap puttering around a plant in the corner, and went over to him.

"Have you any passion poppy?" she asked.

The old boy looked up in surprise. "Colding it!" he exclaimed "You

"GoI ding it!" he exclaimed, "You just wait till I get through prunin' this lily!"

-Rammer Jammer.

Harold: Oh, my darling, I crave to hold you close. I crave to hing you. I crave to kiss you!

Joyce: Oh, a crave man!

Siau Wong

Controlled from page 19)

were now and the chirping sounds grew londer. The old man put down his goad, and watching him, Sian Wong laid his down also. There was a quick movement, and for a moment he could see only a small brown heap. twisting and turning, and then the fighters were apart. He could see that one of his cricket's legs hung limp and useless, and wondered if he would need the goad to make him advance again. There was another quick movement of brown, however, and once more he saw the twisting heap. In this manner the fight went on, and at each drawing back of the fighters another leg hung limp, or was torn off completely.

The movements grew slower, and there were no more brown flashes. The old man had risen to his feet. The knuckles of his hands, gripping his cane, were white.

His cricket had lost four legs now, and the fifth was half torn off. The old one's fighter had three legs, still, but his head hung at a strange angle. Yet, once more, each moved toward the other-with a pitiful, crippled slowness that was terrible to see. Farther, a little farther they moved only an inch apart they were now, as they had been at first. Watching them. Sian Wong felt a sickness within him, a sickness he had not felt since the day the flying machine dropped death on his mother-and she had lain dying in the mud of the street. They were an inch apart, still, and suddenly he knew that they would not move again, even as his mother had not moved. He wanted to turn his eyes away, but he could

The old man sat down slowly, slowly—as if a great and terrible tiredness was upon him. His voice, when he spoke, was very old. "Never... have I seen ... such a fight... as this one was. I have known conrage ... in men. Now I have seen it... in such small things... as these."

The servant who had disappeared, returned now, bearing a lacquer tray

on which were two small silver boxes and a spade. Silently he set it down, and lifting the mangled bodies' he put them one by one into the boxes. He brings a silver coffin for my cricket also. Sian Wong thought. Perhaps it was as great a fight as this old one wished to see. The servant took the two goads and the tub, and left his master and the small ragged one still sitting silent on their stools.

The shadows were long on the flagstones, and Siau Wong shivered in the gathering twilight. A faint splash came from the pool, and the croak of a frog broke the stillness. The sound of it seemed to awaken the old man. He turned his head and saw the gleam of silver in the dying light. He rose and nodded toward the tray. "Bring them," he said, and led the way down another walk, a smaller one that Sian Wong had not noticed before.

They came to a grove of young bamboos, and a spot between two stones where nothing grew. It was darker now, and it was with difficulty that Siau Wong distinguished the small mound that was there. He placed the tray on the ground beside it, knowing the thing that the old one would have him do. When he had dug two holes, he put the little silver coffins within them, and covered them over with earth. He squatted for a moment, then, beside the three small mounds, and looking up saw the great vellow ball of the moon, hanging so low that it touched the garden wall.

"Sian Chiah-suh," the old man said, "I have need of someone to care for my crickets. There is a bed for you in my servant's quarters. Food, also, there is in plenty." A bed, Sian Wong thought; I could not sleep on so soft a thing. Yet there would be warmth in winter, and dryness when rain fell. Much food could I eat here, also; meat, even, perhaps.

Then suddenly in the stillness of the moonlit garden he heard the sounds of the street, faint yet exciting, sounds that called to him and seemed to set the blood running in his veins again. "Many thanks, Lao Yah," he said, "but I have much to do—out

there." He jerked his chin in the direction of the wall.

"Go then," the old man said, "but return when it is spring again. I would come to this place with you, to look for round heads near these graves. Koh-nei-guh-foh—I am depending upon your luck."

"I will come," Siau Wong said, and then, for the first time in his life, he bent his body in a small, quick bow. He turned and ran through the darkness of the garden, until he reached the wall. He found a tree and climbed it, and dropped to the sidewalk on the other side.

Siau Wong sat still on the cement for a moment, blinking in the cheerful brightness of the street lights. He sniffed the good smell of gasoline, and listened happily to the noise of cars and buses, of bicycle bells and rickshaw horns, and the talk of people passing. He realized he was hungry, and seeing two American marines across the street, he got up and darted through the busy traffic. A huge bus screeched almost to a stop as he ran in front of it, and the driver shonted curses at him. "Pig, rice barrel, sucuong-der!" Siau Wong yelled back at him. He gained the sidewalk and ran along beside the foreign soldiers, holding up one grimy hand and grinning at them. "No pa-pah no mommah no whis-kih so-dah!'' he chanted.

"No whisky soda? Get a load of that, Red! He hasn't got any whisky soda."

"Seems happy enough about it," the red-haired one said. "First cheerful little beggar I've seen." "Hey, kid, how about Scotch'n ryegot any of that?"

"Scotcha-rih, scotcha-rih!" Sian Wong chanted, still holding up his hand.

"Okay, kid, you win." the tall one said. He dng into his pocket and tossed him a dime. Sian Wong caught it deftly and ran off to buy a hot fried rice cake and some twisted yur-zah-whey. Tomorrow he would go ont to the river and find his father's boat. It would be good to see Mei-mei's eyes grow round with wonder when he told her of the strange things he had seen.



Printing styles and the trend in type faces are constantly changing, but Service and High Quality are unvarying in the production of all printing in our large plant.

We have been growing for 57 years . . . serving the manufacturing, trades, education, and professional leaders in North Carolina and the South.

PRINTING
PUBLISHING
BOOK BINDING

THE SEEMAN PRINTERY
INCORPORATED
DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

The Cantata

Continued from page 11)

in that moment Father began to have respect for him; for it was an achievement that Father himself was so obviously incapable of. He even went so far as to give Mr. Langarosse a few tips on the stock market. Of course this necessitated Mother's taking Mr. Langarosse aside to warn him about Father's confidences and predictions which seemed invariably to turn out disastrously, but nevertheless Mr. Langarosse understood Father's good intentions.

They were in high spirits that night, the Langarosses. They talked of home, reminding each other:

"There are the two organs, one at each end of the church so that they echo each other. The midnight mass at Christmas there; there is nothing like it," Mr. Langarosse said.

"The vineyard slopes from a hill," Mrs. Langarosse continued, as if it were an often repeated tale and she knew her ones well.

"I thought we should never pick those violets in the fields of St. Gervais," she said.

We came to understand that neither the violets nor the fields were real to them

"My wife," Mr. Langarosse said affectionately. "once she has seen Sarah Bernhardt play. She was only a child, but she has the line—we will never pick those violets—it is—how shall I say?" he spread ont his hands, "a symbol. Maria is attached to the old things."

They urged food upon ns—strong cheese, candied chestunts, a small baked chicken. We were all very sad at parting. Even Mrs. Langarosse's voice, her low, quiet, clear voice, was regretful. She may have been middle-aged and fat but she had a lovely voice.

"It has been a long wandering, Jean." she said when my parents had left and looked at him with troubled eyes.

"Yes. But like the Greek warrior who kissed earth and was renewed, I turn to you, Maria."

She smiled at him. I tiptoed home very quietly,

Some one had to see them off. We could not let them go without the proper fluttering of handkerchiefs in the breeze. It was awkward as is the way with farewells. We stood around, not quite sure what to say, everyone with fixed smiles. What was there to say? We had known them only briefly, after all.

"The place will seem empty withont you," Mother said in a feeble effort

"You're sure you've got everything?" Father asked,

"Yes, yes," they agreed distractedly.

Mr. Langarosse was visibly much moved. Father patted him on the back wordlessly. Either there was so much to say or so little, I am not sure which. We were a bunch of inadequate people standing in a railroad station.

"We will think of you," Mrs. Laugarosse begau.

Then the train was upon them, and they were gathering together their bags and innumerable newspaperwrapped parcels. Mr. Langarosse was agitated, sure they would miss the train.

They stood on the platform and we kept calling injunctions to one another now that the train overwhelmed the sound of our voices. In the last moment as they pulled away, Mr. Langarosse thrust a brownwrapped bottle, which he had forgotten up until now, into Father's hands. Father held it with concealed repugnance.

"I say to myself, we must not forget and leave without giving you the wine," Mr. Langarosse yelled through the gaspings and stutterings of the train. He had put his arm around Mrs. Langarosse's waist, bracing her. They both were waving frantically to us. Their ugly, transfigured faces looked down on us.

Now I do not pretend to know about love, except that it is probably simple because people expect it to be very complicated. But I remember still Mr. Langarosse's arm around his wife's waist.

Father said savagely,

"Well, we're rid of that infernal playing."

Then he did a thing odd for him. I had not seen him do such a thing for a long time. He reached for Mother's hand and held it tightly.

You're
Always
Welcome
at

Since 1925

Johnson - Prevost

* * *

Dry Cleaning Company

1002 West Main St.

Telephones

Office - - F-6451

Plant - - X-1206



On the left: Sarah Clarkson, featuring a Flora two-piece linen dress, highly tailored, and embroidery trimmed. Cool, crisp, wearable through warm Spring and Summer months.

On the right: Nancy Baumgartner, wearing a Susan Shane original twopiece linen crash, cardigan open neck, lace trimmed, and novelty button arrangement. Wide pleat front with gored back skirt. Ideal for that easy live-in feeling from now until Fall.

Above, as well as many other nationally advertised frocks, featured exclusively by Durham's Smartest Women's Store.

ROBBIN'S

